Jan. 16, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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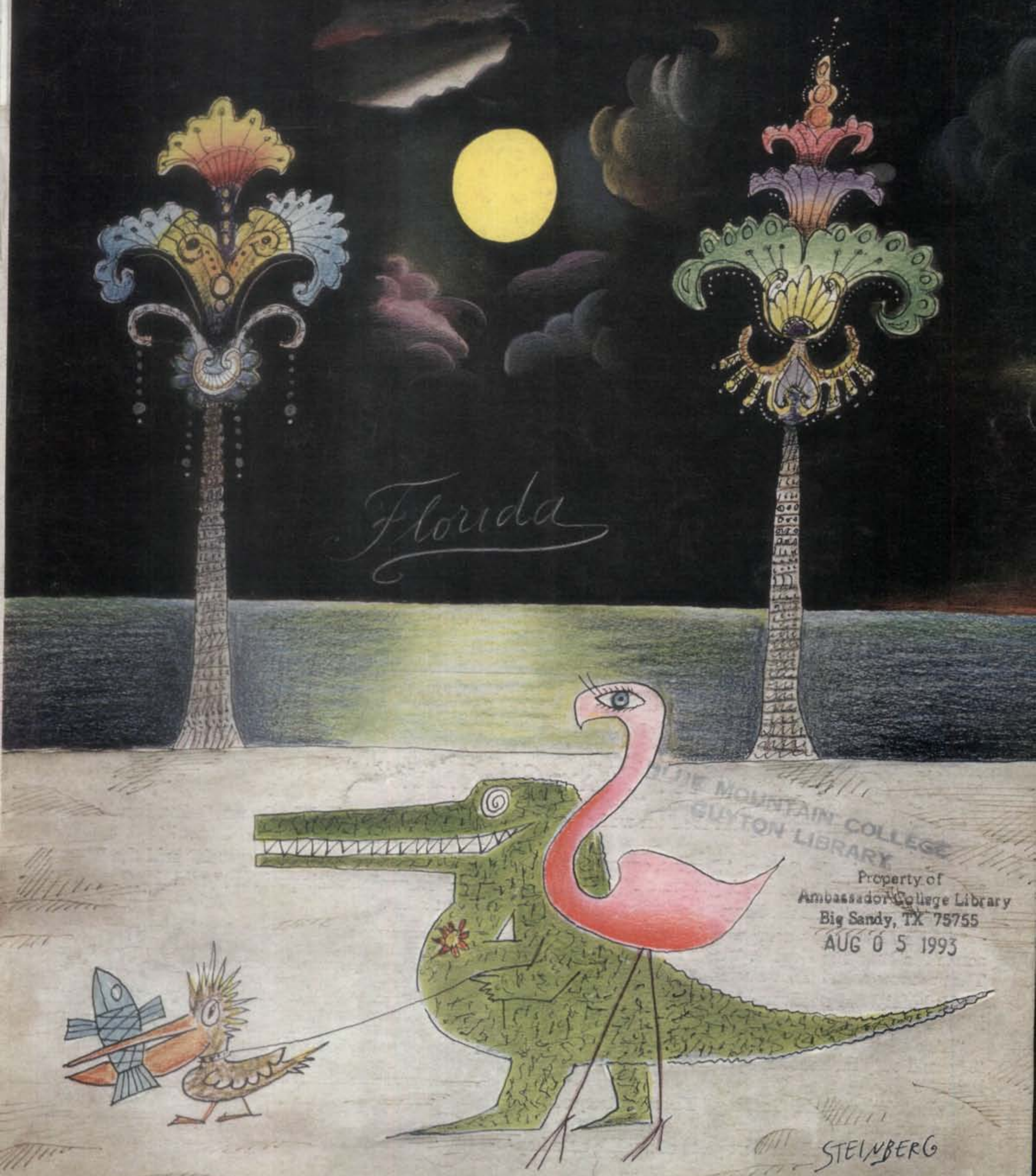
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"Gadzooks!" Said The Queen.
"Why Can't We Have a Floor Like That?"

"I don't see what's wrong with the floor we have," said the King.

"Square," said the Queen. "Square, square, square. Montina Corlon's different. It's got pazazz."

"I don't see it," said the King.

"You're facing the wrong way. I'd use Montina right across the board, if I could. Those chipper little chips! That mellow color! That fascinating nubble!"

"Nubble! Who needs nubble?" said the King. "What is it, anyway?"

"It's a slightly pebbly surfacey thing," said the Queen. "If you'd only look around, you'd see how it catches the light."

"I don't know," said the King. "There's plenty of wear left in this floor."

"So I should spend the best years of my life on a hopscotch court," replied the Queen, "when I could be queening it on Armstrong Montina Corlon?"

"Look out, they're coming back," said the King.

"Never mind *their* problem," said the Queen. "What about *mine?*"

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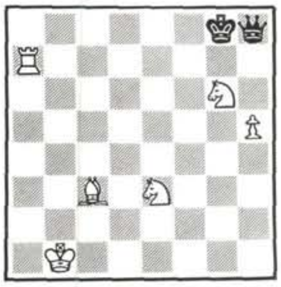
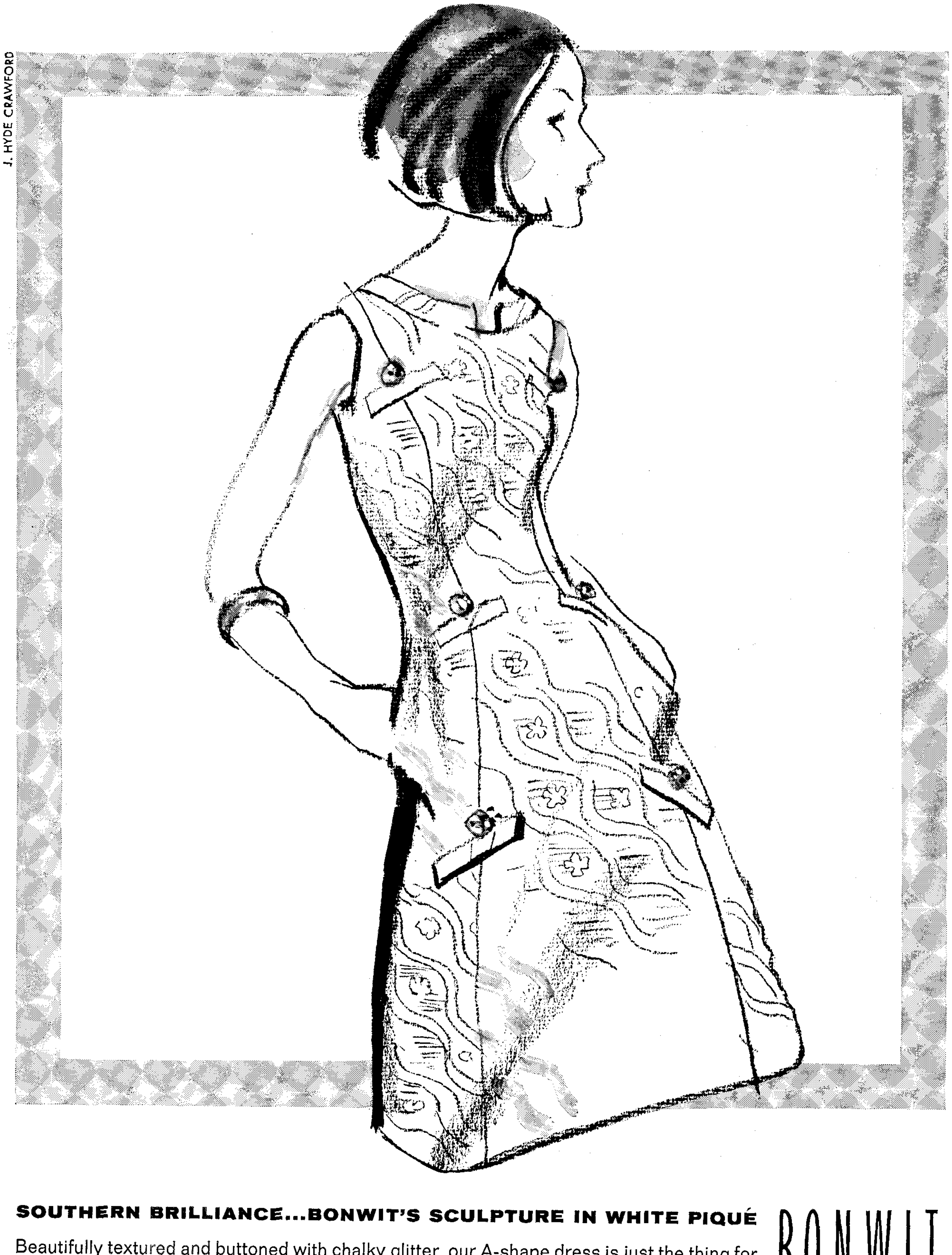


White to play
and mate in two.

Vinyl floors by
Armstrong



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Hughie—Jason Robards as a down-at-the-heel Broadway philosopher in one of the last plays completed by Eugene O'Neill. A very short affair—practically a monologue—in which Mr. Robards is assisted by Jack Dodson. The direction was supplied by José Quintero. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 17.)

Peterpat—Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett in a two-character comedy by Enid Rudd. Directed by Joe Layton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

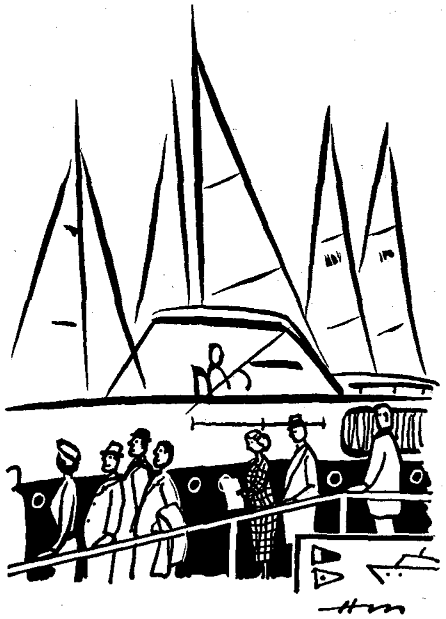
Poor Richard—Alan Bates as an English poet, resident in Greenwich Village, whose verse sells like hot cakes, who drinks like a fish, and who is temporarily having a hard time keeping his muse in action. Written by Jean Kerr, the comedy is slight but on occasion funny, and Mr. Bates's colleagues—Gene Hackman, Joanna Pettet, Joan Alexander, and Colgate Salsbury—are highly satisfactory. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—A dreary item about a young lady who rents her Riverside Drive rent-controlled apartment to a Hollywood Adonis for a high fee and then falls in love with him. Julie Harris is the female in the case, and Lou Antonio is the object of her desires. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's description of how things are among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stodgy sister-in-law, help him along. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—Strange doings in a Brooklyn candy store when the proprietor, allegedly a former inmate of a concentration camp, is visited by a Negro youth whose talk is wild and a pregnant girl whose talk is wilder. The play, which is dishevelled, was written by William Hanley and directed by Joseph Anthony, and it features George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Family Way—A comedy by Ben Starr, with Jack Kelly and Collin Wilcox. Directed by Michael Gordon. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always, and this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. Luther Adler will substitute for Mr. Mostel for two weeks starting Monday, Jan. 18. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—A funny, rueful, and satiric description of how some of the troops conducted themselves during the interminable stalemates of the First World War. Joan Littlewood has directed the cast with a fine-honed precision and a lot of ingenuity. The old war songs are still compelling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan.

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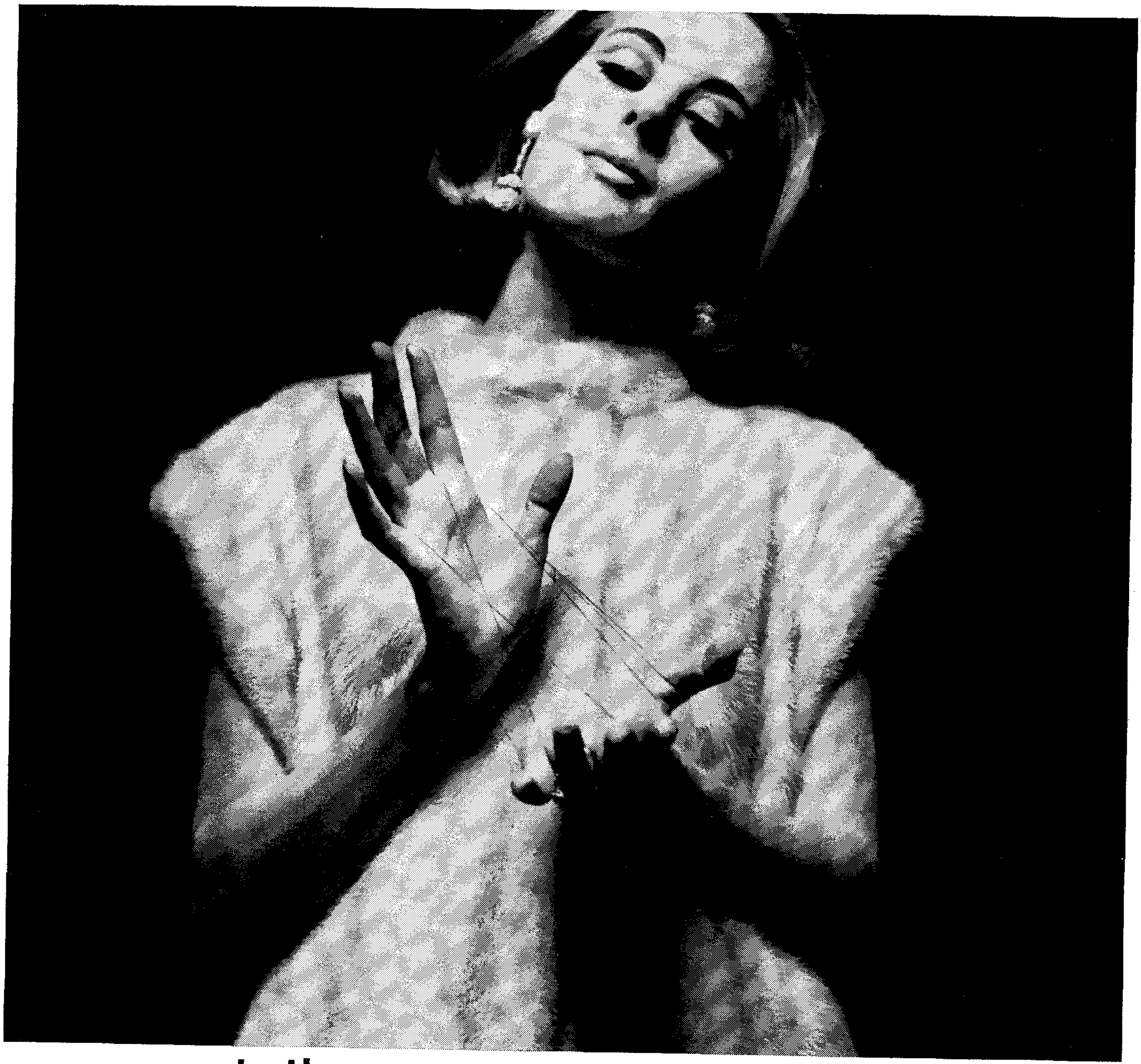

to the man
who thinks he's married to a sane
and sensible woman

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Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

18, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HIGH SPIRITS:** In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?**: The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—POLISH MIME THEATRE: Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of thirty, in a program including "The Detective," "The Post Office," "The Woman," and "The Book," Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO:** A company of seventy-five singers, dancers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 19, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Molière's **TARTUFFE**, translated by Richard Wilbur and with Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Salome Jens. Opens Thursday, Jan. 14. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15.)

Babes in the Wood—A musical comedy, freely adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that simultaneously spoofs and uses an assortment of traditional routines. Rick Besoyan has provided tuneful tunes but only sporadically amusing words. Danny Carroll (Demetrius), Richard Charles Hoh (Oberon), and Joleen Fodor (Hermia) are a credit to the company. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cat and the Canary—John Willard's spooky old comedy is the first of what the producers hope will be a series of revivals of mystery plays. This production has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Child Buyer—An arid melodrama about a state government's investigation of a man who has attempted to purchase a child prodigy for his corporation. Even a good production and a good cast, headed by Paul McGrath, John C. Becher, and Lester Rawlins, cannot bring to life this essentially lifeless project. The play was adapted by Paul Shyre from a novel by John Hersey. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. Reopens Tuesday, Jan. 19. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

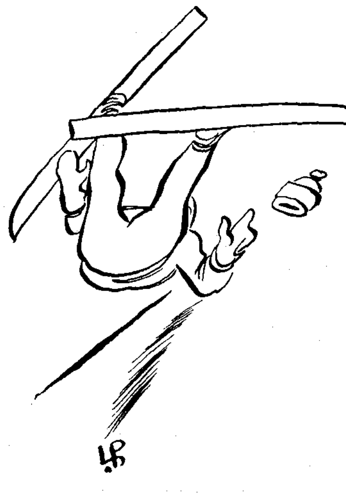
The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Her Master's Voice—This revival of Clare Kummer's domestic farce is, on the whole, careless and inept, but Doro Merande is extremely droll as an all-time mother-in-law, and John Cecil Holm is funny, too, as a blustering tycoon. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—This dramatization by Robert Lowell of Herman Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is a winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play. Reopens Thursday, Jan. 14. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is excellent as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. Reopens Monday, Jan. 18. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Play with a Tiger—The end of an affair that apparently has consisted of one battle after another between a writer (f) of stories and book reviews and a writer (m) of social tracts. This final skirmish, almost exclusively verbal, is rife with Freudian diagnosis and tricked-up exposition. The setting is an apartment in London. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Bugaku," "Pas

Why do men who buy islands marry Wragge girls?

FOR THE ANSWER SEE THE NEW RESORT COLLECTION AT BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

de Deux and Divertissements" (première), "Agon," and "Fanfare."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Serenade," "Tarantella," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Con Amore," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "Ebony Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 17: "Serenade," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."...¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 17: "Interplay," "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Con Amore," "Agon," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "La Valse."...¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Apollo," "Ivesiana," "Fanfare," and "Raymonda Variations."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Serenade," "Greenwood" (première), "Ivesiana," and "Raymonda Variations."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Irish Fantasy," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Gounod Symphony."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Divertimento No. 15," "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish gypsy dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

José Limón—With his company, in a lecture-demonstration. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1965." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The pear-shaped and blare-shaped tones of Billy Eckstine, the old minstrel boy, carom around the Royal Box at dinner and supper. His recital is preceded by the team of Rowan & Martin, whose deft conversation is nevertheless sinewy burlesque discourse in drawing-room tones and dinner jackets. The dance music is mostly by the orchestra of Lee Evans, which is becoming commendably individual. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The animal kingdom—nutria, mink, chinchilla, sable, ermine, and now British lion, too—at play. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do dance music for anyone for whom this pageantry is not enough. In the Garrison, there is more dancing, but to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M. computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's unlikely that this gold-and-plush example of the shipbuilder's art will float, but it is steady enough to make a dance floor. There, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers get to work at seven during the week, at eight-thirty Fridays, at nine Saturdays. They sound both gay-nineties and blasé-sixties. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, has now restored one of its important monuments—a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, stays away on Mondays.

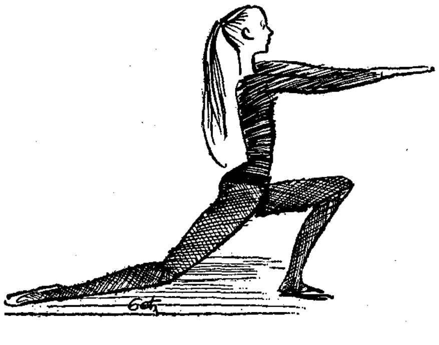
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the euphoric music of Mark Monte's adventurers and the sonorities of Emil Coleman's big band come to a halt at dinner and supper so that Lisa Kirk, who is equipped with four boy acolytes, can do her knowing girl-about-town song-and-prance roundelays. Closed Sundays....¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday....¶ At eight, the Palm Court is turned into a magic carpet on its non-stop run to some fashionable European spa, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry-maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band will bring out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the American band of Charles Turecamo. Closed Sundays....¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—If the Egyptian deities that are so prominent in the decorative scheme could only talk, what would they say of the *laissez-faire* dance festival in which the nation's youth (of all sorts and all ages) indulges night after night? The music is canned but crisp, the evenings are long—eight to four.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **roseland dance city**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic imagination. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hours with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine conservatory of music where "Madame Butterfly" is the heroine of the tiny operetta company in residence. Dancing, too. Thursday through Saturday every week. Closed Mondays.... **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays.... **le caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, and, after ten-thirty, a Caucasian girl named Djenara and a Latin lad named Paco, who once had a *boîte* of their own abroad, sing becomingly. Closed Sundays.... **late edition,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Home is the rover Hugh Shannon, home from the sea (Capri), the Sound (Bridgehampton), and the Continent to play his rampageous barroom piano and to sing those big, bouncy, never-to-be-taken-seriously ballads. He is served at ten, along with supper, and he carries on until early morn. Tuesdays are his holidays.... **café ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.... **il sole,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): The winter haven for Ralph Strain, whose piano dwells fondly on the very best days of wine and roses. Seven-thirty until two is his course of events. Closed Sundays.... **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays.... **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays.... **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita,* and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians, a brand-new set of violinists and such.... **café renaissance 48,** 15

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, the guitar of Gustavo Lopez dwells upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Eight until very late is his schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of the guitar wielded by José Luis Franco. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep, in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio sounds off now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Garody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire, the wordless witticisms of George Matson's mimicry of female types who are too much with us, the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Dancing for the guests, too. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Mills Brothers, portly now but still perky, are proving how easy it is to get the best out of a tune by being kind to it instead of prodding it with a shotgun; Dave Barry makes one suspect that conversation is a lost art. The eight new and redhead Copa showgirls intervene now and again. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which looks and sounds like one of the longest Arabian Nights, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a holiday, is one reason. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Miriam Makeba, *dea Africana ex machina*, is both nectary and noble as she declaims songs from the old country and this one. Bill Cosby is the wit (a diffuse one) of the occasion; Mongo Santamaria's Latins are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In prankish parables and Damascus-steel poesy, "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the latest and maybe the greatest Julius Monk revue, makes burnt offerings and burnt effigies of very nearly all the people and problems that beset the admirers of civilization. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Another high tide of Latin lovers, larks, and stampeders has just engulfed the rear room, thus joining up with Juan Lejido, a flamenco tenor who goes engagingly modern every so often. The seemly uproar takes place twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The customers dine on many other things. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A new version of "Cambridge Circus," a revue invented and enacted by some very young British cousins of ours, has its trial run on Thursday, Jan. 14, at seven-thirty. Thereafter, eight-thirty will be the zero hour; Fridays and Saturdays, there will be a second turn, at ten-thirty. Mondays will be dark.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A new message, still in the hands of the decoders, is being flung by the plastic saxophone of Ornette Coleman, who has also (in the two years during which he kept a vow of silence) taken up the trumpet and the violin. His threesome and the triad owned by Jim Hall, one of our great guitar men, hold this fort. On Tuesday, Jan. 19, the Halls will give way to the trio of Bill Evans, the eminent abstract pianist. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums, to discuss the matter

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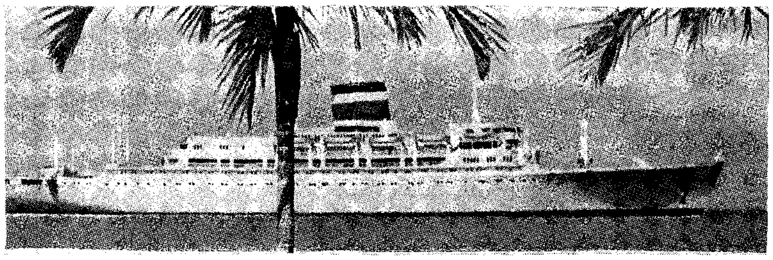
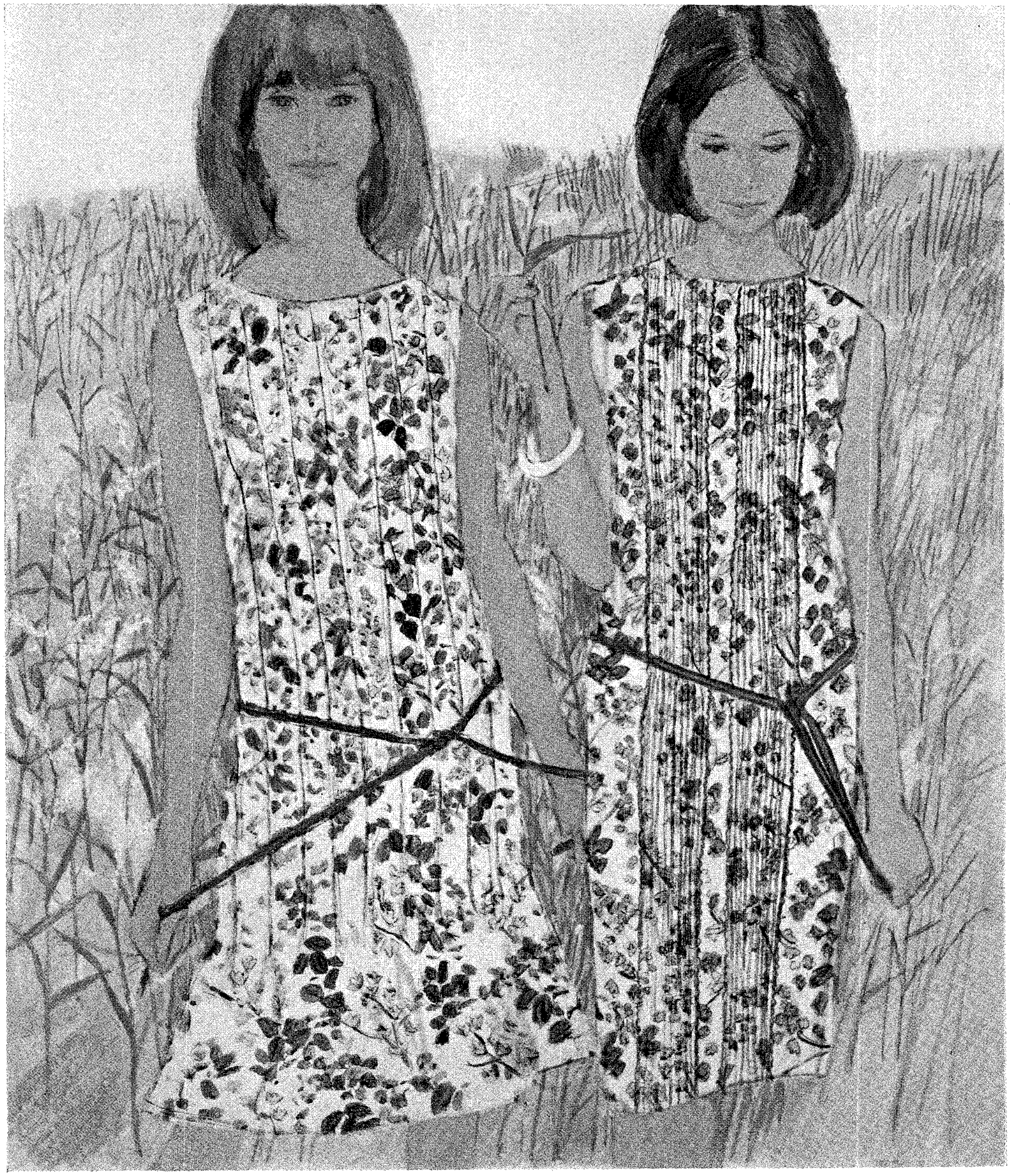


SWEET LAWN OF LIBERTY



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IN THE TANNER MANNER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of whither practically anything. John Henry Faulk will be part of the enterprise on Jan. 18. The first shot is fired at nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fridays and Saturdays are the extent of the current operations, and the vast band of Tito Puente, which is not above a bit of gallivanting and chanting, is the main event. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds a fairly fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. Mike Settle, whose own native state is Oklahoma, and the Bitter End Singers do well by it. Jim Connell, a post-graduate of the people's music, is now a lighthearted humorist. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up more traditionally with a band headed by Max Kaminsky (Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, and Jake Hanna are components), not to mention Conrad Janis's group, which contains Johnny Windhurst and Kenny Laverne. On Monday, Jan. 18, Red Allen's quartet, a standard housewarmer on these premises, displaces the Janissaries. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The foursome of John Coltrane, whose saxophone is both puissant and long in the wind, is spelled by the threesome of Mose Allison, which—on the other hand—is one for all and all for one. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, whose tremendous communal spirit quickly catches up its audiences, withdraws on Thursday, Jan. 14, so that Kenny Burrell's quartet can move in a night later. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him (Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be participating). Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The quartet of Roland Kirk, a triple-threat man who blows three horns at once, takes turns with the newly created threesome concocted by Jackie Byard, recently pianist to the mighty Charlie Mingus. The two bands are around every night but Monday, when novitiate Larry Rivers and the every-man-for-himself Upper Bohemia Six take charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy complexities make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays a different band plays for a more informal evening with Twisting, turning, and other such ephemera. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual involutions to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten. Saturday, Jan. 16, is his last night. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Arman—Pop art; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Paintings; through Jan. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Etchings and lithographs; through Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

John Button—Paintings; through Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert De Niro—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Tim Deverell—Small paintings in tempera and watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Thomas Downing—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp—Paintings, ready-mades, and objects; through Feb. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—Welded-metal abstractions and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilse Getz—"Women in Windows," oils and collage-paintings (1963-64); through Jan. 30. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Gross—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Stanley William Hayter, Peter Sedgley, and Ulfert Wilke—Paintings; through Jan. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Wood cutouts; through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Charles Sheeler—Drawings and lithographs by the former and paintings in tempera on Plexiglas by the latter; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a School-of-Paris artist; through Jan. 30. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Paintings done in Nigeria; through Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger—Figure and still-life paintings (1920-30); through Jan. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Landès Lewitin—Semi-abstract oils, based on human and animal figures; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Feb. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra-cotta plaques of gods and humans; through Jan. 30. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Nolan—Paintings (Australian themes, Antarctica, and heads) by this Australian artist; through Jan. 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Abstractions; through Friday, Jan. 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Peter Takal—Drawings; through Jan. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract paintings by

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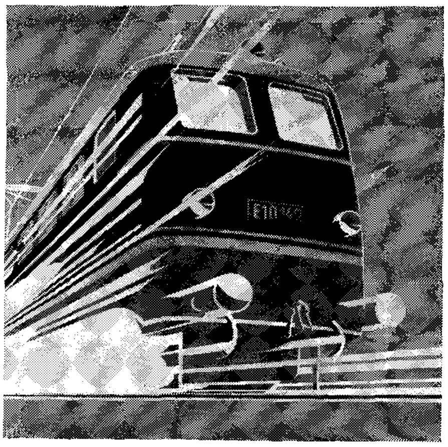

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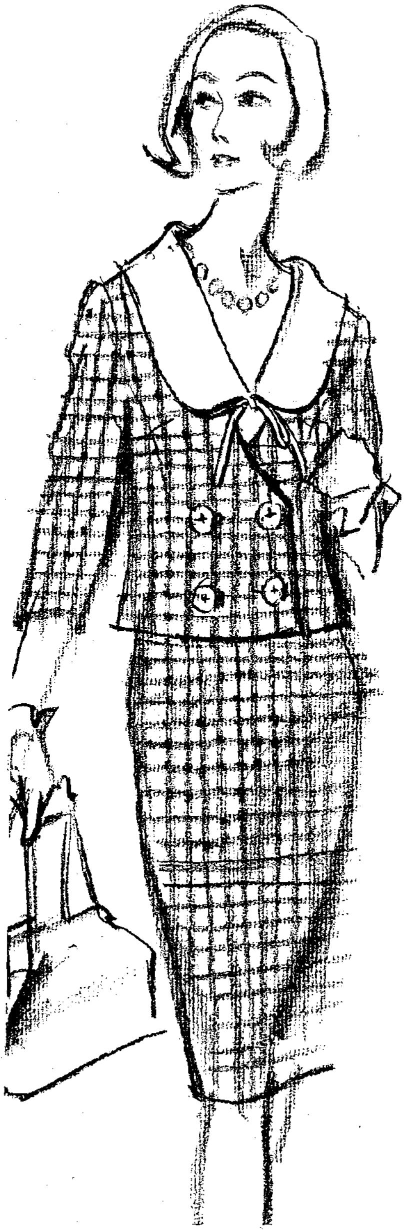

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Varga—Paintings, in her first show in eleven years; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Wilfrid Zogbaum—Abstract metal sculptures by an artist who died at a tragically early age last week; through Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lawyers Collect—A benefit exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European artists (among them Monet, Klee, Sargent, and Marini), plus ancient art objects, from the private collections of members of the New York Bar; through Jan. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—Their twenty-fourth annual, with works in a variety of styles by Arbit Blatas, Reuben Tam, Louise Nevelson, and others; through Jan. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 149 E. 72nd St.: "Shape and Structure 1965," an exhibition devoted to new directions in abstract painting and sculpture by ten new names; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Portraits of artists by artists—Raphael Soyer by Laura Ziegler and Jacques Lipchitz by Joseph Floch, for instance; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Optical paintings by eleven artists, including Henry Pearson, Julian Stanczak, and Ernst Benkert; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through Feb. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—The eleventh print annual, with works in various graphic mediums by fifty artists from eleven countries; through Feb. 4. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. Good complements to this exhibition are the Beckmann shows at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., and the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Paintings by Magritte, Delvaux, and five other contemporary Belgian artists; through Feb. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death; through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, paintings, and objects by eleven artists (Jim Dine, George Segal, and Claes Oldenburg, to name three) of the downtown Reuben Gallery, in existence only from 1959 to 1961; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors by Richard Diebenkorn; through Feb. 21. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Friday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ "Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through March 11. . . . ¶ "Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through Feb. 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Don Pasquale," with Anna Moffo, Elfego Esparza, Luigi Alva, Frank Guarrera, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Walter Cassel, John Alexander, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Jess Thomas, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Geraint Evans, Gérard Souzay, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 17: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Louis Sgarro. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-8281.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 18: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Flaviano Labò, Anselmo Colzani, Elfego Esparza, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, George London, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, George Shirley, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Geraint Evans, Gérard Souzay, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Teresa Stratas, Jess Thomas, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Carlotta Ordassy, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gram of seven short operas, including Mark Bucci's "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and Gerald Cockshott's "Apollo and Persephone." (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers directing a Beethoven-Rossini program on Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Tito Del Bianco, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30 (with Leonard Pennario, piano). . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3 (all with André Watts, piano).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, with Isaac Stern violin; and Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first two in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of symphonies. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, and Thursday, Jan. 21, both at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30: John Pritchard conducting, with Yakov Zak, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30: Haig Yaghjian conducting a benefit concert, with Hilde Somer, piano, and James Earl Jones, narrator.

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting a benefit Bach-Haydn concert, with John Ogdon, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with John Atkins, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Charles Russo, clarinet; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Paul Olefsky, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:40.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, and Jacob Glick, viola. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea directing fifty members of the orchestra in a benefit concert, with Lillian Fuchs, viola. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Moura Lympany, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Leon Fleisher and Tossy Spivakovsky—The second in a series of three recitals of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 5:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Sonya Monosoff, violin, and Howard Lebow, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early baroque music of Italy and Germany. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Joan Caplan—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—An all-Mozart program performed by Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3 and 9.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Chamber Soloists, in an all-Bach program. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Paul Doktor—Viola, in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Blanche Winogron, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Luigi Alva—Tenor. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:45. For tickets, call PL 5-1612.)

Lenox Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music from Tanglewood—Gunther Schuller and Melvin Strauss conducting, with Harvey Sollberger, flute. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 5:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 18, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Nina Simone with her quartet and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. *Matches begin at 8:30.*)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.) . . . **the many faces of music:** The fourth in a series of six offerings, this one a program of chamber music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3.) . . . **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "Aïda," with an English narration. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—At the GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE: "Merlin and the Singing Stone." (138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS: "The Emperor's Nightingale" and "Holiday in Israel." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays at 1:50 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PLAYERS THEATRE: "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.) . . . LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The nineteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Monday, Jan. 18. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—John Dos Passos reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. EN 8-1500. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

National Motor Boat Show—Everything to please the boating enthusiasts, including a fleet of some five hundred craft and an assortment of nautical fittings and trappings to go with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, Jan. 15, from noon to 10:30; Saturdays, Jan. 16 and 23, from 10:30 to 10:30; Sundays, Jan. 17 and 24, from 1 to 7; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 18-20, from 4 to 10:30; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, from noon to 10:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, belonging to Mrs. David A. Ingber and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 1:45: Old-master prints and modern graphics, collected by David D. Kurtz and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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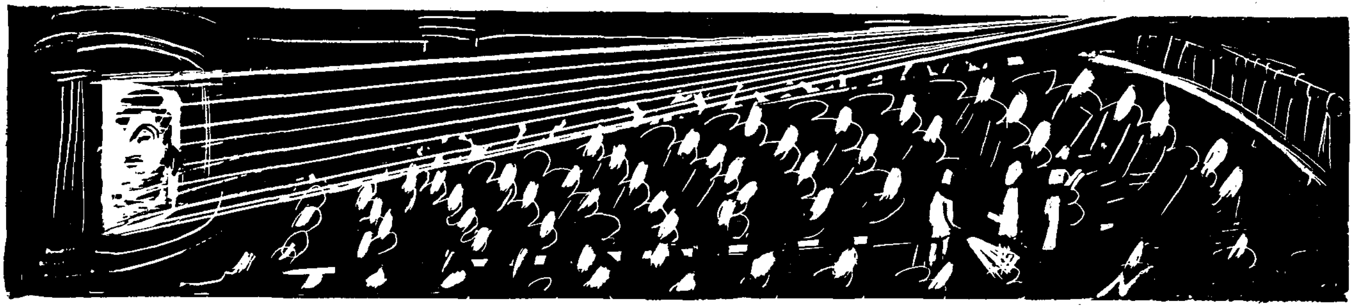


Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Cartouche—A French takeoff on romantic costume films that quite early on becomes one. The picture, which was directed by Philippe de Broca, is often good to look at and occasionally funny, in a broad kind of way. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the chief of a band of robbers in eighteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 15-18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 20.)

Fail Safe—This serious version of the "Dr. Strangelove" theme is a first-rate thriller, with Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 17-19.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 20.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 16.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 19.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 20.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 19.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Jan. 19.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Across the Pacific (1942)—Spies and counterspies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 16-18.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 16-18.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 14.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 15-18.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Jan. 19.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent *schizophrenia*. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 20.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 19.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 18.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 18.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Jan. 19.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 19.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 14.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 15-17.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 14.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 19.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 15.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 15-17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Jan. 16: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), with Gloria Swanson and William Holden. . . . ¶ Jan. 17-20: "The Big Carnival" (1951), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Jan. 19: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Jan. 20: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Jan. 19: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.
From Jan. 20: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Jan. 18: "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Jan. 19: "Could I but Live" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MAFIOSO (in Italian); and **THE SERVANT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 19: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**
From Jan. 20: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 19 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Jan. 20: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Jan. 19: **TOPKAPI**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 20: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 19: **THE SERVANT.**
From Jan. 20: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 19: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.
From Jan. 20: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

BARONET (EL 5-1663) and **CORONET** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.
GOLDFINGER.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Jan. 14: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Desk Set," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
Jan. 15-17: **LOLITA**, revival; and **THE TRIAL**, revival.
Jan. 18: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** and **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Jan. 19: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **HAMLET**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Guns of August," a documentary film on the First World War.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TOPKAPI.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
BECKET.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 19: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**
From Jan. 20: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 19: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.
From Jan. 20: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 14: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
Jan. 15-18: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 19: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and "Rules of the Game" (both in French and both revivals).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 16: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Jan. 17-19: **FAIL SAFE**; and "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

From Jan. 20: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and **CARTOUCHE** (in French).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 19: To be announced.
From Jan. 20: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 19: "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds; and "Raiders from Beneath the Sea," Ken Scott.
From Jan. 20: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Patterns for Plunder," Mai Zetterling, Keenan Wynn.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.

23 CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 19: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.
From Jan. 20: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Thank Heaven for Small Favors" (in French), Bourvil.

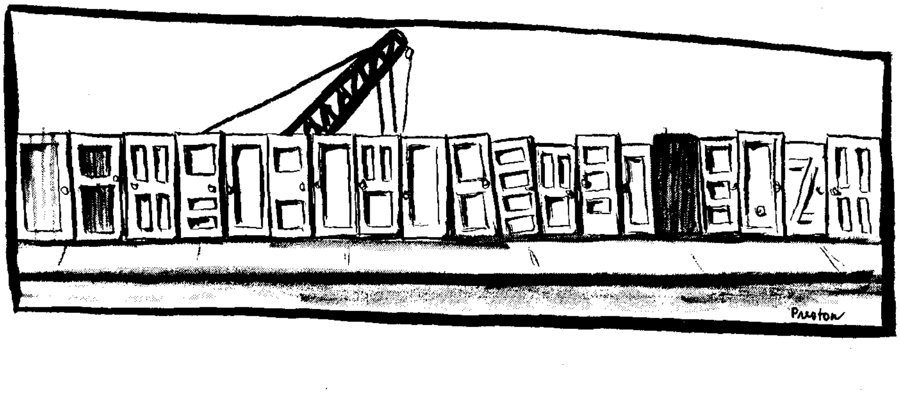
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Sweet and Sour" (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 15: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
Jan. 16-18: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**, revival.
From Jan. 19: "Black Legion," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 19: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Jan. 20: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 14: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Jan. 15-18: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
From Jan. 19: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.



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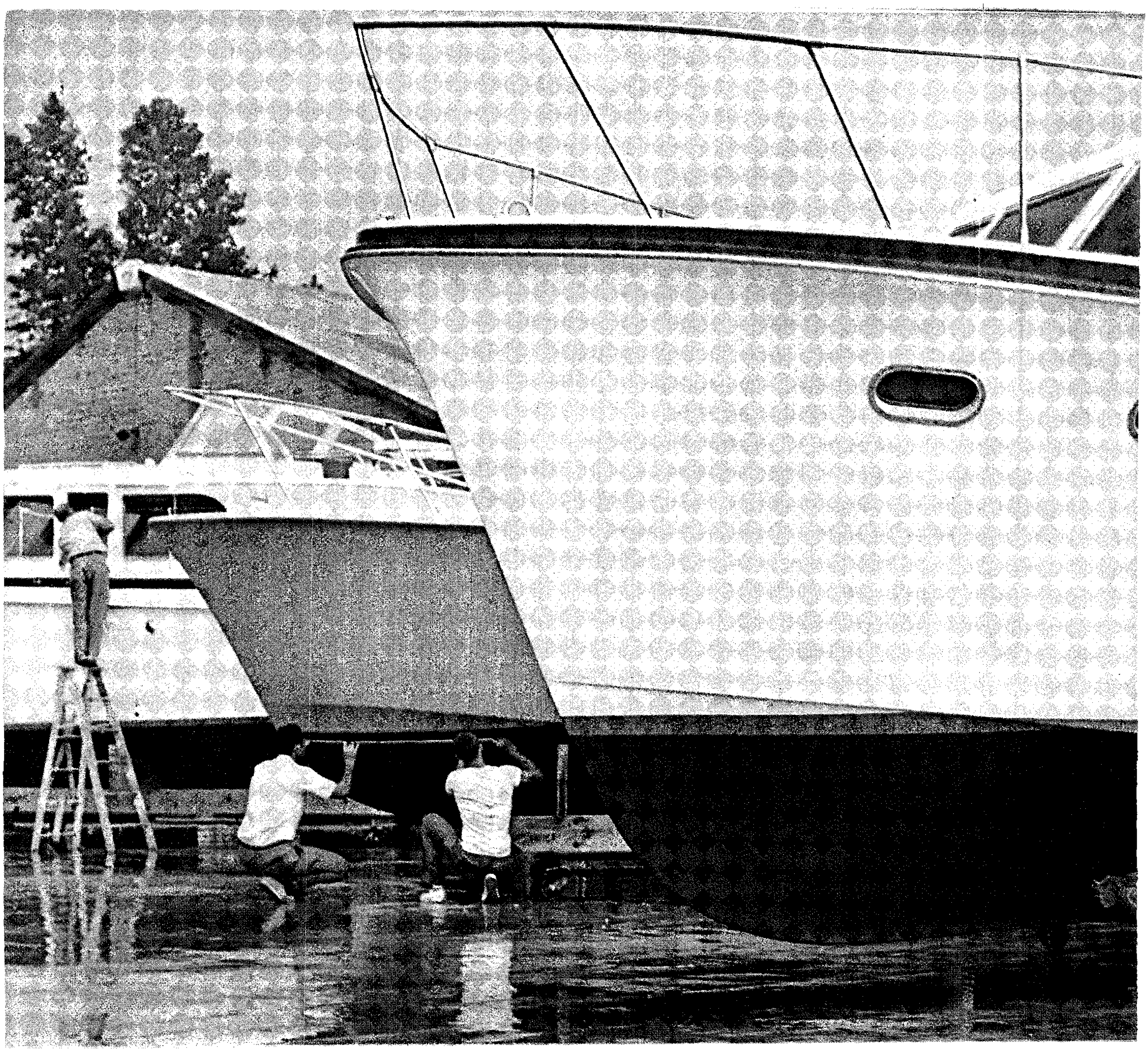

There is nothing unusual
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Confidence in craftsmanship. (The men who produce this boat were selected with great care.)

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The result of all this is extra personal effort and attention to detail, not often found in manufacturing today.

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With fiberglass, Mucklow is using the strongest material available for marine construction. The Navy has used it since 1946, and now has 1200 such boats in service. (In fact, over 90% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.)

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Through molded, reinforced fibe glass construction, beams, ribs an

about these men
boat—the fiberglass **Hatteras**

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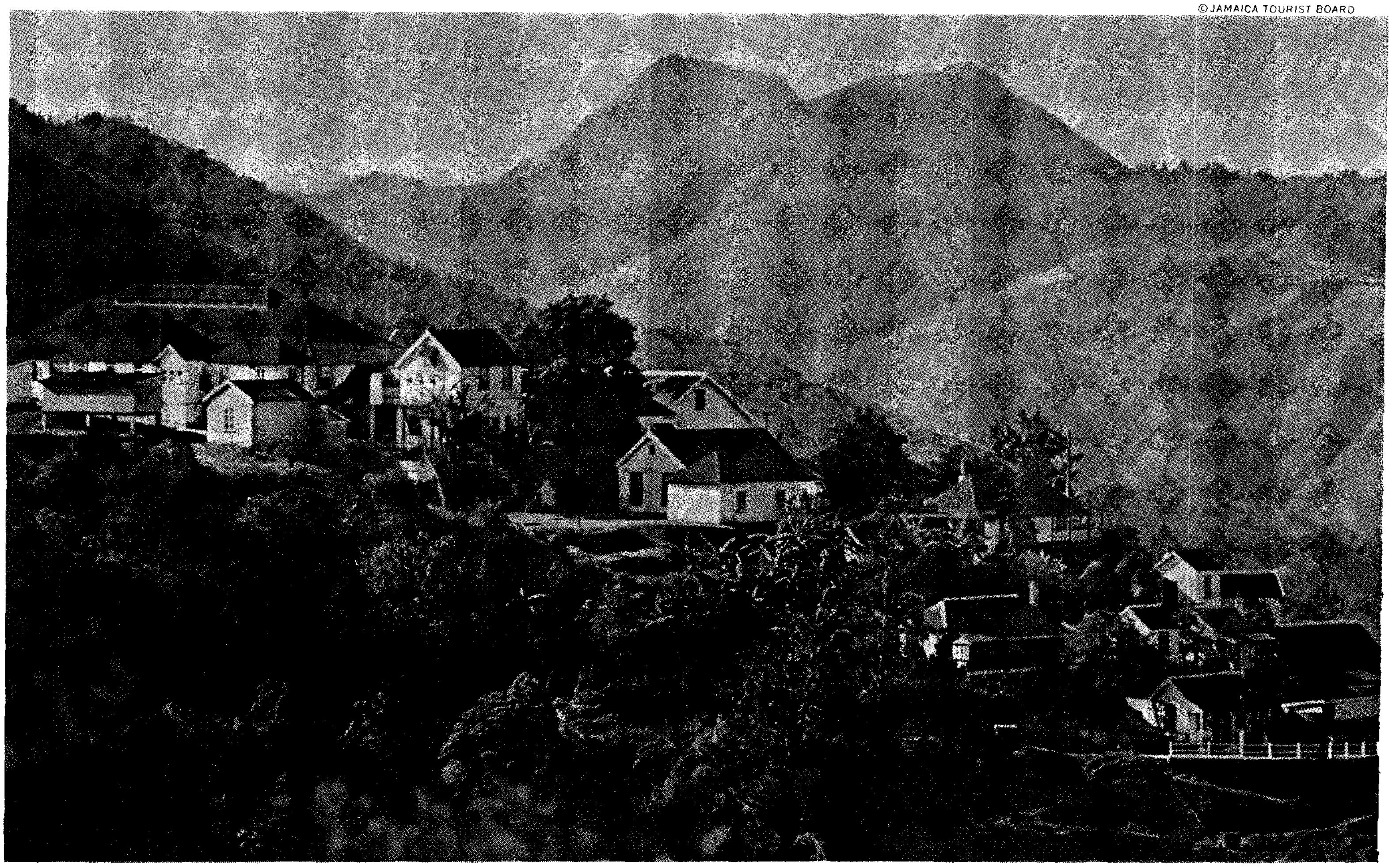

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Spend a glorious day at the Newcastle Army Training Camp on Blue Mountain. Don't laugh. You'll have one hell of a good time.

Newcastle is one of the few army posts in the world with no AWOL problem. In fact, it's so ruddy beautiful up there, 3850 feet up Blue Mountain, with the hummingbirds dipping all around, and the Bougainvillea and honeysuckle winding over the veddy British/Colonial/Victorian buildings, and the cool, tickly hillcountry air, and the puffy clouds sailing by *under* the windows, and the 40-mile view of Kingston and the sea, and the deep gorges filled with birdsong—that the army sometimes has trouble getting the troops to leave when their training cycle's over.

We have the same problem with the civilians who visit here.

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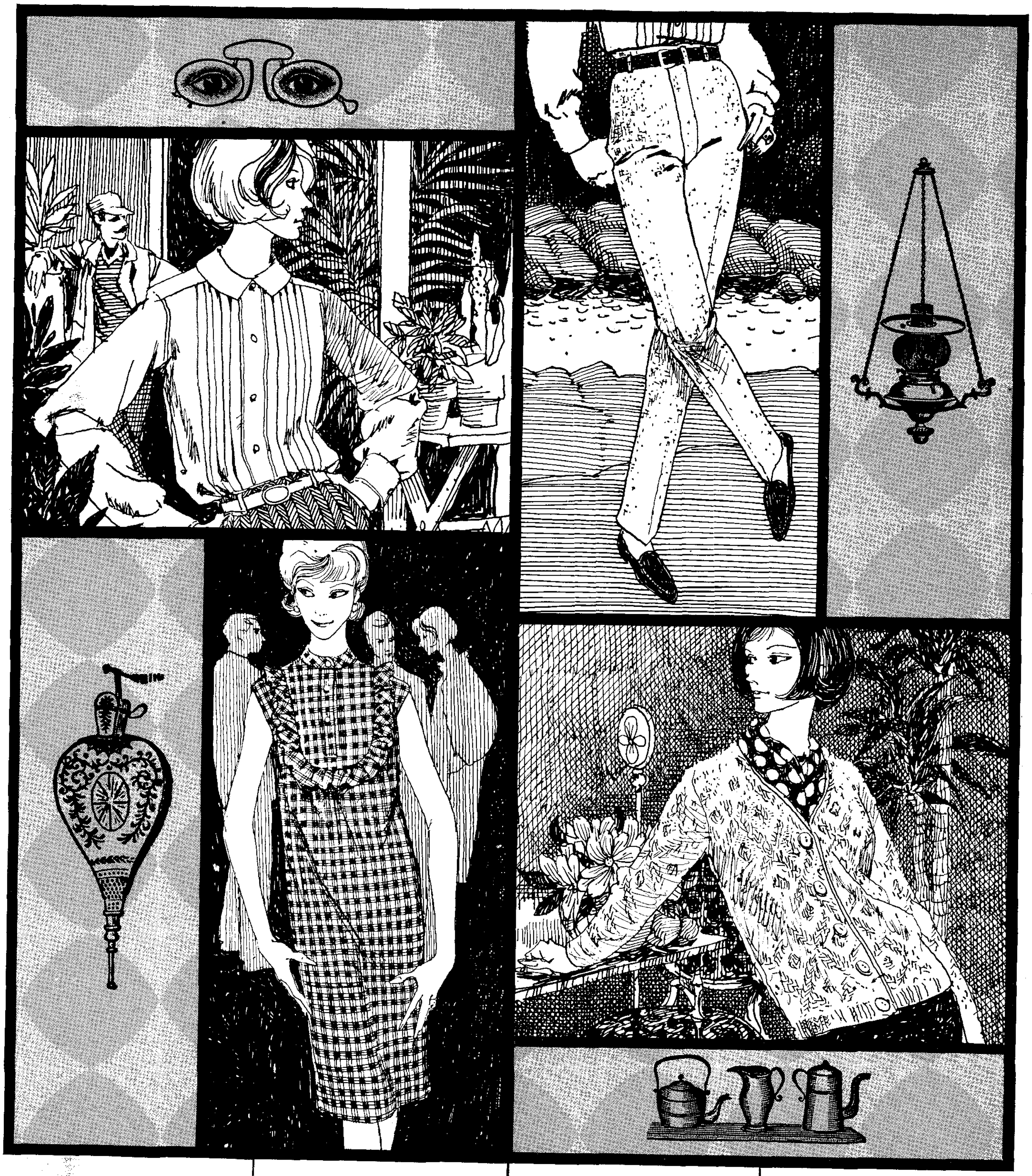
Start your training easy—with a short 20-minute hike up a gentle curving path—called reassuringly, The *Ladies'* Mile. If you get your wind, you can build up to the almost vertical Catherine's Peak trip. ("Mountain goats, 25 min.; Gentlemen, 40 min.; Ladies, 55 min.; Old Soldiers and Young Children, 1 hr. 5 min.")

If Shank's Mare is not your speed, you can always rent a mule (although be forewarned: walking is faster). The mules and their masters work out of a town called Mavis Bank. To the top of the mountain and back, it's $8.40 for mon and beast. (The mon goes along to keep the beast honest.) Make an overnight trip out of it with a stay at Whitfield Hall, a rough-it hostel near the peak. $1.40 per night. It's not as plush as army life. But after all, one must make *some* sacrifices these days.

For more vacation (or enlistment) information, see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, Dept. 8N, 630 Fifth Ave., New York City 10020.



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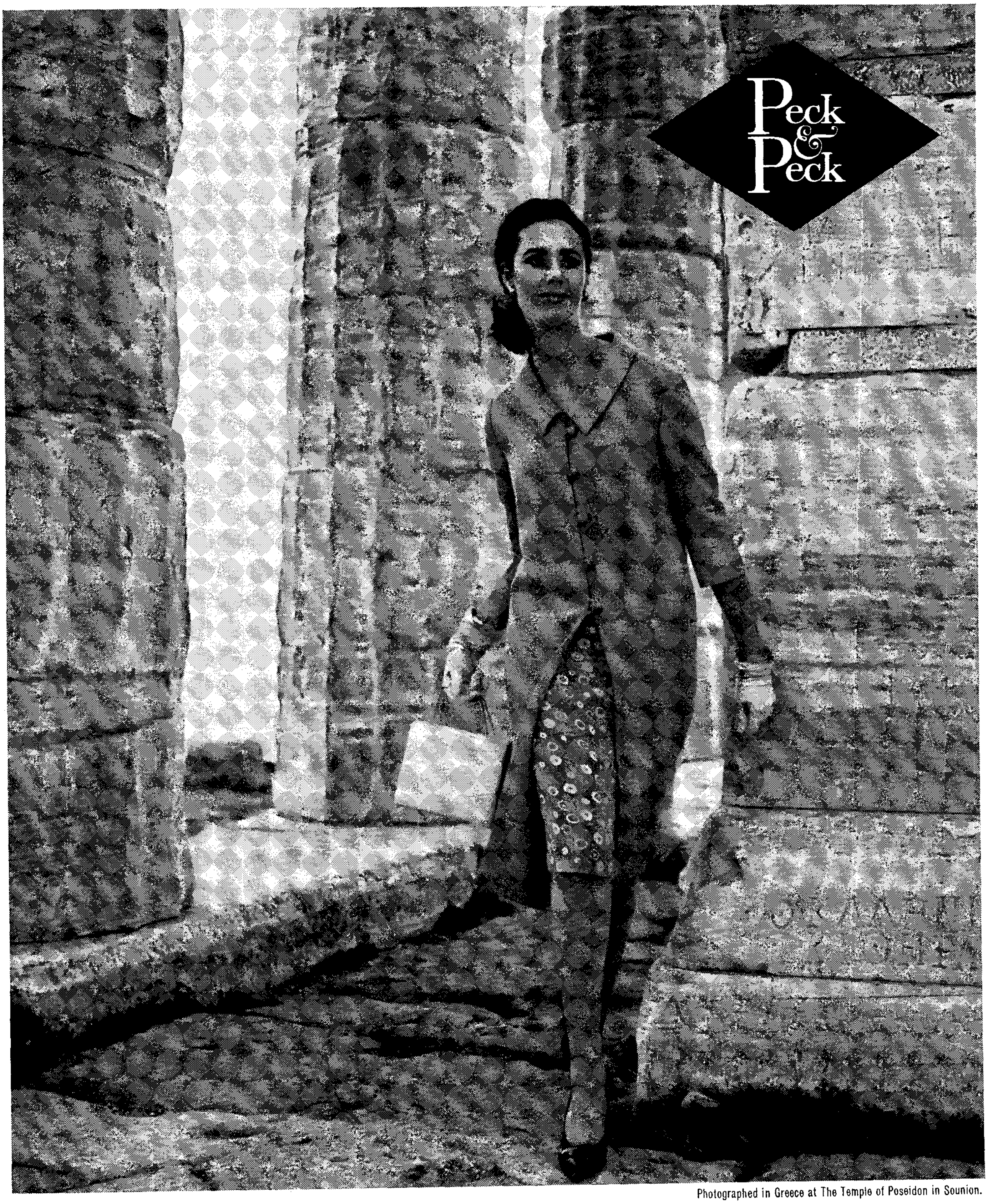

Photographed in Greece at The Temple of Poseidon in Sounion.

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Brilliance under the winter sun in textury rayon/linen. The long skinny coat, colour-cued to the exciting print of the short-sleeve sheath. Emerald coat over yellow/azure/green print, or shrimp pink over pink/curry/white. 8 to 16, *45.00*

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE death of T. S. Eliot deprives the English-speaking world not of a literary master—he exists in his work and will continue to exist—but of a cultural presence that united two literatures and extended the venerable tradition of the presiding poet-critic into our time. He was our Dryden, our Coleridge, our Arnold, and as long as he was alive our literature seemed in some sense restrained from the apocalyptic formlessness and obscenity that it seeks. Eliot's peculiar authority derived from his own participation in this century's despair; he was a great conservative containing a great radical. What was most peculiar about his authority, perhaps, was how generally it was acknowledged, considering the modesty, in both tone and bulk, of his production. He was like Valéry in the weight his silences gathered from the penetration of his utterances. Of the many makers of modern literature, he was the most penetrating, and it is this gift of penetration that makes his poems so strangely unforgettable and his critical judgments, beneath their fussy diffidence, so shockingly right. He had (an optional virtue for writers) an inability to write other than the truth—we mean, of course, the truth as he felt it—so that even the pallor and whimsey of the later plays are rendered supportable by a final earnestness. As a poet, he belongs not with the great verbal impresarios, like Shakespeare and Joyce, but with those great who, like Donne and Wordsworth, arrive in one's imagination somewhat hobbled by an awkward honesty. Like Valéry, Eliot won, for his precision and austerity, that intensity of respect which passes into love. Unlike Valéry, he won it from a people, the English, who customarily reward genial copiousness. If the atmosphere of public veneration that attended his old age, in the hundreds of American classrooms where his passionate and enigmatic lines were being mechanically charted, had about it something stale and falsely official, Eliot's sly gray image evaded incrimination. In trying to frame that image, we see it triangulated by three poets whom he knew well. There is, for metrical power, Milton. For impeccability, Marvell. And, for paternal elusiveness, Edward Lear.

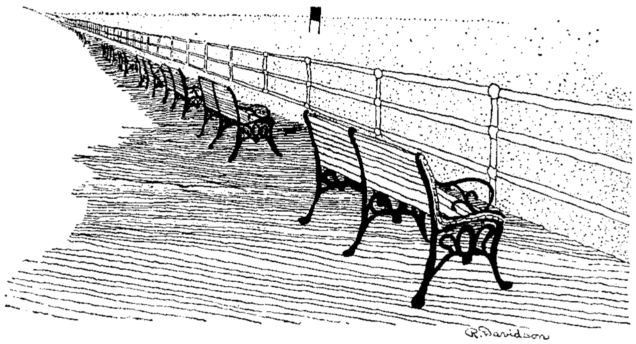
Metropolitan President

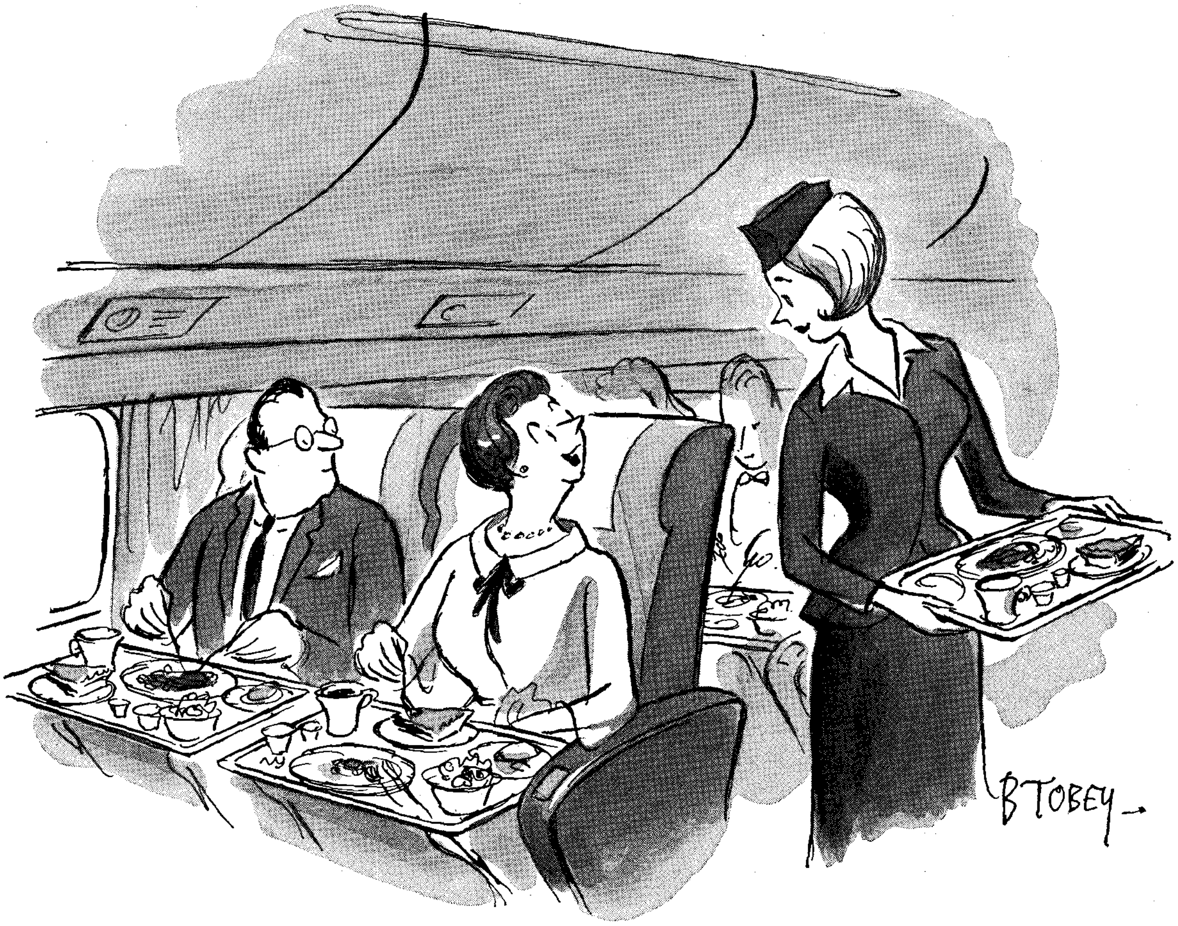
ARTHUR AMORY HOUGHTON, JR., who succeeded Roland L. Redmond last fall as president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is a rather shy, modest man of fifty-eight, with a scholarly look and a deliberate air, who was born and, for a while, reared in Corning, New York, where his great-grandfather Amory Houghton founded the Corning Glass Works in 1851. The great-grandson subsequently attended St. Bernard's School, in Manhattan; St. Paul's School, in New Hampshire, where he began to collect rare books; and Harvard, where he collected more and rarer books, including early editions of Lewis Carroll. "I got a great love of English literature at college," he told us the other Saturday afternoon, when he received us in the library of his house—once Anne Morgan's—on Sutton Place. Having poured a Scotch for us and another for himself, he continued, "I had the privilege of studying under George Lyman Kittredge and John Livingston Lowes—those great, titanic professors of the past! My interest in collecting switched from the printed book to the manuscript; in an early draft you are closer to association with the author. Look."

Mr. Houghton, who was wearing tortoise-shell glasses, gray flannels, and a gray jacket, got up, reached into one of many shelves lining two walls of the big room, and handed us the original manuscript of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." "I have the manuscript of John Locke's 'An Essay Concerning Human Understanding' here, a lot of Pepys' manuscripts, and the Arnold Toynbee manuscripts—his 'A Study of History,' and so on," he said, pointing to a great run of volumes bound in red. "I'm an admirer of Toynbee. I sent a man to London to see him, and Toynbee sent me the 'Study of History' papers and two footlockers full of what he called debris. Debris, indeed! He has agreed that all his notebooks will come to me. I have a Gutenberg Bible here." He waved at one of the shelves. "It's not a very scarce book, since there are forty-five copies or more, but mine is the only one in private hands, and my Carroll collection, starting with the 1865 'Alice'—*there's* a scarce book; only twelve or thirteen copies are known to exist—fills a room at my farm in Maryland." Mr. H., we learned, has turned the greatest Keats collection in the world over to the Houghton Library, at his alma mater. "Harvard's rare books and manuscripts outgrew the Widener Library in the late nineteen-thirties, so I gave the university a helping hand in housing them," he said.

"How about *art?*" we asked, mindful of his present post.

Mr. Houghton indicated a portrait of an old man, three by four inches, on a





“How do you get your crust so flaky?”

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desk in one corner of the room, and said, “That’s the smallest Rembrandt in existence, painted in 1632, and the dozen illuminated leaves you see on the walls are from the greatest Eastern manuscript known—the ‘Shah Nama,’ or ‘Book of Kings,’ a Persian epic poem. I have two hundred and fifty-six of these plates, all told, but I’m not a collector of art per se. I just get things I like and love, and tuck them away.” He waved toward an open doorway and said that the next room contained a number of Fragonards he had tucked away.

We asked for a presidential word, and he said, “I’ve been on the board of the Met since 1952, and I’ve served on many of its committees, so I think I know it reasonably well from the trustees’ point of view. I’m now trying to learn the functioning job of the president. You don’t run for office at the Met, you know; you don’t have a platform. I’ve sat at Roland Redmond’s feet. I’ve learned a lot from him; we’ve had a great period of development under him. We have from five to six million visitors a year, an unequalled curatorial staff, and the outstanding director in Jim Rorimer. Museums are a new phenomenon in our society; most of them started in the last hundred years. They’re tied in with the rise of democracy. They’ve given the mass of people their first opportunity to see the great objects that used to be in private collections. People go to them not just for emotional impact but to learn about things. Labelling is important. We may see more extensive labelling in the Metropolitan than in the past. We may see labels in more than one language. We may have guidebooks in several languages. I think we’ve come to the point where we can’t do without museums; they’re locked right in with our lives. If we have a society in which the museum is a part of life, we’ll have a greater culture. I believe this country is going to have the greatest civilization in the world.”

He refilled our glass and his, and said that he had recently come back from East Africa. “I run Corning Glass’s Steuben Glass section, which is a small part of my family’s business,” he said. “I work fairly hard most of the year—I’m at my office by nine—but I take time off for two-week trips all over. My family often goes with me. This last trip was to Uganda, Kenya, Tanzania, and Zambia, where President Kaunda had invited me to see his country get its independence. We’ve been to Mount Sinai—an incredible monastery, loaded with the arts of early Christendom. The icons are beyond belief. There you are in the Book of Exodus, at the site of the burning bush. And one summer we spent eleven days at Tellik Bay, in the Arctic, where we stayed at an Eskimo camp on floe ice. It was July, and the pack ice had moved off. It was too warm for igloos; we lived in tents, which were anchored with rocks against the wind. The rise in tide was fifty-five feet. I found the Eskimos absolutely fascinating. They’ve learned to live and establish a culture under the most awful conditions; you’re back in neolithic times. I’d like to return. I’m a strong believer in the single-purpose trip—do one thing in depth, rather than skip around like a stone over the surface. Here in town—and, most weekends, in Maryland—we live a reasonably quiet life that I enjoy very much. No night clubs. I’ve never been bored in my life.”

We rose to leave, and, accompanying us downstairs, Mr. Houghton said, “Women came into the Met as trustees under Mr. Redmond. Dorothy Shaver was an outstanding trustee, and we now have Helen Reid, Mary Whitehouse, Minnie Fosburgh, Joan Payson, and Brooke Astor, who is being broken in. Why should we draw on just half the population—men—for such positions? A lot more women in our society could be useful if they had the training and opportunity.”

Misdemeanor

THE Metropolitan Opera has long suffered from a lack of storage space for its scenery, and consequently the management occasionally puts certain sets and bulky props outside the building’s doors on Seventh Avenue. A friend of ours reports that he was passing that spot the other day and noticed a large coach-and-four, a prop from “Manon,” parked, horseless, by the curb. Tied to the vehicle was an illegal-parking ticket, signed, with a flourish, by one of the Fourteenth Precinct's finest.

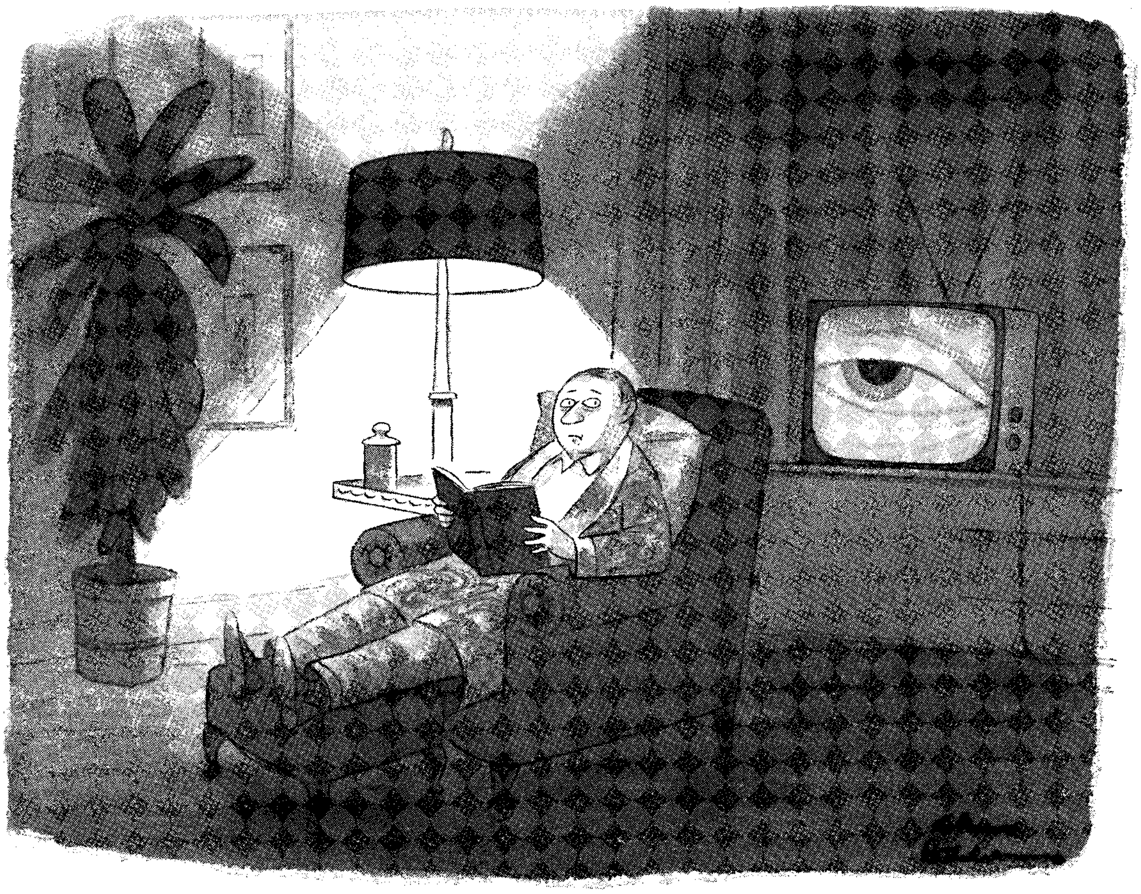
Private

AS part of a continuing effort to find a censorproof outlet for their work, a number of New York's so-called underground film-makers—that most embattled of contemporary avant-gardes—have organized something called the Film-Makers' Cinematheque. This should not be confused with the Film-Makers' Coöperative, a distribution center that we reported on a little while ago, or with the New American Cinema Group, Inc., and the Film Culture Non-Profit Corporation, two holding companies that hold the Coöperative and the Cinematheque, respectively, or with the magazine *Film Culture*, the organ for the entire movement. But all these enterprises do have one thing in common—the guiding hand of Jonas Mekas, New York's most embattled as well as most corporate avant-gardist. Having learned one recent Monday that the Cinematheque had arranged a midnight showing of half a dozen films at the New Yorker Theatre, we took a subway ride uptown that night to see what was new. Despite the late hour, the lobby was filled with a voluble, variegated crowd, in the center of which we found Mr. Mekas, as lean as ever and looking slightly less unhappy than he had looked the last time we saw him. "The Cinematheque has attracted more members than we expected," he told us. "About five hundred and fifty—paid. We're operating as a strictly private film society, so we can show any films we like, including the unlicensed ones that could cause more trouble." The trouble that Mr. Mekas has already had started with public screenings, early in 1964, of such controversial works as "Un Chant d'Amour," by Jean Genet, and "Flaming Creatures," by Jack Smith, a New York film-maker. When these two were shown, the police seized prints of the films, closed the theatres, and arrested the people responsible for the programs. Charges in the Genet case were eventually dropped, but Mekas and two associates were convicted of violating the city obscenity laws by trying to exhibit "Flaming Creatures;" they were given suspended sentences, which are now being appealed. Jack Perlman, the Cinematheque's lawyer, who happened to be standing next to Mr. Mekas, volunteered to clarify the legal situation for us. It seems that New York State law stipulates that all films intended for public exhibition for pay must be licensed by the motion-picture division of the State Board of Education, and New York City law stipulates that all theatres that show films to the public must be licensed by the City Department of Licenses. The city will not allow licensed theatres to show unlicensed films to the paying public, and the state board may refuse to license films it considers obscene. "That's why we've set the Cinematheque up as strictly private and non-profit," Mr. Perlman said. "To see our films, you have to be a member—dues are three dollars a month, twenty-five dollars a year—and you can't buy memberships at the door. In fact, no money will change hands at the theatre. I won't even let them sell popcorn here." He smiled.

"Eventually," Mr. Mekas said, without a smile, "we will have two theatres of our own, running simultaneously, seven nights a week. There will be a small one, for members only, where we'll show unlicensed films, and a larger one, open to the public, where we'll show programs of film classics, the way *cinémathèques* do in other countries." For more details, he suggested that we talk with Robert Brown, the secretary of the Film-Makers' Cinematheque. "He's twenty-two years old," added Mr. Mekas, who is forty-one. "The young people are taking charge. I've found that you can't trust the older generation."

At this point, a young man shouted out above the crowd noise, "Could you all *please* sit down? The show is about to begin!" With what appeared to be some reluctance, the still chattering members began to file into the theatre, and we followed.

Of the six films on the program, we found the best one, entitled "Dog Star Man, Part II," indescribable, in the exact sense of that word, since it was a succession of moving images that defy literal paraphrase: a brief glimpse of a bawling baby in black-and-white, followed by an even briefer glimpse of animated purple rhomboids, followed by a moment of blank screen, followed by another glimpse of the baby, still bawling. In theory, this type of film creates a sort of subliminal montage in



the viewer's mind. The images may be accompanied by anything from an ear-splitting roar on the sound track to the quiet hum of the projector itself.

When two hours had passed, the house lights came on, and we sought out Robert Brown and arranged to meet him the next day in the Cinematheque's headquarters, on East Fourth Street, between Second Avenue and the Bowery. Fourth Street at that point looks a little like a scale model of the "new" lower East Side. There's a cocktail lounge on the corner, an old brown apartment house, several well-preserved loft buildings, three Off Broadway theatres, and the basement offices of the *Ukrainian Daily News*. The Cinematheque is housed in a small front room and a very large back room on the second floor of a trim four-story white brick building. Seated behind a battered wooden desk in the front room, which was newly painted, was Secretary Brown, a clean-shaven, well-fed, collegiate-looking young man from Springfield, Massachusetts. He told us that he had been about to return to Boston University last fall, as a senior, majoring in film and broadcasting, when Mekas asked him to come to New York and help run the Cinematheque.

We asked Mr. Brown when he had first become interested in the cinema underground.

"Well, actually, it was a year ago," he said. "A paper of mine for a course in American film was already a week overdue, and I happened to be in New York for Christmas vacation, so I decided to tape an interview with a live film-maker, because that was the easiest way to do the paper. I didn't have anything particular to do New Year's Eve, so, on an off chance, I called the offices of the Film-Makers' Coöperative, and they gave me a list of New York film-makers. I got in touch with one of them, and he arranged a showing of his films at the Coöp the next day, and then I borrowed a tape recorder and did the interview in twenty-five minutes. I got a B-minus in the course. But in the spring term my marks suffered a lot, because I spent most of my time arranging screenings of Coöp films in Boston and Springfield. I felt that there were a lot of people who would like the films if they got a chance to see them. Having no degree doesn't bother me at all. It bothers my father but not me."

Brown said that the large back room would be ready for use as a hundred-and-fifty-seat theatre, for members only, sometime in February, and that membership should reach one thousand—paid—in the next few months. "Of course, the city can still close us down, if they really want to, once we get our own theatre going and start showing the controversial things, like 'Flaming Creatures,' 'Un Chant d'Amour,' and Kenneth Anger's 'Scorpio Rising.' They can always find something—fire regulations, technicalities."

We asked him how he would feel about going to jail for the Cause, and he indicated that for him it was as much an aesthetic question as a moral issue. "I'm not sure I'd go to jail for 'Flaming Creatures.' I'm not sure it's worth it," he said. "But I would go to jail for 'Scorpio Rising.' "

Miracle

AN acquaintance of ours who works in the Fifty-second Street Doubleday Book Shop tells us that through the years he has become used to gathering up belongings dropped and forgotten by browsing book buyers. However, he was somewhat taken aback when, during the Christmas shopping peak, he discovered that one customer had left a pair of crutches behind.

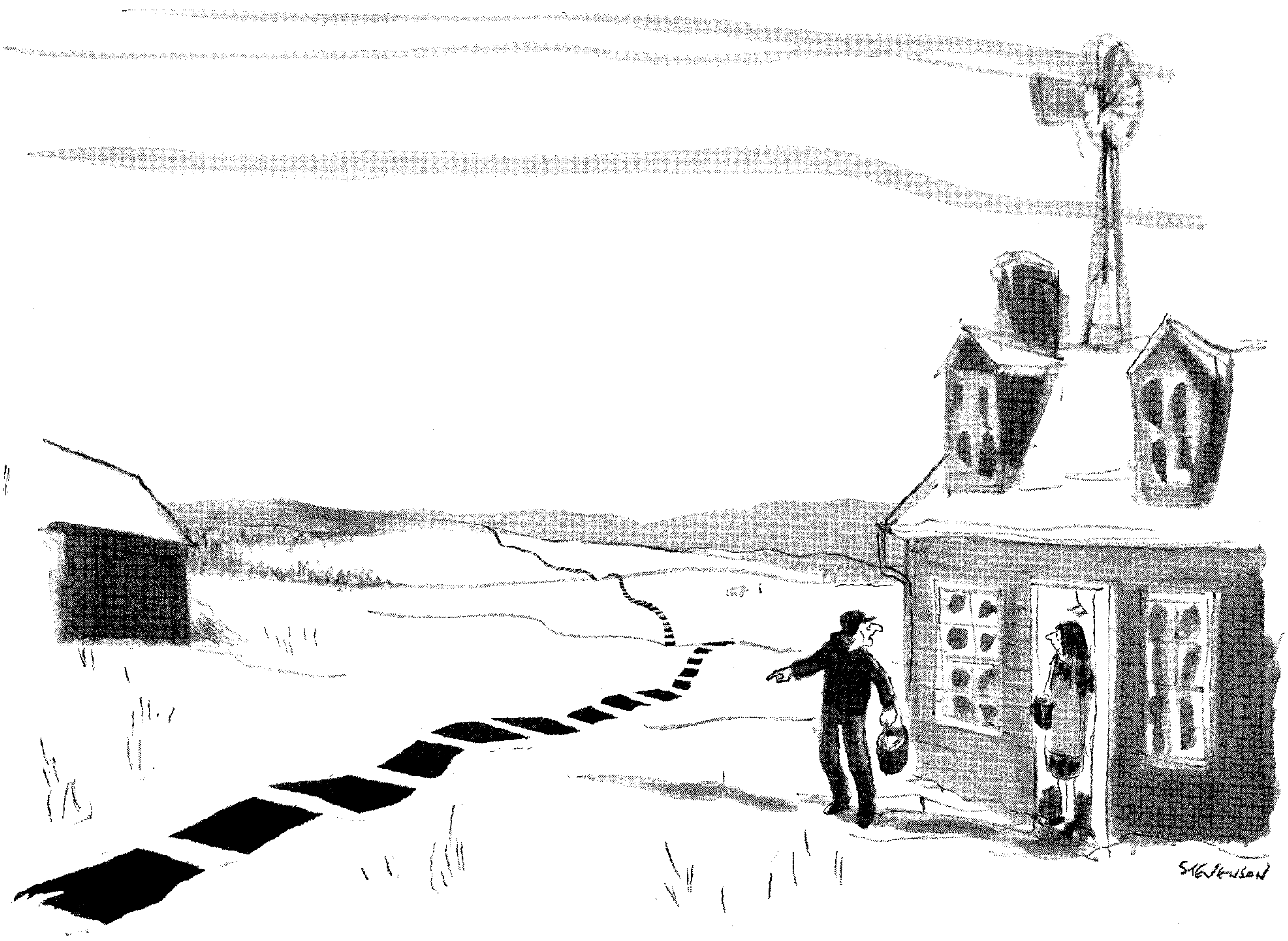
Axles and Cones

CHARLES BUTCHER, who is the executive vice-president and treasurer of the Butcher Polish Company, of Malden, Massachusetts, makers of the famous Butcher's Wax, which we always assumed was named for a butcher and not for a Butcher, is one of those simultaneously hardheaded and romantic people who like to speculate on what life will be like twenty-five or fifty years hence and who then go out and do something to help make their speculations come true. A stocky, amiable, and eloquent man in his late forties, Mr. Butcher occasionally leaves Malden long enough to journey to New York, and on a recent visit here he introduced us to a gadget that he believes is the prototype of many such gadgets, large and small, which will soon be taking some of the drudgery out of human society. Mr. Butcher, who holds that the natural end of economics should be the *total* elimination of labor, assured us that if mankind were willing to recognize and develop the possibilities of automation, everyone in the world would be literally sitting pretty by the turn of the century, and he gave substance to this prediction by demonstrating the capacities of a machine he has named Butch.

At present, the machine comes in only two sizes: Little Butch, which is housed in a metal hemisphere that has the diameter of a tennis ball, and Big Butch, whose carapace has approximately the diameter of a basketball. To show us how Butch works, Mr. Butcher turned the larger model over on its back, revealing two wheels mounted on an axle that was driven by a battery-powered motor; the axle passed through two brass cones, whose larger ends abutted on, and were equal in diameter to, the wheels, and whose smaller ends were joined at the center of the axle. "It's this axle-and-cone system that makes Butch a pattern-following device," said Mr. Butcher. "When Butch encounters and mounts any protrusion—a rope, let's say—it automatically follows the rope to its end. Any tendency to veer from the rope is checked by the fact that as the machine drifts to the left or to the right, the thicker end of the cone on that side rides up on the rope, and the wheel abutting it is raised off the floor. This causes the opposite wheel to drive the mechanism back toward the rope, thus forcing Butch to stay on the track. It could scarcely be simpler."

Broad as Mr. Butcher believes the prospects for the Butches of the future to be, the machine had a humble beginning as a solution to the problem of floor maintenance. "Thirty billion dollars of our gross national product goes into the cleaning and maintenance of hotels, hospitals, restaurants, schools, and office and apartment buildings, and about five per cent of our national labor force is engaged in this drudgery," said Mr. Butcher. "Moreover, though eighty per cent of the cost of maintaining the average building goes for cleaning and polishing floors and other horizontal surfaces, the huge force that performs this task is equipped with the most inferior labor-saving devices of any single group of workers. Except for the vacuum cleaner and the rotary polishing brush, janitors today are using practically the same tools—brooms, mops, and buckets—that they were using back in 1880, when my grandfather founded the family business."

To provide a remedy for this situation, which struck him as scandalous, Mr. Butcher turned a couple of years ago to a brainy group of designers and architects in Cambridge who call themselves Geometrics Incorporated. "The people at Geometrics came to the immediate conclusion that the critical need



"Alice, look! We been reapportioned!"

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was to eliminate the human factor in horizontal-surface maintenance," Mr. Butcher told us. "Their first idea was for a random-motion machine, which could be released in a closed room to do automatic cleaning and polishing, but it soon became obvious that such a machine would be inefficient, because it would be constantly going back over a part of the job it had already done. Then Richard Hanmer, a twenty-eight-year-old inventor at Geometrics, came up with the notion of an axle-and-cone device, and, with his chief, an architect named William Wainwright, he built the first model of Butch. The beauty of Butch is the time, effort, and manpower it will save. Instead of using brooms, mops, and those rotary brushes, which have a tendency to go bucking off in all directions, a janitor will simply lay a cord down the center of a room or corridor—perhaps the same cord that connects Butch with its power source—and flick on a switch; off Butch will go, towing behind it an oscillating floor-maintenance machine that can scrub, wax, and buff in a single pass. Butch is not yet in production, but once we get it well launched in maintenance, we'll start exploring other possible uses for it—the mowing of lawns and golf courses, the cleaning up of airstrips and big parking lots, the plowing and harrowing and sowing of fields, the harvesting of crops, and heaven knows what else. In the meantime, using my contacts at Geometrics Incorporated as a nucleus, I've organized some of my scientific and scholarly friends into an outfit called the Butcher Polish Company Advisory Group, and invited them to use their brains for dreaming up solutions to any and all problems that seem worth thinking about. At present, I'm forming a special subsidiary company to sell Butch and all the future creations of the Advisory Group. The new company will be called the Lazy Eight, which is what scientists call the symbol for infinity, and I think it's a fine way of describing our free-floating philosophy and our firm belief in the policy of selling tomorrow. I believe that man's ability to understand man has so increased in my lifetime that if we can only free him from the slavery of labor, he will rise to new and unimagined heights of creative effort in the fields of science, medicine, and exploration. Butch and similar devices are a means of winning that freedom."

Words and Music

ONE of our oldest acquaintances, a sandwich-maker in a West Side delicatessen who remembers the myriad orders shouted at him by converting them into song lyrics, has been beset by new troubles. The entire price list of his restaurant's menu was raised last week, and the customers are complaining. Now the song our friend most often sings goes like this:

Don't everybody have a distress
Just because you got to pay a lousy nickel more
For a beautiful thick corned-beef-on-a-seeded-roll,
Which you couldn't get for twice the price
In any other place in town,
Including the fancy spots where the big-name stars go.
So what? You got to pay ninety-five cents
When once upon a time it was only ninety.
Big deal!
It won't kill you,
And anyway everything's going up all over.

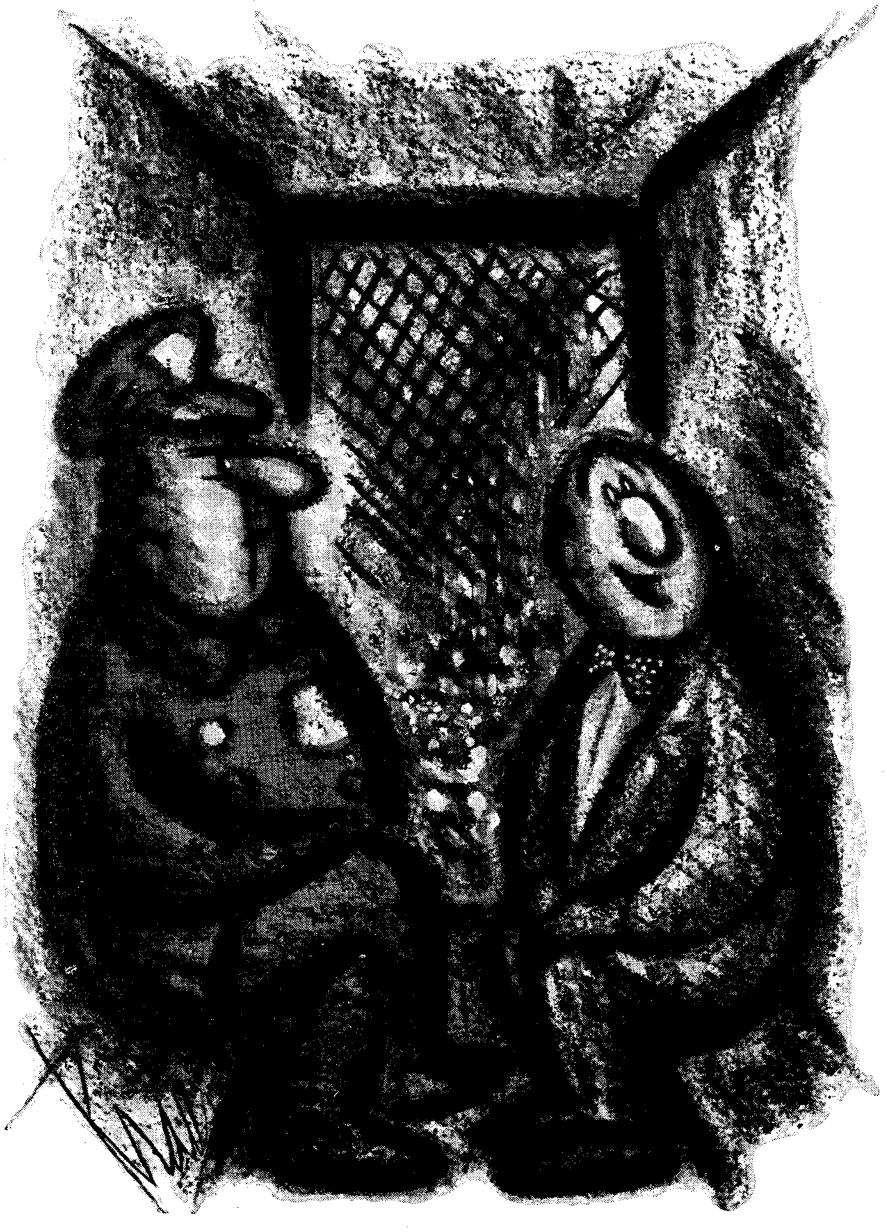
WHAT STAR SO HUMBLE

SIX weeks before the death of Bonnie, Mrs. Hillyer declared that the girl could not possibly live for more than another day or two. But this death was very slow and very hard. When there was no more money for medicine, the only way Bonnie could get through each night was for her mother to sit by her side and hold her hand. Julia spent many, many hours thus occupied before the end finally came in December, two days before Christmas, which happened to be Bonnie's birthday. She would have been twenty-two.

Julia was asleep when the moment came. Tired of sitting straight up in the rocker, she had leaned forward and put her head on the blanket next to Bonnie's side. She slept awhile until she heard a rooster crow. Through a haze of sleep Julia heard it, the crow thin and distant. She looked up and blinked, a sand feeling in her eyelids. From the still bed and the silence she knew that Bonnie had died; the hand itself still was warm.

In the early months of Bonnie's illness, Mrs. Hillyer had visited on a number of occasions, with fruit and anxious inquiry. "We all love her, Julia. The children are crying; none of them will ever forget Bonnie. You tell me, Julia—is there anything I can do?" But that was before it became so frightful, so frightful and unbearable. The last bowl of fruit was long since gone, the last five dollars bestowed and spent, the last notes from the children long ago read and discarded in the delirium of codeine cough syrup and intolerable pain.

"She can't possibly live for more than another day or two," said Mrs. Hillyer. "It's awful, awful, awful. She won't go to the hospital; she calls it a death house and so does her mother. At least they could help her pain, but she won't go. All she wants is money for cough medicine. And you wouldn't know her, you wouldn't recognize her, she's skin and bones and she used to be so pretty. It breaks my heart to look at her. I can't stand it, I don't have the strength to go there anymore."

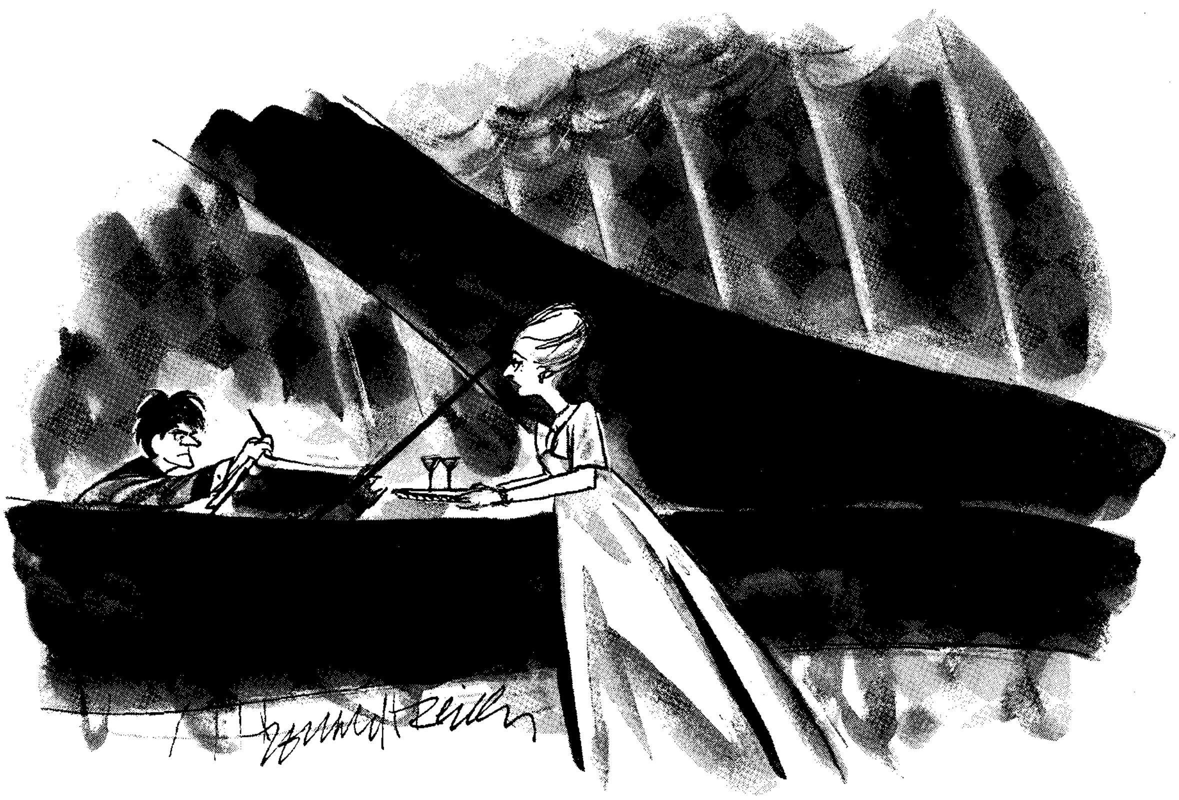

"So *this* is the inside of a paddy wagon!"

It was fright, not the money, even though this was the depression; but Mrs. Hillyer also said, "Well, I'm *not* going to give her any more money. I told Julia today this five dollars was the last. I can't go on paying for six and seven and eight bottles of cough medicine a day, I just can't. Besides, she should go to the hospital, she's poisoning herself with codeine. I'm not going to give her another penny, and I *hope* I made that clear to both her and Julia."

It was fright, not heartlessness. Mrs. Hillyer wept and vomited each time a note came, and there were at least three of them, the last two weeks before Christmas. "Dear Fren, I had me no meddisun since many days. May I ask you, dear God, please help me? It the only thing for my pain. My Momma she bring you this note, I so weak and sick I cant hardly write, but I get me some meddisun I get well and come back and help you with the chillrun. God bless you, dear fren, and help me, help me, dont forget me I have such pain. . . ."

Julia sat up, listened and watched. Bonnie's eyes were warm brown amber, the gold amber of a lion's eyes. Julia stared from her own small puddly black eyes, sunk deep and built in the bone of her face. Julia herself was very nearsighted, or close-sighted as she called it, and this gave her at times an expression that seemed uncertain and bewildered, despite the great strength of her face. Her cheekbones were flat like her nose, the skin of her forehead almost a blue black. The world in which she lived judged her to be very ugly. Yet before her, in the desiccation of a long and terrible illness, her daughter's face remained light-colored. Bonnie was a light girl; the blood of more than one race had flowed in her veins.

The hand was limp; she was gone. She had passed as she tried to breathe; her lips were open, the edges of her white teeth showed. She had been awake, thinking of something, looking at her mother. The nights of pain were over; Bonnie was gone. Julia stood for a moment over the bed, a pensive expression on her face, then she reached out with her hand and



"It's one of your most inspired compositions, darling, but I think it bogs down a little in the part that goes, 'They're right-size, they're bite-size, and ever so good for you, too.'"

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pushed Bonnie's jaw closed, hiding the edge of white teeth. For another moment, she hesitated, staring down into the open amber eyes, then with her fingers she closed the eyelids. It was a musty, dismal room. On a dresser by the bed was a photograph of a family. There was a father, very dark and dressed in a black suit, and Julia herself, twenty years younger, in a starched white dress. And three boys, replicas of the father, aged about six, eight, and ten, two on Julia's right and one on her left. Sitting in Julia's lap, freckled face half submerged in lace ruffles, was a pale little girl. All the faces in the picture, except that of the little girl, were stiff and blank with dignity. Thin white curtains were in the window behind the dresser, and across from the window on the far wall was a five-and-ten-cent-store framed reproduction of a painting of the Lord Jesus, gazing into space beneath a crown of thorns, his face gentle and kind, lighted soft in his own halo, the Son of the Father of all men. It was a beautiful picture for which Julia herself had paid forty-nine cents.

But that was not all the room contained, more than Christ was there. Directly opposite the bed was an illustrated calendar, which depicted a can of blood-red paint dousing the head of a globular, grinning face lettered in block print, THE GLOBE. Below this paint-soaked, Humpty Dumpty figure was a familiar advertising slogan: "Covered With Ferguson's Paint." Across from the bed, which was iron-shafted and very old, was a tiny fireplace and a small black grate. A fire of soft coal burned in the fireplace, and beside it stood a half-filled scuttle and a small black poker and a shovel for ashes. Above the fire, on the mantelpiece, was an old, limp, much thumbed copy of the Bible. There was nothing else in the room, except the rocker on which Julia had been sitting, a broken straight chair on the other side of the bed, and two candles on the bureau.

Julia searched in the top drawer of the dresser, finally pulling from it a pair of steel-rimmed glasses. These were Bonnie's glasses, a pair Julia herself had once owned and had given her daughter on the occasion of her sixteenth birthday, almost precisely six years before. They were simple magnifying glasses and had come from the ten-cent store, like the colored portrait of Jesus, but at the far greater cost of a dollar and seventy-nine cents, self-fitten by trial and error at the counter. Julia slipped on the glasses and turned to Psalms. Under the light of the candles, she read.

As she read, the sky outside remained black. There were no stars, no moon. It was winter, and bitter freezing cold. At this hour before dawn it was coldest. The mud path outside the house was a white-coated, bricky squirm.

Julia read three Psalms and laid the Bible on her lap for a moment, the holy words she had read and another distant crow sounding together in her ears. It was a false crow; the chicken was crowing for day, but it wasn't day. It was a long time till day. "Oh, Lord!" she said. The meaning of the Word came upon her as she listened again. "Jesus!" she cried. "Call me, Jesus! Call me! Are you here, Lord?" There was no answer, no sign.

Shoulders bowed, Julia stared in a dimness at her child. Where was Bonnie, where was the place no living person could be? In God's heaven with angels, where the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and all men are brothers, and joy and peace is everywhere? Julia nodded; it was true. But she would sit on the bed and look to see if anything was there, a message or a sign of the Word. The first sights as her soul walked into paradise would surely leave a mark behind. Something would be there, some mark or sign, and if she looked hard enough she could find it. But there was no sign, none she could see. A dead child, that was all. Julia raised her head and stared about at the shadows of the room. The candles were burning down, the room was dark, but far from somewhere came a light. The roosters had not been altogether lying, it was the first breaking of dawn. In an hour, warm sunlight would fall across the bed and on the walls, and she would call Mrs. Hillyer for money to bury her girl.

—Calder Willingham

•

"The statutory language requiring 90 days notice before existing tables can be changed and entirely new tables be effective is clear and ambiguous and thus mandatory," the opinion said.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Thus?

SIX POEMS

OLD PAINTINGS ON ITALIAN WALLS

Who could have thought that men and women could feel,
With consciousness so delicate, such tender secret joy?
With finger-tips of touch as fine as music,
They greet one another on viols of painted gold
Attuned to harmonies of world with world.
They sense, with inward look and breath withheld,
The stir of intangible presences
Upon the threshold of the human heart alighting—
Angels winged with air, with transparent light,
Archangels with wings of fire and faces veiled.
Their eyes gleam with wisdom radiant from an invisible
sun.

Others contemplate the mysteries of sorrow:
Some have carried the stigmata, themselves icons
Depicting a passion no man as man can know,
We being ignorant of what we do;
And painted wounded hands are by the same knowledge
formed
Beyond the ragged ache that flesh can bear
And we with blunted mind and senses dulled endure.
Giotto's compassionate eyes, rapt in sympathy of grief,
See the soul's wounds that hate has given to love,
And those that love must bear
With the spirit that suffers always and everywhere.

Those painted shapes stilled in perpetual adoration
Behold in visible form invisible essences
That hold their gaze entranced through centuries; and we
In true miraculous icons may see still what they see,
Though the sacred lineaments grow faint, the outlines
crumble,
And the golden heavens grow dim
Where the Pantocrator shows in vain wounds once held
precious.
Paint and stone will not hold them to our world
When those who once cast their bright shadows on those
walls
Have faded from our ken, we from their knowledge fallen.

PUER AETERNUS

A little child
Enters by a secret door, alone,
Was not, and is,
Carrying his torch aflame.

In pilgrim cloak and hood
Many and many come,
Or is it the one child
Again and again?

What journey do they go,
What quest accomplish, task fulfill?
Whence they cannot say,
Whither we cannot tell,
And yet the way they know.

So many innocents,
Reflections in a torrent thrown—
Can any on these treacherous waters cast,
Unmarred, unbroken,
Image the perfect one?

All things seem possible to the newborn;
But each one story tells, one dream
Leaves on the threshold of unbounded night,
Where all return
Spent torch and pilgrim shroud.

STATUES

They more than we are what we are:
Serenity and joy
We lost or never found,
The forms of heart's desire,
We gave them what we could not keep;
We made them what we cannot be.

Their kingdom is our dream, but who can say
If they or we
Are dream or dreamer, signet or clay?
If the most perfect be most true,
These faces pure, these bodies poised in thought
Are substance of our form
And we the confused shadows cast.

Growing toward their prime they take our years away,
And from our deaths they rise
Immortal in the life we lose.
The gods consume us, but restore
More than we were:
We love, that they may be,
They are, that we may know.

NATURA NATURANS

Veil upon veil,
Petal and shell and scale
The dancer of the whirling dance lets fall.

Visible veils the invisible
Reveal, conceal
In bodies that most resemble
The fleeting mind of nature never still.

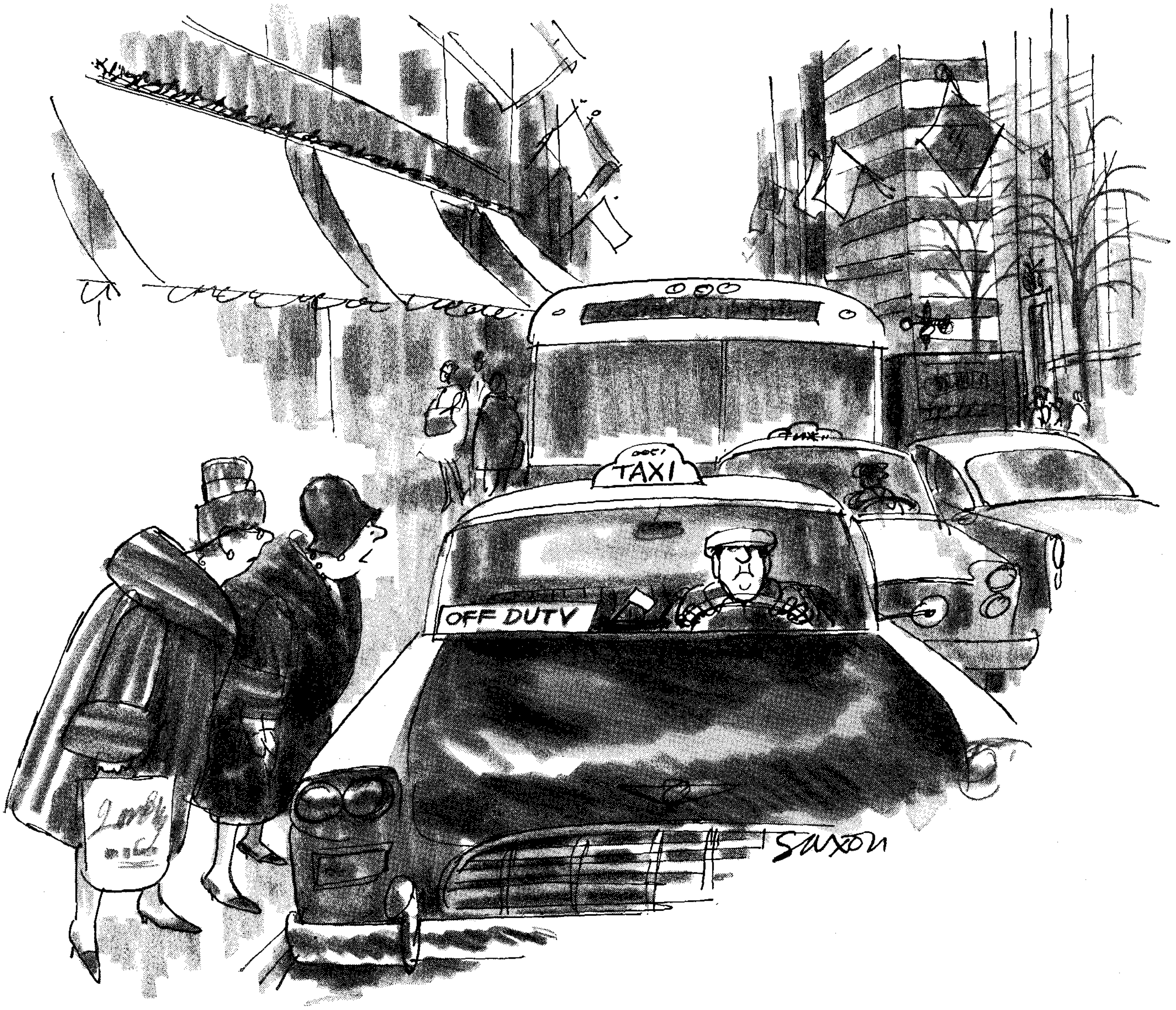
A young princess,
Sealed in the perfect signature of what she was,
With her grave lips of silent dust imparts a mystery
Hidden two thousand years under the Appian Way—

A frond in the coal,
An angel traced upon a crumbling wall,
Empty chrysalids of that bright ephemerid the soul.

DAISIES OF FLORENCE

Bambini picking daisies in the new spring grass
Of the Boboli Gardens
Now and now and now in rosy-petalled fingers hold
The multitude of time.
To the limits of the small and fine florets innumerable
of white and gold
They know their daisies real.

Botticelli with daisies from the timeless fields of recol-
lection scatters
That bright Elysium or Paradise
Whose flowers none can gather,



"If you're off duty, why are you in front of Saks?"

• •

Where spirits golden immortal walk forever
With her who moves through spring after spring in primavera robed,
Ripening the transient under her veil.

IMAGES

Again this morning trembles on the swift stream the image of the sun,
Dimmed and pulsing shadow insubstantial of the bright one
That scatters innumerable as eyes these discs of light scaling the water.
From a dream foolish and sorrowful, I return to this day's morning,
And words are said as the thread slips away of a ravelled story:
"The newborn have forgotten the great burden of pain
That world has endured before you came."
A marble Eros sleeps in peace unbroken by the fountain,
Out of what toils of ever-suffering love conceived?

Only the gods can bear our memories.
We, in their lineaments serene
That look down on us with untroubled gaze,
Fathom our own mind and what it is,
Purified from the blood we shed, the deaths we die.

How many tears have traced those still unfading presences
Who on dim walls depict spirit's immortal joy?
They look from beyond time on sorrow upon sorrow of ours,
And of our broken many our whole truth one angel tells,
Ingathers to its golden abiding form the light we scatter,
And winged with unconsuming fire our shattered image reassembles.

My load of memory is almost full,
But here and now I see once more mirrored the semblance of the radiant source
Whose image the fleet waters break but cannot bear away.

—Kathleen Raine

VRON AND WILLIE

HERE was London—Willie, Vron, and Aunt in the station-hotel restaurant. Aunt had brought them from the country, to settle them in their new homes; but before taking them—Vron to her hostel, Willie to lodgings—she had stopped at one or two discreet-looking bars and, finally, at a shabby corner public house, discretion by then having ceased to count for anything.

Vron and Willie loved her in a vague way, rather as they had after a fashion still loved their animal pets when the novelty of them had worn off; but it was from a sense of responsibility that they had come back to the station with her, to see her safely onto the train. It was, after all, because of them that she had taken to drink, although they had always suspected that she must in the first place have been a little that way inclined.

It was early evening and the restaurant, luckily, was almost empty. A pale light fell on the white tablecloth and the silvery dish covers the waitress lifted off their in-between-meals food—poached eggs on toast, with baked beans under the eggs for Willie and sardines (the waitress had looked aghast) for Vron.

They watched Aunt put her knife uncertainly into her egg, and as the yolk ran out she seemed to recoil. Nevertheless, they intended her to eat something. Having stowed her in the train, with food in her, they could feel at peace and forget her. At the other end, the village taxi-driver would meet her, and he knew her habits. They might call at The Bell on their way home. Safely there—The Bell *or* home—she was in her own country. There were people to lift a finger.

"But will you ever find your way back?" she now asked *them*, and for the fifth or sixth time. "Keep seeing one another to and fro could go on all night."

"I *dote* on sardines," said Vron. "I feel I could never have enough of them. Even when they make me sick—the minute after, I'm ready for them again. What could *you* never have enough of, Willie? Aunt?"

Well, the latter, of course, Vron knew, and Willie never answered such questions, which seemed to him like talking for the sake of talking.

"I do hope you'll both be all right," Aunt said. She carefully lifted her fork to her mouth, and runny yolk dropped through the prongs onto her blouse. Vron inexpertly dabbed at her.

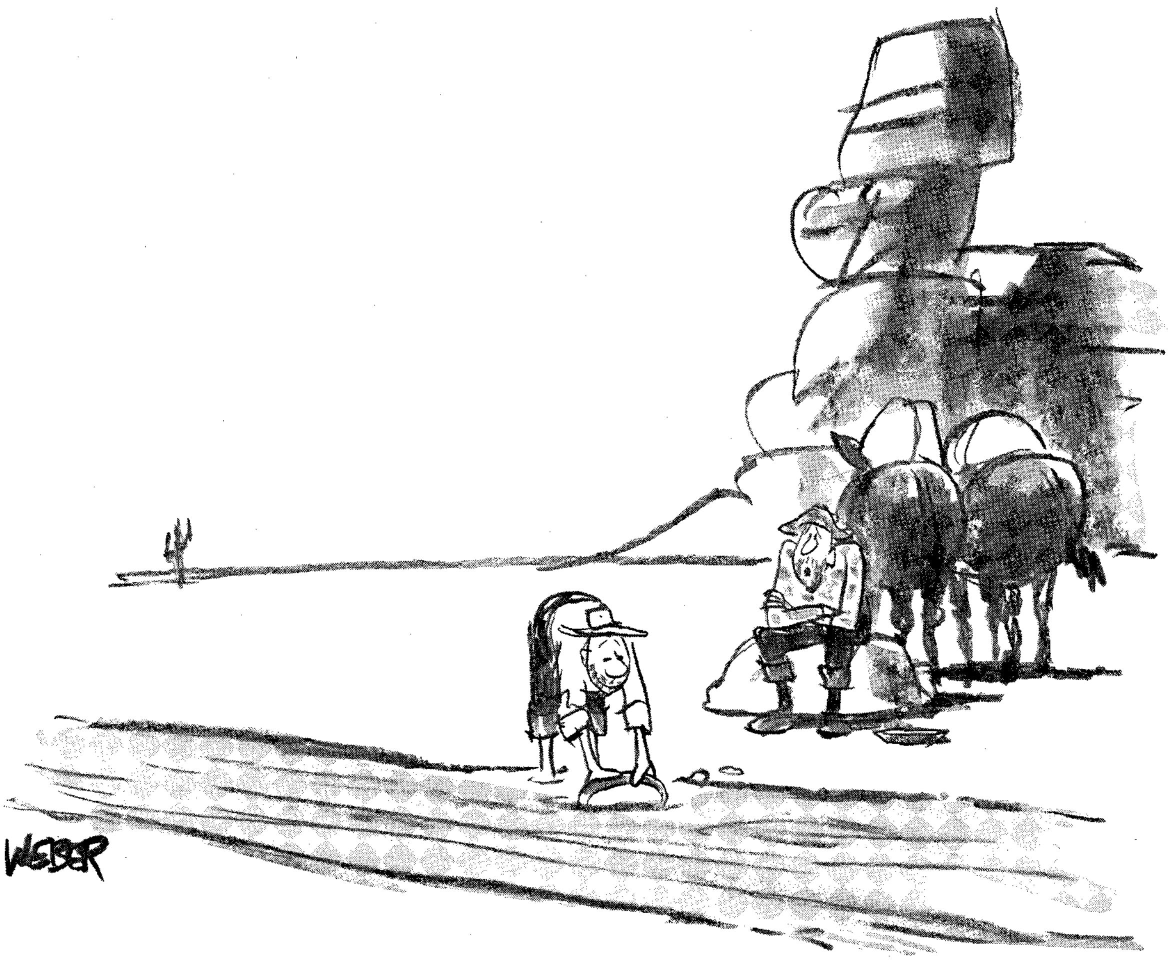
I shall miss them, Aunt thought. (In fits and starts, but such very terrible fits and starts.) The angelic siblings, who had never quarrelled, whose rare moments of gravity, even, were amiable. They had the charmed relationship she and their mother had had until the hour of her death. That was a grief, a lack, which did not come and go in fits and starts but remained, like a long, tired yawn, in the depth of her heart.

She glanced mistily at the two—Vron and Willie—the fluorescent light falling on their silky beige hair, their pale, composed faces. Vron ate her disgusting mixture with style, as she did everything—appreciatively but without absorption. Then Aunt put her knife and fork together, defeated. She longed to be home. She sat quite still, with bent head, attempting to assemble facts; but it was like trying to catch goldfish with her hand—the facts slithered from her grasp. She was at the end of her tether, not daring to ask questions lest she had asked them before, and before that, and had perhaps all day done nothing else but ask. However, no clue from her muddled mind coming to aid her, she said suddenly, in an offhand voice, barely saying it, looking at the same time into her handbag, "Let me see, I *did* give you your money, didn't I? You're all *right*?"

"Yes, Aunt," they said, not glancing at one another—their manners toward her too good for that.

Willie paid the waitress, and Vron put Aunt's arms back into her coat sleeves; then, one on each side of her, they made their way to the platform. The train was in, and they found an empty first-class compartment.

"Don't wait, darlings," she said, leaning out of the window. They looked so pale



"You know, it's a funny thing, Ben. Now that we've finally found gold, I realize it's not what I've been looking for at all."

and slight standing there together, looking up at her. Could she be doing the right thing, she wondered; leaving them in London, so young, only just left school? Today, London had seemed like a jungle to her, with noisy, discordant public houses, terrifying traffic, jostling throngs. Other hazards of London, not being in her experience, she did not envisage for them.

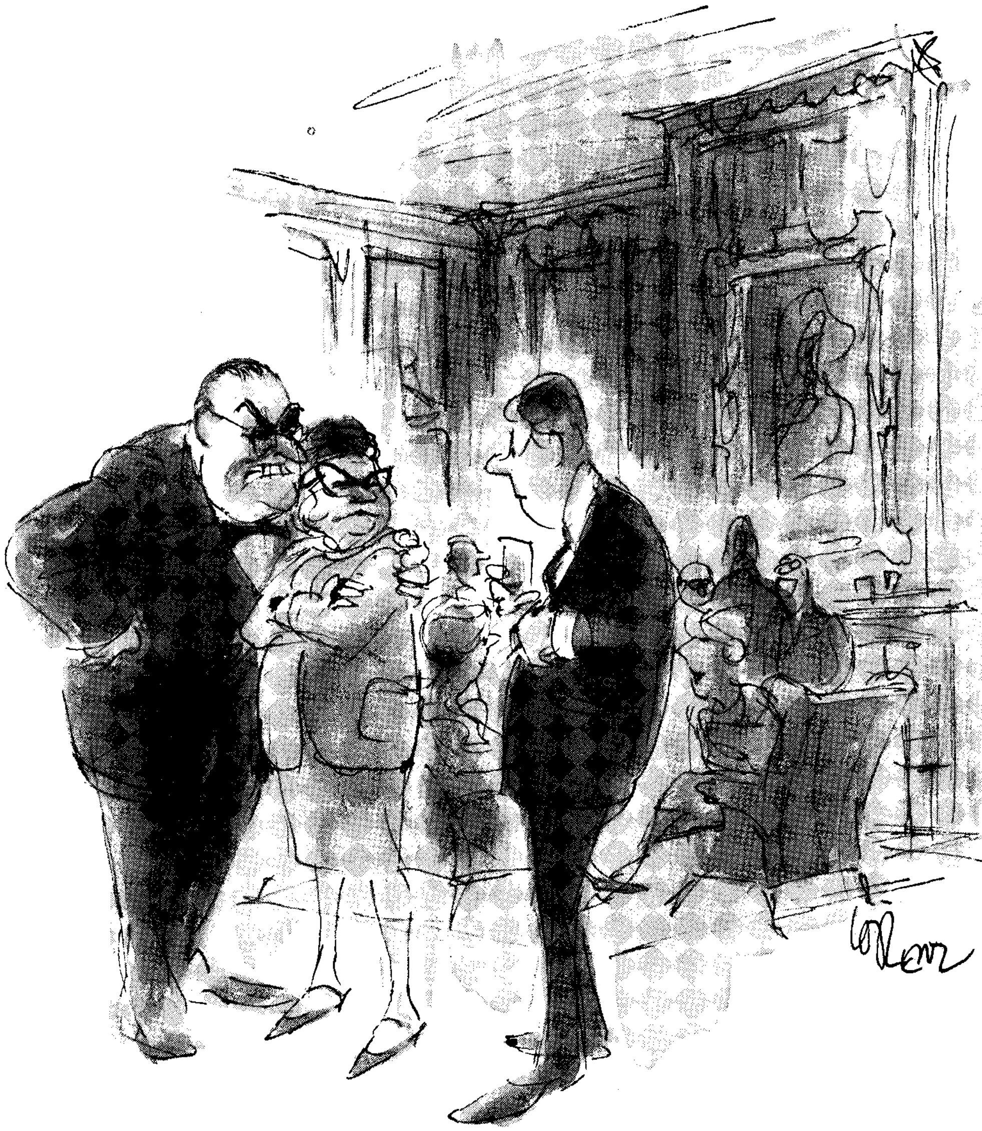
But of course her decision was right, she told herself firmly. To go to London had been just what she and her sister had so badly wanted to do—and had not been allowed.

She closed her eyes for a moment, feeling exhausted. She had done her best. She had brought them up, almost from babyhood, the poor little orphans; and *she* had done so, she who was quite out of her depth in such a situation, with such responsibilities. Now she could be proud of them—of their goodness and charm.

But there was one more thing to be settled, surely? At the back of her mind, a certain question shifted about. Matters were getting worse now that she could not even remember what the question was. She leaned forward out of the window.

"Darlings, I forget.... Did I...?"

"Yes, Aunt, you did," they said together.



"Our marriage works because we make it work."

• •

"'DARLING Aunt, The hostel was so frightful that I have moved to a room at Miss Bassage's, next to Willie's. I know that you will think this the best thing to do, for you could not have borne it yourself where I was. I was so homesick. It was a thousand times worse than school. Those awful girls drink hot chocolate all the time, and I got spots on my face, trying to join in. They wash one another's hair, and talk about sex until I was sick at heart.' "

"That's good," Willie said, interrupting Vron's reading of the letter. "We know our Aunt."

She had never married, but she resented sex rather than feared it. It was what had stolen her sister from her.

"Very good about the chocolate, too," Willie added. Neither he nor Vron had ever had spots. For their transparent and unblemished skin they were, Aunt said, indebted to their mother. Their father, it seemed, had been rubicund.

"It was true, all that," Vron said rapidly, then read on. " 'Simply, it wasn't what I have been brought up to. Don't for a moment blame yourself, Aunt dear. No one could have guessed, unless there, what went on behind the façade.' I shall leave about leaving the other place until next week," she said, looking across at Willie.

The other place was the secretarial school, where—so soon, Aunt would learn—the girls did not only *talk* about sex.

"Give it a fair chance," Willie said slyly, agreeing.

None of their schools was good enough for these angels, as Aunt had so very often said, when trouble after trouble mounted up. *She* knew what they were like, and who could know better? She was misunderstood herself. They formed a little misunderstood family, and had been almost entirely happy.

WILLIE, applauding his sister's way of cutting loose from her tedious commitments, could find, for the present, no way of severing himself from his own. Daily—almost daily—he went on the Underground to work in a land agent's office in Knightsbridge. One of the partners of the firm was related to Aunt. Willie was vague as to the exact relationship; had not listened when it was explained to him. He hoped it was not so close as to cause unpleasantness when at last he found, as he must, he could bear no more.

"He's like an elderly bison," he told Vron. "His face the color of this." They were drinking *cappuccinos* in a coffee bar, and he stared into his cup with disgust, as if at Mr. Waterhouse's creased old face. "Straggly mustache, hunched-up shoulders," he went on.

Luckily, Mr. Waterhouse did not come often to the office. It was the only thing in his favor.

On the day of this conversation, Willie had been so tempted by the prospect of the sort of day Vron was going to have—doing hardly anything, that is, and nothing she did not want to do—that he could not bring himself to set out for the office. He felt snuffles coming in his head. It was not that he ever found it necessary to lie to himself, but he had been interested to discover that, by a steady concentration, almost self-hypnotism, he could produce symptoms, could make himself sneeze, even raise his temperature, certainly increase his pulse.

Miss Bassage—to whom he rehearsed his symptoms—had said it would be folly to go out at all on such a drizzly morning, but at twelve o'clock he and Vron set forth.

London enchanted them—even on such a dreary day as this, with the windows of the Scherzo Coffee Bar steamed over and umbrellas going by in the street. They sat at a corner table, backed by a blown-up print of the Grand Canal at Venice. The ceiling was hung with strings of onions, Chianti bottles, and bunches of plastic grapes. Every now and then, the coffee machine gave out a dreadful gasp, like a giant's death rattle.

Although rather impeded by financial worries, Vron and Willie were very happy this noonday. Aunt's money was harder to come by at their new distance from it. No letters from them to her had yet been answered. Their allowances arrived—the sum judged suitable by Aunt's old solicitor—but the past, of having what they wanted, had not fitted them for cheeseparing or putting anything aside. In London, surrounded by so many new needs that they had hardly before pictured (such as coffee bars, cinemas, record shops), their condition could have been vexatious but for their sunny dispositions.

"This is the life," said Willie, and put his lips to the creamy froth of his coffee.

Beautiful, glossy Danish buns were put on the next table, and he turned his head away quickly from the sight. He could too well imagine biting into the flaky, soft texture of them, tasting the thin, sugary icing, smelling the spice. Imagination was like some extra, unfair pain he had to bear—one of the few things that separated him from Vron, who seemed free of it. "Very nice," she had said as they stood looking into a shopwindow earlier that morning. When she turned away, he turned away, too, but reluctantly, and with pictures still in his head (they would remain) of what he would look like in the striped *matelot* sweater—bands of dark blue and white—cut high and straight across at the neck. It would make a different person of him for two pounds ten.

They were used only to school tuckshops and the village post office, and London was too much for them. Some sort of saliva of the spirit flowed continually, excruciatingly. At every turn was something saying mutely, Behold! There were beckoning fingers, luring suggestions, and no Aunt any longer to provide.

Vron, more philosophical, less sensitive, was able to watch—though with detestation—the woman at the next table helping herself to another bun, biting daintily at it, dabbing her lips with her paper napkin, into which she then screwed her sticky fingers.

"I might go and work there," Vron said presently. While Willie's eyes had been fixed on the *matelot* sweater, hers had strayed to the notice in the corner of the window: "SALESLADY WANTED."

There was something from her childhood which gave glamour to the idea of serving in a shop. She remembered the satisfaction of turning a garden seat into a counter and standing behind it to count acorns and put them in a paper bag, to hand them across the seat to Willie, taking leaves from him, and giving back smaller ones for change. The shopkeeper had a more positive role than the customer. To work in a big store must be the game on an exotic scale.

Willie had not noticed the advertisement, and as soon as she told him his heart eased. Pounds, several pounds, perhaps many pounds (he really had no idea), would be added to their pittance.

"Let's go straightaway," he said. He pushed aside his empty cup, edged round the table, and went to the cash desk. Vron tilted her head back, sucking the last of the froth from her cup, and, wiping her hand across her mouth, followed him out into the street.

"I SIMPLY took it. It was perfectly easy," said Vron. "It was there. *You* wanted it. I took it." Impatience, posing as patience, gave precision to her words.

"But it was hanging up in the window."

"It was *displayed* in the window," she corrected him. "Not this one, though. Inside there were dozens. Different colors, too. But I thought you would prefer the blue."

"Oh, yes," he said quickly, blinking his eyes at the thought of anything but this color. "I only like the blue." Having said this, he had accepted the situation, accepted the sweater. He began to tear off his shirt excitedly.

They were in his room, where the gas ring was, and Vron emptied a tin of baked beans into a saucepan and began to heat them.

The two rooms they had on the second floor were at the end of a dark passage. (Also use of bathroom, one flight down; and, by special arrangement, of the kitchen on the ground floor.) They had never made any special arrangements, preferring to keep out of Miss Bassage's way. They saw her only by chance, as they went through the hall, on their way in or out. They kept their own rooms tidy—or otherwise, according to their whim—and ate in hamburger bars, or else, as on this evening, opened a tin of something at home.

Once upon a time they had been more ambitious about food, and Miss Bassage, meeting them as they came home from the market—Vron with an armful of leeks to make soup—had cried out in horror, "*Do* my eyes deceive me? You surely aren't going to *cook* those? You'll smell the whole house out."

They had watched with fascination the bead of mucus wavering on the end of her nose, trembling more and more as her indignation rose.

"Isn't she scrawny?" Willie said as they reached their own landing. He had to hold his stomach for a while, so pained was he by kept-back laughter.

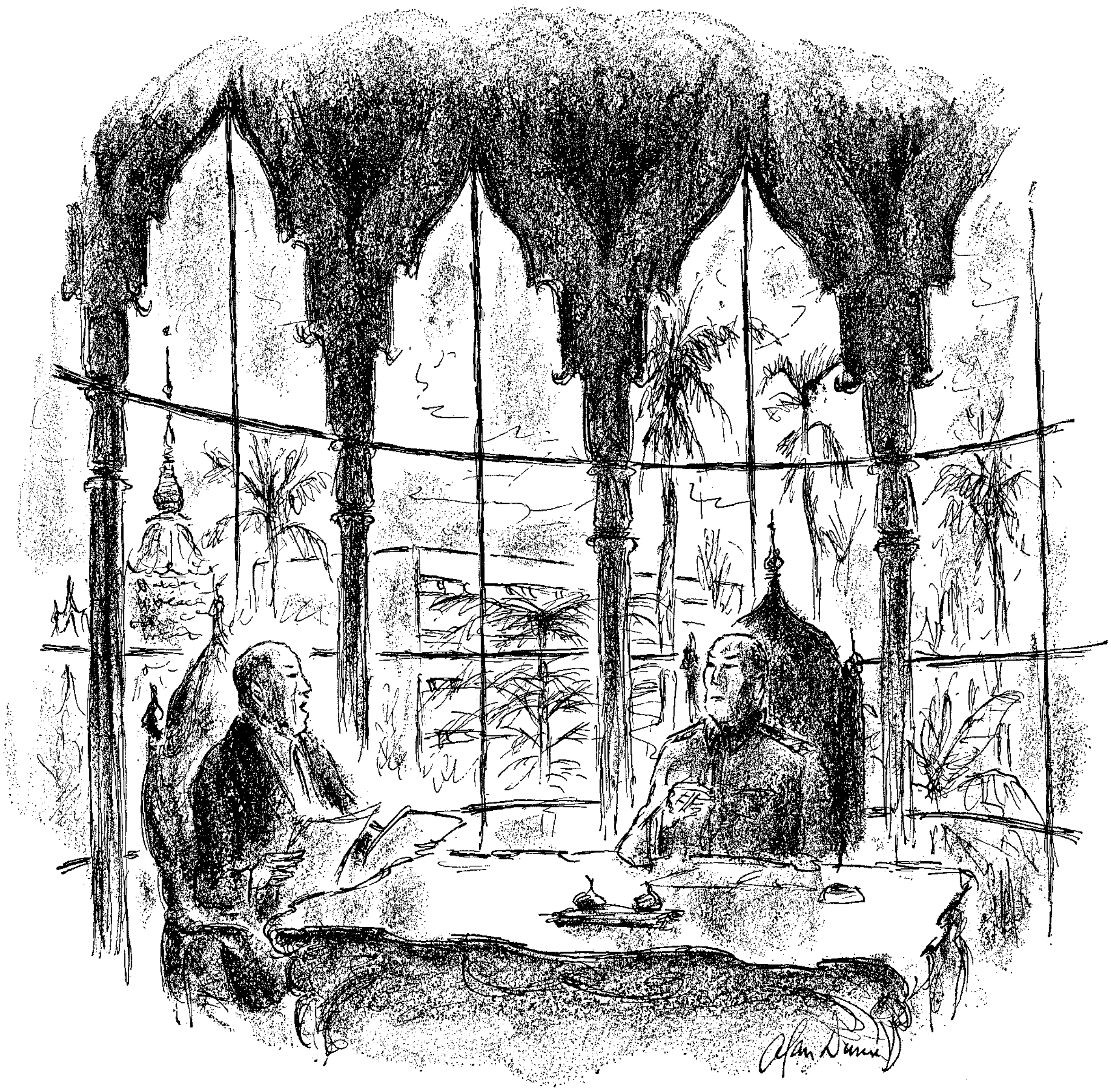
And they did stink the house out with the leeks, which boiled and boiled in the only saucepan but never turned themselves into soup.

Thinking of this failure, Vron stirred the safe and easy beans, her smooth hair hanging down round her pale face. She yawned as she crouched there by the gas ring, so tired, most awfully tired. All day long, she was at everybody's beck and call, running errands, taking messages. Not once had she been allowed to sell anything, and as soon as one o'clock on Saturday came she was going to take her wages, and a pair of doeskin gloves she had her eye on for a present to Aunt, and then Price & Trounsell would never see her again.

"It's so quiet," Willie complained, pacing about the room as she heated the beans. It was indeed quiet in this faded cul-de-sac—much quieter than the country. There were no animal noises, to begin with. This was a respectable district. Aunt's solicitor's friend's nephew had once lodged here as a student of something or other, and Miss Bassage had been like a guardian angel to him, had even taken him to the Chapel social, and to an amateur performance of "The Pirates of Penzance."

Willie looked out of the window at all the railings and steps, the high, narrow houses, some with old, dusty ivy on the walls, and all of yellowish-gray bricks. When they escaped from the neighborhood, they were caught up in a glittering swirl, but this was not that kind of London.

"We ought to have one of those little transistor sets," he said, turning to Vron. She looked up from the saucepan, shaking her hair away from her face. Their eyes rested on one another's for a moment; but not a word was said.



"What's the official line now? Do we take an attitude of statesmanlike diplomacy or do we burn down their library?"

• •

AUNT was delighted with the doeskin gloves—in fact, so gladdened that she wept. Although they were several sizes too small, she carried them to the pub and showed them to people; and continued to, one evening after another, always forgetting she had done so before. She passed them around to be admired. Sometimes she left them behind, and had them back next day. Although winks were exchanged, her gloves were treated with reverence, with murmurs tinged with simulated envy. And they grew soiled from constant handling.

"Such an unerring instinct," Aunt would say. "That comes from *our* side. We have always had this feeling for quality. Their mother was just like the Princess with a pea in her bed."

Her cronies had never known her to be coarse before, and they always waited for this pronouncement with a special, wicked glee.

Aunt's life was now a contented one. She believed that she had faced her duties fairly and squarely and at last was justly freed from them. She had reared her sister's paragons and brought them to perfection. She took credit for their grace, their good manners, their clear complexions. (Hadn't there been something quite lately about Vron drinking hot chocolate—so ruinous to the skin? But she, Aunt, had very properly put a stop to it.)

Puzzling letters had recently come about Vron, from the hostel and the secretarial school, written on a note of uncalled-for tartness, and almost as if in reply to letters from herself to them. But the slight disturbance they occasioned was soon smoothed out. The young ones' groundwork was already done. That remedy they had made habitual Aunt turned to as a matter of course; she threw the letters on the fire and made for the sideboard. Standing there, she poured out brandy into a large glass and drank quickly, her hand still on the uncorked bottle, and very soon it seemed that the letters were a long-ago matter, which she had dealt with and settled satisfactorily.

IT was like an illumination to Vron, the idea that having left Price & Trounsell did not cut her off entirely from the pleasures of shoplifting. Obviously, there were other shops. She realized that all of London lay at hand, glittering with treasures. Her grace and deftness, her small, alert body, her way of weaving herself unerringly through a crowd made the pursuit of shoplifting seem almost preordained. She had a vocation for it, she felt; and it was not long before Willie heard his own call.

At first, they took only what seemed to them necessities—a tin of baked beans from the back of the display, because they were hungry, or the little transistor set (under the folded rain-coat on Willie's arm), because No. 7 Enniskillen Grove was too quiet for their liking. But soon these children of the Princess who couldn't sleep because of the pea under the mattresses developed an exquisite taste in shoplifting. They chose the softest cashmere sweaters, in beautiful shades of slate blue and apricot; silk shirts; little pots of beluga caviar. They had not eaten caviar before, but a nice instinct led Vron's hand to the beluga.

"It opens up a new kingdom," said Willie, spooning it from the jar.

"Shall we try *pâté de foie gras* tomorrow?" Vron suggested.

"No, it's frightfully cruel," he said, looking shocked.

They sampled a very small bottle of cherry brandy, taking it from a tablespoon like medicine, pulling faces. They were rather prim and disapproving where alcohol was concerned. It seemed to them that it was the clever ones who did not drink, and it was quite clear to them that those who did so were exploited. In the old days, they had only to pour more and more brandy into Aunt's glass, topping it up constantly, to get practically anything they wanted. She usually gave in. If she did not, they pretended that she had, and she would easily be convinced. "But, Aunt, don't you remember promising last night?" In shame, she would quickly agree that it had been so; it had for a moment slipped her memory. Muzzy, and just where they wanted her, she deteriorated. They flourished. And the lessons they most needed and respected were those they had taught themselves.

"I SHALL speak to Charlie Garter," Miss Bassage said, in her angry, wobbly voice, standing with her fists on her hips, blocking their way to the stairs.

"Who he?" asked Willie insolently, bending to tie his shoelace just to his liking, as if the last thing in the world he wanted to do was to go upstairs.

"Police Constable Garter to you," Miss Bassage said.

Vron noted tears of anger in her eyes. Of *anger*, she thought. Such an unusual manifestation. Vron knew who P. C. Garter was. She took more interest in people than Willie did. She had seen the constable going up Enniskillen Grove, padding along with his slow pace. She had recognized him at once when she met him coming out of Miss Bassage's kitchen. Vron was brought to too quick a halt by his sudden appearance, and a little tray of *petits fours* she had just pinched from a nearby shop was scattered on the floor of the hall.

"Allow me," said P. C. Garter, stopping. He looked quite different, she thought, holding his helmet in one hand, snatching up thieved *petits fours* with the other; really looked *so* unfamiliar bareheaded. She felt quite shy of him in this informal situation, as if she had caught him off his guard.

He had just been having a cup of tea with Miss Bassage, she guessed. They went to the same Wesleyan Chapel. Miss Bassage had stood watching him, with the look which should be accompanied by purring.

She was not purring now.

"I shall write to your aunt," she went on.

Willie was still arranging his shoelaces. ("Oh, they *rile* me," she would tell P. C. Garter later on. "They just *rile* me.")

"Do my ears deceive me?" Vron asked, unwinding a marabou stole from her neck. Oh dear! That dewdrop! she thought.

"A little common consideration. You're not the only people in the world, nor in this house, either."

Someone in a room below had complained of the noise; for Vron and Willie would come back from their forays in the early evening, dump the loot, turn up the wireless very loud, and dance. They danced non-stop, as gay as birds in April.

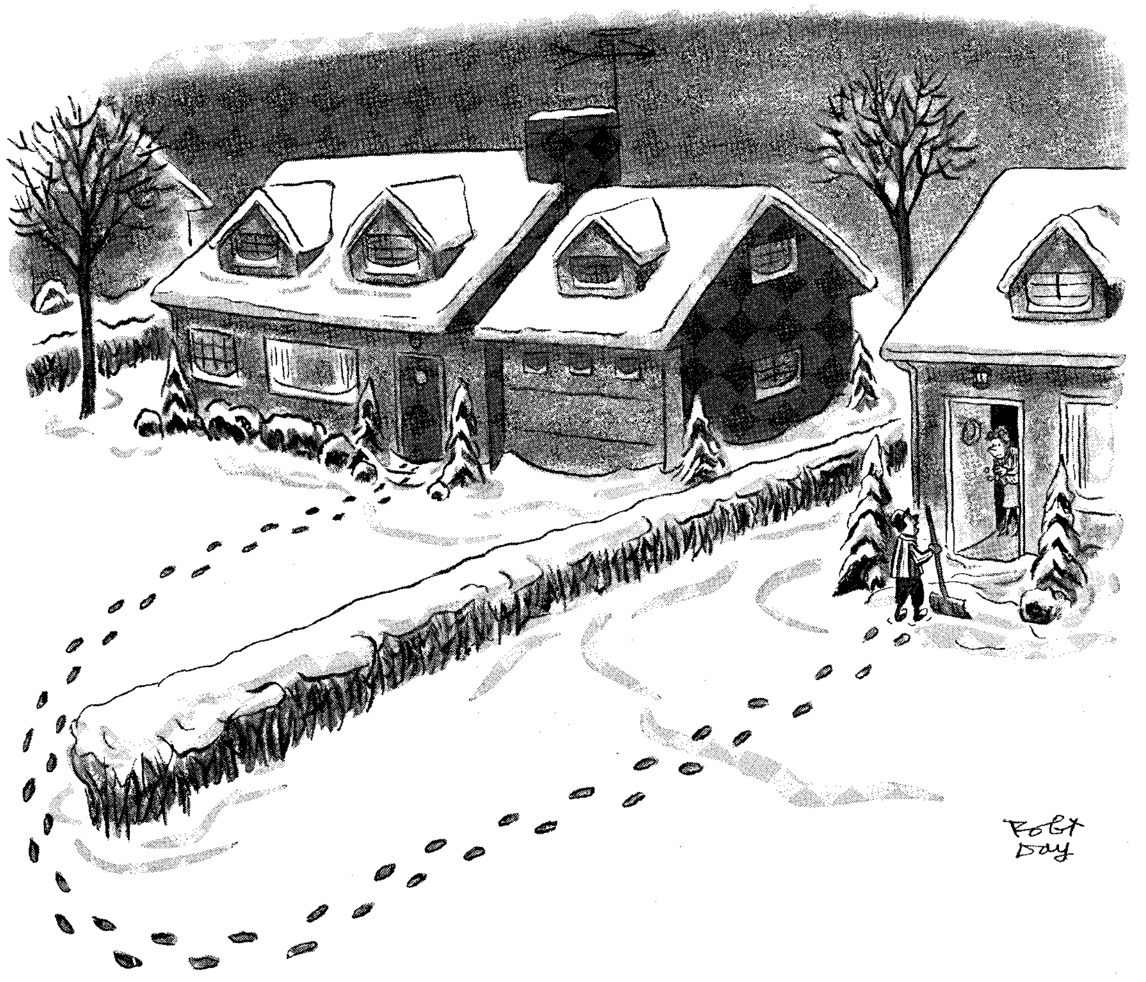
Really, Vron thought. Her feet were itching already, while she stood there whirling the marabou stole in circles.

"Or *go* . . . *you* . . . *will*," Miss Bassage ended, stepping across the hall at last, slamming the kitchen door. She had threatened them with P. C. Garter, their aunt, and expulsion. She could think of nothing else, and what she *had* thought of would surely be enough.

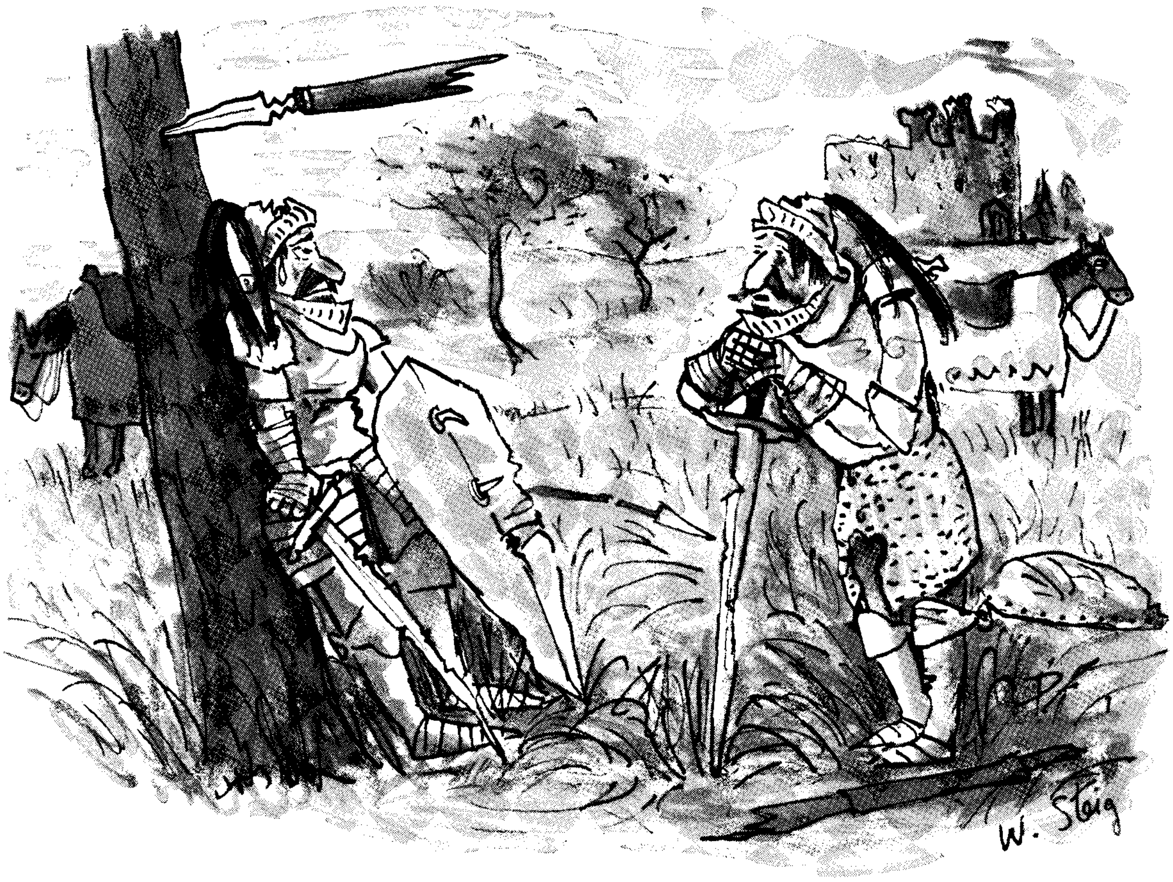
With hands over their mouths, Vron and Willie bolted upstairs and flung themselves into the room, laughing convulsively.

"It's akimbo, isn't it, like this?" Willie asked, imitating Miss Bassage.

They collapsed into chairs, writhing with laughter, and Vron stuffed her



"Shovel your walk, Mrs. Ames?"



"As I remember it, first you called me a varlet, then I called you a knave, then you called me a churl . . ."

stole into her mouth, then wiped her eyes with it.

But they were too hungry to go on laughing for long. Vron fetched the bread knife and cut a couple of lobsters in half. While they ate them, they felt at peace; they enjoyed the contentment of those who have discovered their real way of life, the deepest satisfaction.

"What *else* do we want?" Vron asked, looking round the crowded room.

"Those portable record-players are rather neat," said Willie, putting a lobster claw on the floor and stamping on it. "Not too big, either."

"And to think of all the records we could get," said Vron. "And dead easy, too."

After supper, they switched on the transistor set and danced, obliged to make up a kind of very slow Twist to the last movement of Brahms' Symphony No. 1.

"You see what I mean about the record-player?" said Vron. "This is hopeless."

They danced on, however, and with vigor, not hearing someone banging furiously on the ceiling below.

"SO light you could eat it with your teeth out," said P. C. Garter, praising Miss Bassage's Victoria sponge.

"Oh, I fancied it wasn't quite up to the usual," she said, flushing with pleasure.

At this moment, Vron and Willie were going upstairs, with the record-player in a large rush basket, hidden under packets of popcorn.

Soon all hell was let loose. The tenant in the room below banged at his ceiling until he was breathless with exertion and anger. Then he descended the stairs and knocked on Miss Bassage's kitchen door.

"Well, *this* is final," she said grimly. "This has done it. They'll have to go. I wrote to their aunt, but not a word from her. I've *warned* them enough."

Her eyes strayed to P. C. Garter, sitting there so happily, drinking tea, his helmet on the horsehair sofa behind him. She hesitated. "A word from you," she suggested. "With the authority of the law behind it." For, indeed, how *could* she turn them out into the street, at their age, having had Willie, at least, practically put into her care?

"Quite unofficial, of course," she added.

P. C. Garter rose and took up his helmet. As he and Miss Bassage climbed the two flights of stairs, the clamor from above grew louder, beat down on them. Miss Bassage put her hands over her ears.

The dancing stopped as he flung open the door. Vron and Willie froze like statues. Their faces were pink, making their green eyes look greener; their hair was tangled.

The record came to an end, and in the sudden silence P. C. Garter said, "*Well*, now," and took a slow stride or two forward, crunching on popcorn, which was scattered over the floor. Neither Vron nor Willie moved. Miss Bassage's eyes, astonished, flew about the room. P. C. Garter's, more calculating and interested, travelled slowly, to loot piled on loot—chairs, bed, cupboard, and chest tops heaped with plunder.

"Well, well, *well*," he said, taking a turn about the room, picking up a large pot of caviar and reading the label aloud. "Well, well, well," he said again. All the time, he was watched by the statues, followed by the thoughtful-looking bright-green eyes in the now pale faces.

WHEN Aunt was asked questions about the children—often by malicious, winking people who already knew the answer—she would think for a little, trying to gather what was left of her ravelled wits, and say at last, "They are continuing their education." And this was true.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

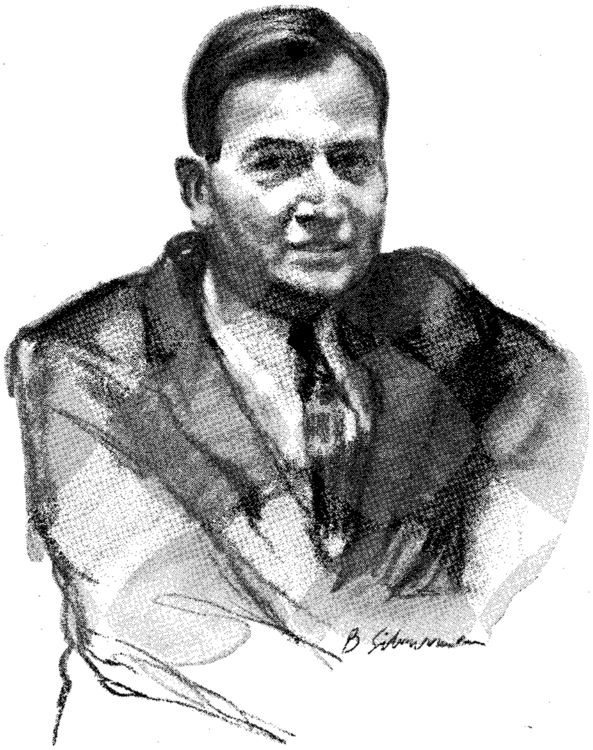
•

Early in January, Doubleday will publish "Hurry Sundown," a big novel . . . by a wife-and-husband team named K(atya) and B(urt) Gilden. From this distance, this story set in the south has all the advance trappings of success—tremendous first printing, thousands of copies to the Literary Guild, movie sale to Otto Preminger for the usual three-figure amount.—*The Times Book Review.*

Otto the Big, they call him.

PROFILES

RESOURCES AND RESPONSIBILITIES—II



David Rockefeller

WHEN the World's Fair opened last year, a visitors' information booth sponsored jointly by Rockefeller Center and the Chase Manhattan Bank was set up on the sidewalk outside 630 Fifth Avenue, the main Center building that fronts on that thoroughfare. Out-of-towners taking guided tours of Rockefeller Center these days are being urged to take a similar tour of the new Chase Manhattan Bank Building if they should find themselves downtown, and the guides *there* reciprocally plug the Center. This chummy relationship between the two structures is explained by the circumstance that David Rockefeller, the president and principal individual owner of the bank, is also a director and one of the owners of the Center. The center of the Center is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, and Room 5600 of that lofty building—on the ground floor of which, appropriately, is a Chase branch—is itself the center of the overlapping, if not interlocking, activities of the Rockefeller family. Actually, "Room 5600" is a modest, catch-all designation for three whole floors—the fifty-fourth through the fifty-sixth—where all five of the Rockefeller brothers institutionally, and four of them personally, have offices. David, the only member of the clan who is the head of a large commercial enterprise, has a very splendid office at the Chase, but though being president of the bank is a full-time job, and though he gives it full-time attention, he also has a very splendid office on the fifty-sixth floor of Rockefeller Center, and he also devotes considerable time (in his view, a sixteen-hour day is not abnormal) to the not inconsiderable job of being a Rockefeller.

For years, while John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was alive, he and his sons managed among them to get by with a good deal less office space—only part of the fifty-sixth floor. However, in 1950, some ten years before he died, they took over additional space and also modernized their whole bailiwick. (When Rockefeller Center went up, over thirty years ago, central air-conditioning was practically unheard of, but today the entire Center is centrally air-conditioned.) They left their father's office just as it was, however, and it remains an unoccupied enclave within their demesne—a shrine, of sorts, to remind them as they pass its door whence their resources derived and whence also sprang the sense of responsibility that motivates their lives, for they are acutely aware of being enormously and all but incalculably rich. Money cannot buy everything, though. Telephone directories seldom carry typographical mistakes, but in the current Manhattan book the Office of the Messrs. Rockefeller, as the Room 5600 complex is sometimes known, is listed as "Rockefeller Offices of Messers."

Technically, even "Messrs." is a misnomer. The five Rockefeller brothers—in order of age, they are John D. 3rd, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and David—often collaborate with their older sister, Abby, now Mrs. Jean Mauzé. Even then, though, the participants generally call themselves the Rockefeller Brothers. Rockefeller Brothers and Sister would sound awkward, and Rockefeller Siblings would sound awful. The six Rockefellers get together two or three times a year to discuss matters of interest to all of them—to "collide and coalesce," as one of their senior advisers has put it—but they are less likely to meet at Rockefeller Center than at Pocantico Hills, in Westchester, where John, Nelson, Laurance, and David have homes. A year or so ago, when all five of the brothers did assemble in Room 5600 simultaneously, the fraternal full house was considered so historic that a junior adviser rushed out and got a photographer to record the coincidence. Nelson has rarely dropped in at his office since he went into politics, and Winthrop hasn't even bothered with an office since he moved to Arkansas. He borrowed his youngest brother's quarters for a meeting while he was in town one day, and exclaimed afterward, "My God, but my brother David has fancy offices!"

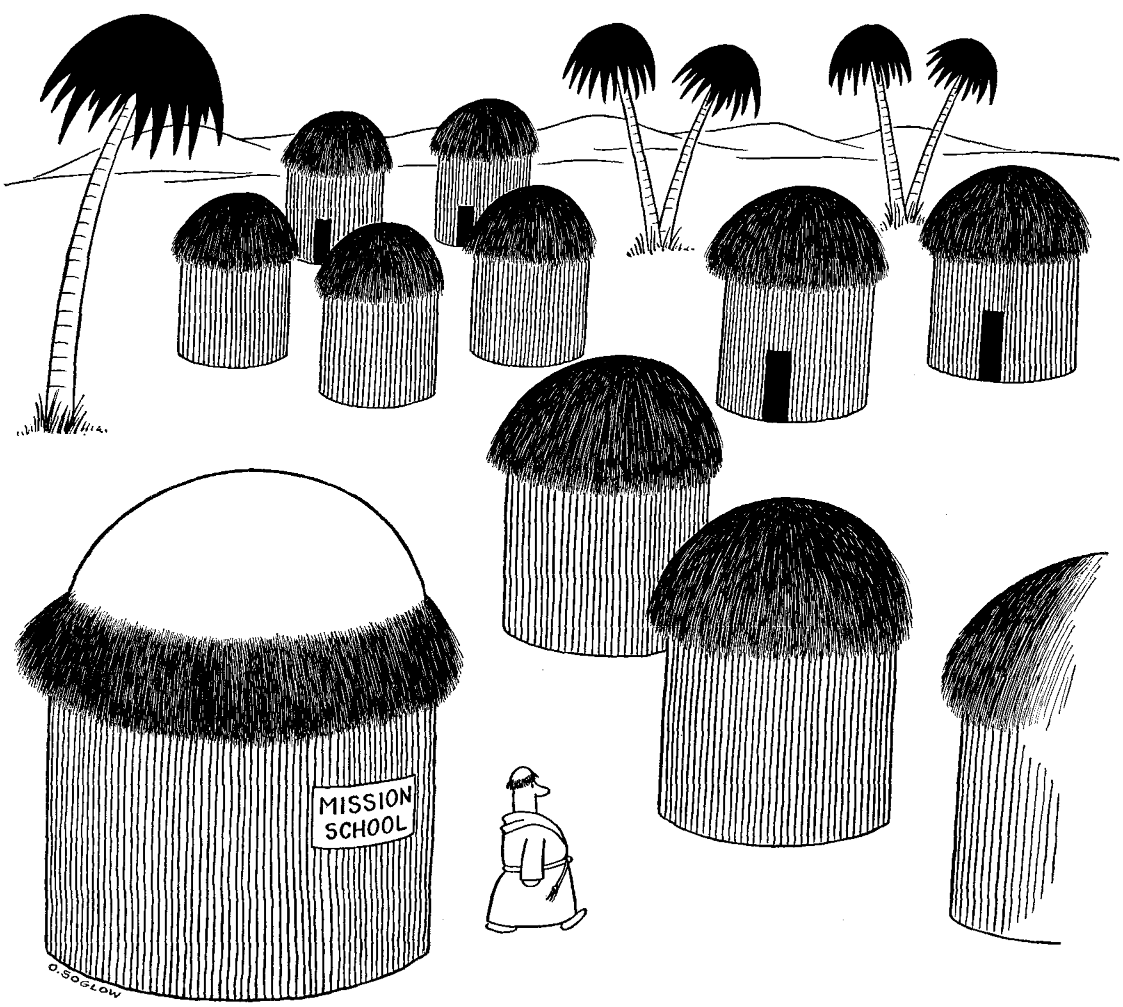
David Rockefeller's suite in Room 5600 is bordered by a reception area that he shares with his brother John. The oldest brother is more sedate than the youngest. David is, among other things, the chairman of the board of trustees of the Museum of Modern Art, but while John's wife was president for a time (and Nelson had served as chairman before David), John himself, the Rockefeller of all the Messrs. who most closely takes after their paternal grandfather, has not much use for modern art, and in the years since Room 5600 was done over he and David have waged a running, though friendly, battle about whose tastes should prevail in their common reception space. From time to time, as the spirit moves him, David will have a slapdash abstract painting hung on one wall or another; then John, in the course of what he calls "a little maneuvering," will substitute for it some demure representational favorite of his own. In the long run, John has had things his way more often than not. "David has been most coöperative, inasmuch as this is my principal office and he thought I deserved a little priority in the décor of the area," John said recently. Not long ago, David bought a large, brilliant Picasso, and impishly had it carted into Room 5600—not so much because he thought it would be suitable there, some of the staff surmised, as because he thought the sight of it would nettle his eldest brother. John disappointed him by saying that it was marvellous, whereupon David shipped it over to the Modern Museum.

In the Office of the Messrs. Rockefeller, referring to the bosses by their surname would simply be bewildering. To everyone from the topmost adviser to the lowliest clerk, accordingly, the brethren are known as Mr. John, Mr. Nelson, and so forth. Now and then, there is an office party, with wives and children present and name tags prepared for all comers; the labels issued to the wives read "Mrs. Laurance," "Mrs. David," and so forth. One Rockefeller employee, a public-relations man, is named Steven David. He has gamely hung on there for nine years, despite incredible nomenclatural confusion. It mixes people up when he is called Mr. David, and it would not help much if he were Mr. Steven, since Nelson Rockefeller has a grown son named Steven. What's worse, Steven David has a brother named Lawrence, and one day this brother telephoned the office while Laurance Rockefeller was out of it, and said to a recently hired switchboard operator, "May I please speak to Mr. David? This is his brother Lawrence." The next thing Lawrence David knew, he had been connected, by means of a tie line from Room 5600, with the president's office at the Chase Manhattan Bank.

In addition to a special staff that each Rockefeller has to handle his personal affairs, the Rockefellers en masse have a general staff to handle their communal business. There are more than three hundred employees in this establishment, which includes a legal department, an investment department, a philanthropic department, a brigade of accountants, and a family archivist. The family counsel is John E. Lockwood, a corporation lawyer who has been a Rockefeller man since 1947. He is a partner in the law firm once headed by Winthrop Aldrich, the brother of the first Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and, as such, he served as Nelson Rockefeller's counsel between 1941 and 1944, when Nelson was Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. The chief investment man is J. Richardson Dilworth, whom the Rockefellers lured away six years ago from a partnership in Kuhn, Loeb & Co., where he had expected to spend the rest of his working life. One day, at Kuhn, Loeb, Dilworth got a call from David Rockefeller, who said he would like to call on him. "When you're in the investment-banking business and a Rockefeller offers to come see you, you naturally offer to go see him instead," Dilworth said later. "When he *still* insists on coming to see you, you wonder what can be going on." What was going on was that Rockefeller, one of Harvard's most loyal as well as most generous alumni, was broadmindedly offering the position of president of Rockefeller Brothers, Inc., a family investment advisory company, to Dilworth, who went to Yale and lives in Princeton.

Dilworth's titular post is, in a way, secondary. Besides presiding over Rockefeller Brothers, Inc.—which was set up in 1946 by the five brothers, with their sister as a limited partner—he is the principal financial adviser to the Rockefellers as individual investors. And the scope of his advice does not end there. "I thought I was hired to look after the money, but you're only useful around here when you begin to understand what all their manifold problems are," Dilworth told an acquaintance who dropped in on him at Room 5600 not long ago. "You have to orient yourself to their very special viewpoint."

To complement Dilworth, who specializes in income, the Rockefellers have a man in charge of outgo. He is Dana S. Creel. A Rockefeller assistant of twenty-four years' standing, he is now the director of still another family organization, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, which in 1963 distributed $8,012,399 among one hundred and thirty-four beneficiaries, and which has capital assets of close to two hundred million dollars. The Fund, of which Laurance is president and David vice-president, was established in 1941 by the five brothers. Their father left half his residuary estate to it, and from time to time his children and grandchildren have added to the kitty. The Fund is staffed by men and women who specialize in such areas of philanthropy as education, religion, health, and welfare. (Among them is one really special specialist—a man who has written the definitive work on theological education in underdeveloped regions.) The Fund is not only a handy vehicle for



disbursing largesse to organizations that one Rockefeller or another is deeply committed to—Mr. John's Population Council, for instance, and Mr. Nelson's American International Association for Economic and Social Development, and Mr. Laurance's Jackson Hole Preserve, and Mr. Winthrop's Arkansas Art Center, and Mr. David's Morningside Heights, Inc.—but a useful buffer between the brothers and the myriad groups that seek their support. "It's expensive just to answer the mail around here," one Rockefeller henchman says. "It used to be that there was a sharp increase in requests for money whenever one of the Rockefellers got his name in the papers, but now they're always in the papers and there's no letup. And with David travelling as much as he does for the Chase, we get begging letters to him from all over the world. People he has spent ten minutes with in Singapore or Tanganyika, or wherever, always seem to have some school or hospital or game preserve that is in dire need. It's tough enough when he gets these pleas from presidents of countries, but it's worse when they're from presidents of banks."

David Rockefeller has learned to be firm, though he tries not to be callous, about solicitations from individuals who don't have a game preserve and just want a handout. "No matter how much money you have, you wouldn't have much left if you responded to that kind of appeal," he says. Nonetheless, he does engage in some strictly private, non-tax-deductible philanthropy; among other things, he has been known to underwrite jobs for friends who were on their uppers. His conventional, tax-deductible contributions run to well over a million dollars annually, not counting what he gives through the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. On occasion, the Fund calls his attention to a worthy cause that it is not empowered to advance. Not long ago, for instance, Franklin and Marshall College needed forty thousand dollars in a desperate hurry, to finance an experimental pre-college enrichment program for Negro students. The Fund does not make bequests to individual educational institutions, but Creel thought that the program had merit, and, in one quick phone call to David Rockefeller, obtained his pledge. "It's fun when you can move in on something like that," Creel said later.

There are so many Rockefeller organizations extant that it is hard for outsiders to keep them straight. An Associated Press story referred, the other day, to a nonexistent organization, "the Rockefeller Brothers Foundation." What was meant was the Rockefeller Foundation, which, as it happens, is a Rockefeller institution over which the Rockefeller brothers do not exercise control, although John is chairman of its board of trustees. A private foundation, it is fiercely independent of the Rockefellers. It refuses to be domiciled under the roof that shelters their headquarters, and, instead, operates out of the Time-Life Building, of which the Rockefellers own a mere fifty-five per cent. The Foundation's determination not to be considered a Rockefeller pawn was recently made evident in a fashion that embarrassed a newly employed young woman working in an outer room of Room 5600. She had been told to set up a lunch for some of the brothers' staff men in a private dining room, but she couldn't line up a spot in her own building. Having heard that the Foundation had its own private dining room, she called up one of its executives and asked if the room was available. There was a terrible flap, in the course of which Laurance Rockefeller received a bristling message demanding to know by what right the Rockefellers thought they could impinge on the prerogatives of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Except in the case of the Modern Museum, of which their mother was a founder, the brothers try to take on family responsibilities that are non-con-

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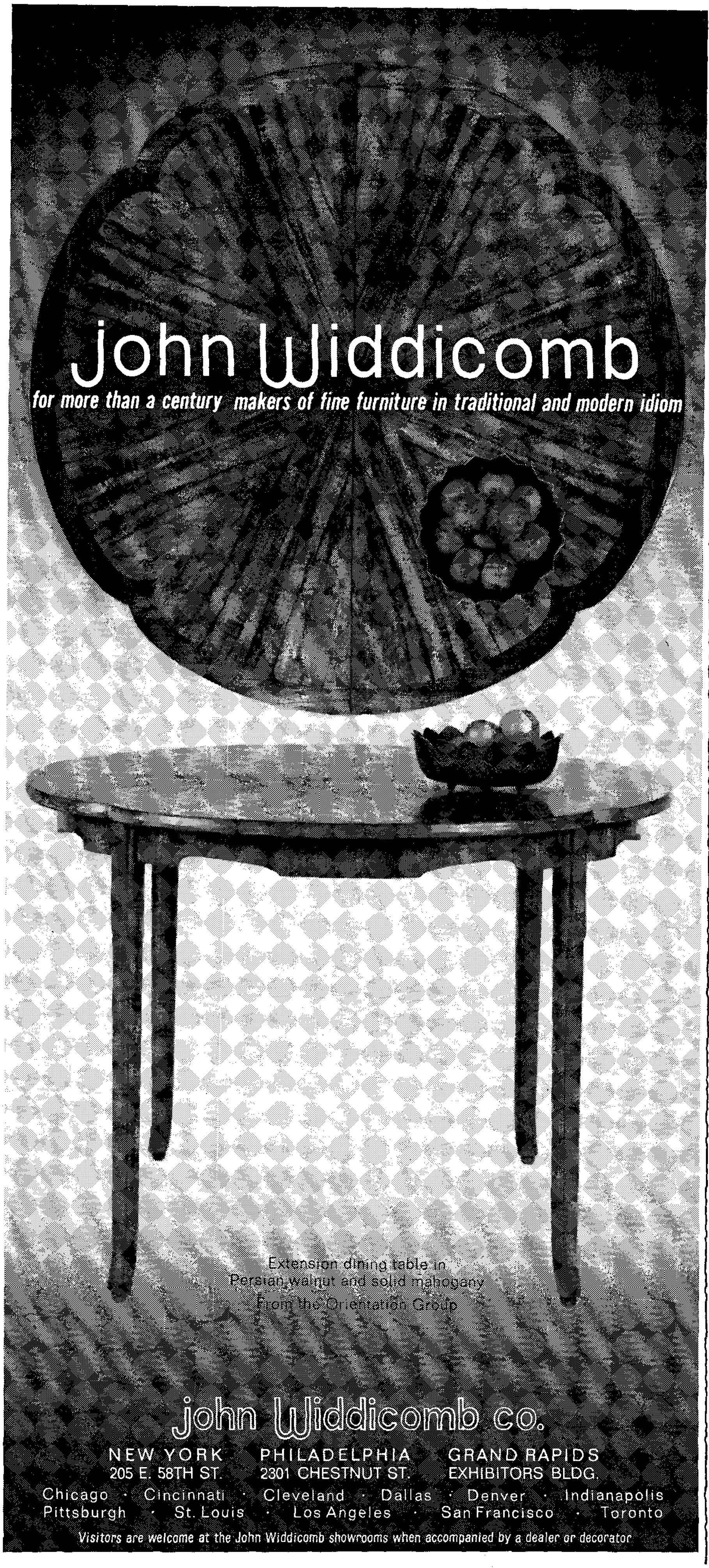
flicting. "We purposely don't duplicate each other," Laurance says. David, for his part, has assumed the stewardship of the Rockefeller Institute. (All the Rockefellers have heard the word "stewardship" so often that it makes them squirm; John, who, as the oldest brother, is the chief steward of his generation, cannot utter the word without a wry smile.) The Institute was established by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in 1901, under the name of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The story goes that the old man never set foot in the place. Having decided to endow it, he was perfectly content to let underlings carry it on; the only time he visited its premises—which began as a four-acre tract on the East River at Sixty-sixth Street and is now a fourteen-acre one extending from Sixty-second Street to Sixty-eighth—he didn't get out of his car. John D., Jr., gave the Institute substantial additional support; largely thanks to him, its endowment now totals about two hundred million dollars, which is a favorite Rockefeller round figure.

For fifty years, the Institute was a somewhat secretive place, devoted to pure research and governed by two boards—one of lay trustees and one of scientific directors. David Rockefeller joined the lay board in 1940, and replaced his father as its chairman ten years afterward. He thought the Institute needed rejuvenation, and he asked the eminent biophysicist, Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, who was then president of Johns Hopkins University, to head a committee to study the situation. Bronk's group recommended, among other things, that the Institute be transformed into a graduate university, with a single governing board. This recommendation and the others were put into effect, and in 1953 Rockefeller asked Bronk to become president of the Institute, which had just shortened its name. Today, the Rockefeller Institute is so assiduously devoted to advanced scholarship that it has a faculty of over three hundred for a student body one-third that size. Lectures and recitations are all but unheard of; the Institute is a place where young men and women of exceptional promise are supposed pretty much to follow their own academic bent, enriching themselves by exposure to and association with older men and women of exceptional achievement.

The Institute's first graduation ceremonies were held in 1959, and David Rockefeller, the chairman of its reconstituted board, was on hand as Dr.



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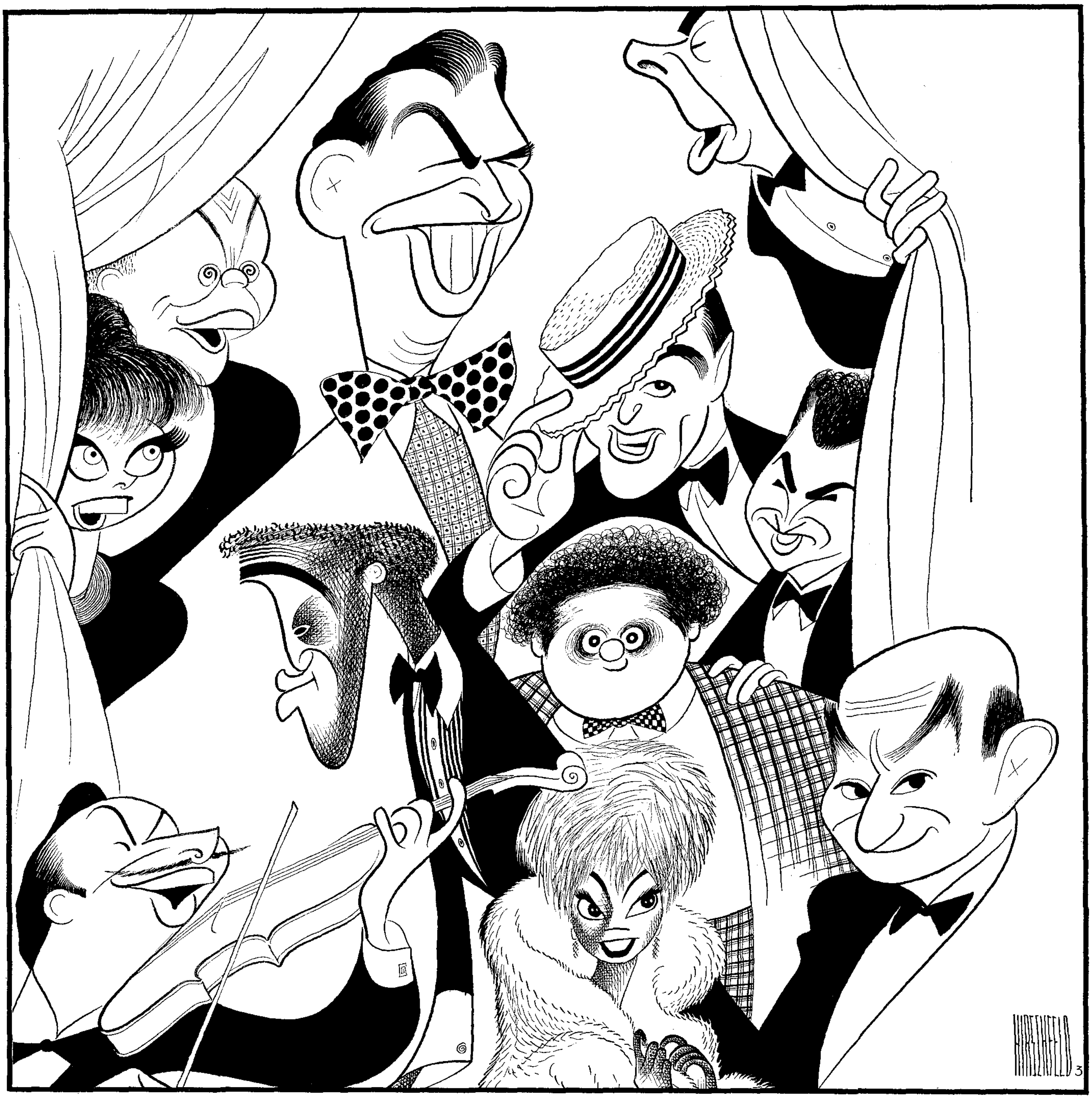

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Bronk conferred an honorary degree upon John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Institute's foremost patron. David himself has been a substantial benefactor; he contributed heavily to a building program that began in 1954 and made possible the erection of six new structures, one of them named after his mother. As he was to do when the new Chase Manhattan Bank Building went up, he persuaded the Institute's administrators and trustees to embellish their modern quarters with modern art. His principal mentors in that field—Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and Dorothy C. Miller, who are both members of the Modern Museum staff—assembled a batch of paintings, all contemporary, for the Institute's consideration. Some of the stuff was so avant-garde that it made even Rockefeller blink, but, respecting the professional competence of Barr and Miss Miller, he steadfastly backed their judgment. The Institute balked at one painting, which the Museum pair considered especially fetching—a ten-by-six-foot Sam Francis work called "Big Red" and distinctive for its drippiness—and Rockefeller thereupon bought it himself and presented it to the Museum, where Barr has since gratefully hung it in the lobby. Dr. Bronk elected to hang in his own office an old-school portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER was born on June 12, 1915. His father, in whose memory David unveiled a sixteen-ton green granite memorial at Rockefeller Center last year, was, of course, a worldwide celebrity, if a somewhat shrinking one. His mother was the former Abby Aldrich, the daughter of Senator Nelson Aldrich, of Rhode Island; in her memory, David has established a chair of Oriental art at Harvard. Mrs. Rockefeller was a lively, plump woman who never seemed fazed by her husband's strict Baptist upbringing (*his* parents thought dancing sinful), or, for that matter, by his inordinate opulence. People who know all the Rockefeller brothers today think that John and Laurance, both of them lanky and relatively diffident, take after the Rockefeller side of the family; that Winthrop, a tall, heavyset, somewhat less diffident man, represents a balance between the Aldrich and Rockefeller strains; and that Nelson and David, both of them rotund, outgoing, and equipped with what Laurance calls "the well-padded Aldrich nerves," take after their mother.

Mrs. Rockefeller's spinster sister Lucy was an adventurous, intellectual-

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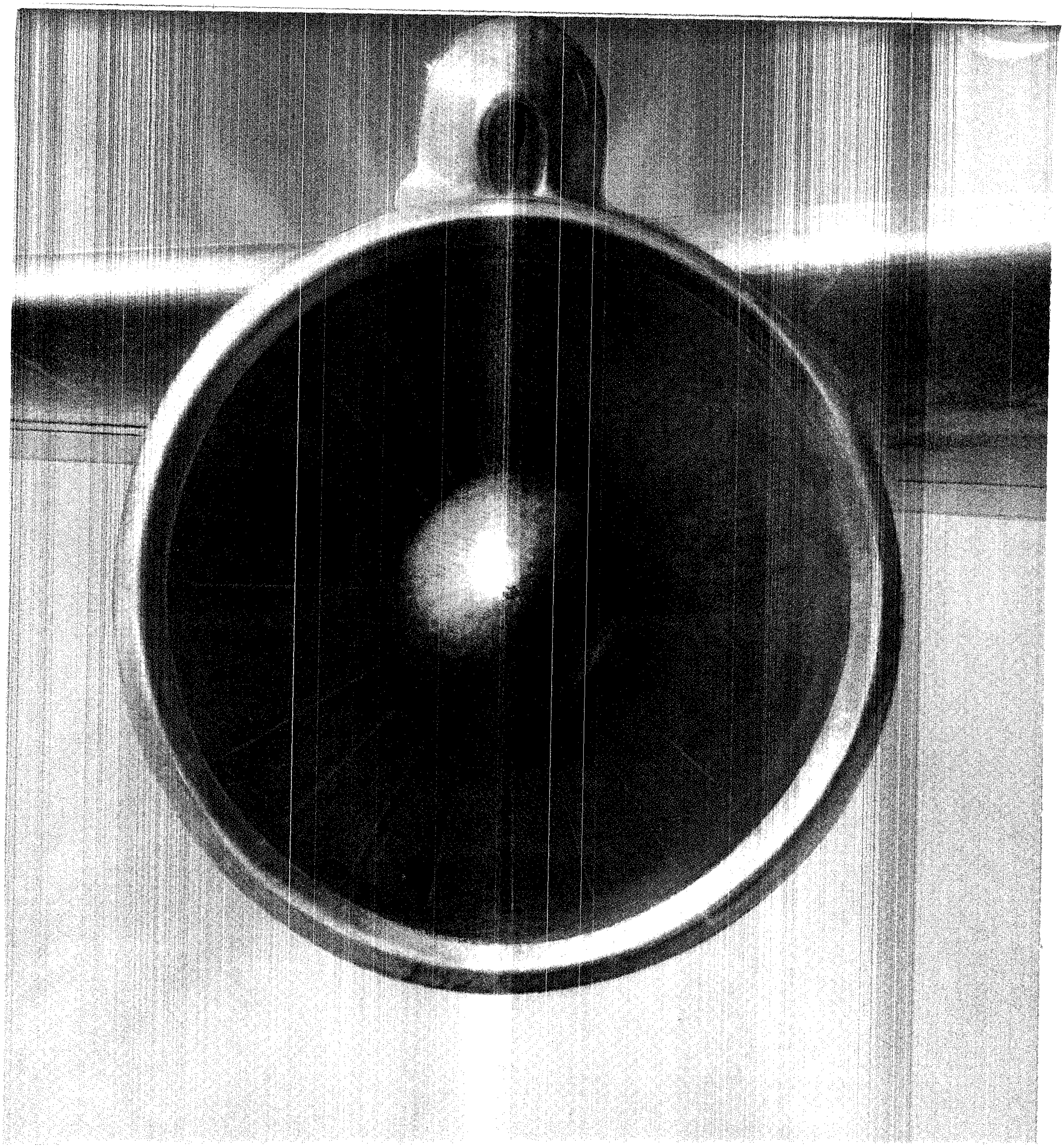

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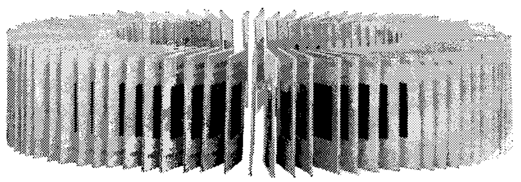
ly curious woman whose admittance to Rockefeller family councils was undisputed and who in these was often a militant minority of one. Like her sister, Lucy Aldrich was an art collector, and when she died, in 1956, her surviving relatives drew lots for her many treasures, in a friendly, sentimental competition that lasted two days. Her nephew David, who has said, "Aunt Lucy travelled around the world for fifty years buying beautiful things before anybody else was interested in them," ended up with quite a number of her Asian objets d'art and half of her thoughtfully chosen library.

The Rockefeller children grew up in a number of homes: a town house on West Fifty-fourth Street, the site of which is now part of the Modern Museum's Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden; a ranch in the Grand Teton Mountains of Wyoming, where their father donated land for a national park; a ninety-room cottage at Seal Harbor, on Mount Desert Island, in Maine, most of which island their father gave to the government for another national park; and a thirty-five-hundred-acre expanse at Pocantico Hills. David Rockefeller is the president of a family organization called the Sealantic Fund, whose name derives from "Seal Harbor" and "Pocantico Hills." It is, for the Rockefellers, a small fund, with assets of only around ten million dollars, and they use it principally as a means of supporting local charities in Maine and in Westchester.

As nearly everyone knows, the Rockefellers, as boys, were thoroughly indoctrinated with an appreciation of the value of a dollar, not to mention a penny, which was what David's father paid him for each weed he plucked from between the stones of the terrace of the Maine house. (Built high on a hill, it was called the Eyrie.) At Pocantico Hills, David raked lawns, receiving two dollars for an eight-hour workday. In a Ph.D. thesis he wrote at the age of twenty-five, he made the statement, with autobiographical overtones, "From our earliest days we are told not to leave food on our plates, not to allow electric lights to remain burning when we are not using them, and not to squander our money thoughtlessly, because these things are wasteful. . . . Of all forms of waste, however, that which is most abhorrent is idleness. There is a moral stigma attached to unnecessary and involuntary idleness which is deeply imbedded in our conscience."

As the boys grew up, they were



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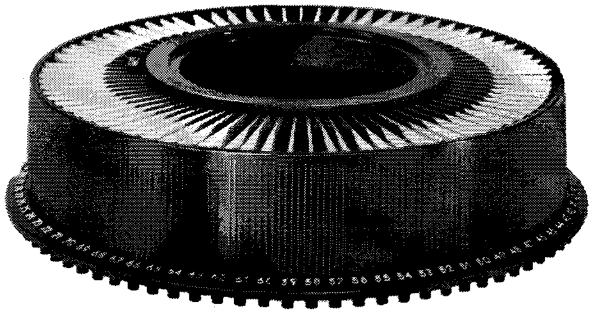

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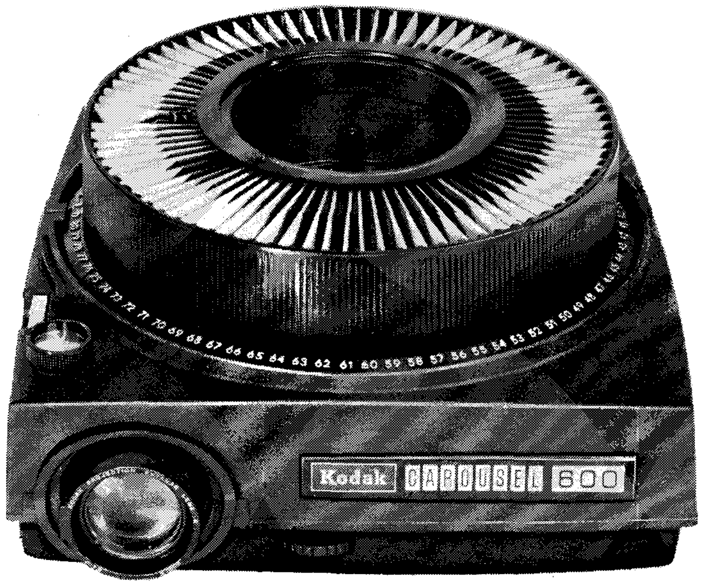

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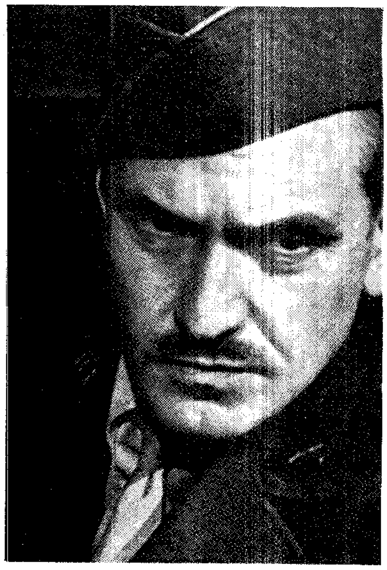
conscious of their specialness and of their parents' earnest—and, on the whole, unusually successful—attempts to shield them from photographers and other purveyors of publicity. The boys were also conscious—and in an agreeable way—of their special privileges. When they took a vacation trip around the country with their parents, it was likely to be in a private railroad car. At thirteen, David accompanied his mother and father on a three-month jaunt to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Lebanon. The party also included a tutor for the boy, a secretary, a doctor, a maid, a valet, and, as a personal sightseeing guide, Dr. James H. Breasted, the University of Chicago scholar, who was the first full-fledged American professor of Egyptology. They cruised up the Nile on a chartered side-wheeler, and each evening Dr. Breasted would give a lecture, illustrated with slides, on the wonders they were scheduled to see the following day.

David attended the Lincoln School, in New York—a day school of progressive leanings. When he was a fifth-grader, he and his brother Winthrop were privately tutored in the natural sciences one summer by a Lincoln teacher. David became enamored of beetles. His wife, whom he met a good many years later, likes to say that his addiction dates back to infancy; she paints a vivid and romantic word picture of the baby Rockefeller creeping into his Pocantico Hills mansion from the lawn, with insects, presumably including some beetles, clutched in his fists. Whenever it all began, Rockefeller gradually became one of the world's leading non-professional beetle men, with a collection that is large and resplendent. He devoted two adolescent summers in Maine to nature study (a fellow-student was Henry Ford II, whose family had a place on Mount Desert), and patiently scoured the local swamps for beetles. Two other summers found him at the Museum of Natural History's Station for the Study of Insects, at Tuxedo Park, where he abandoned beetles long enough to engage in experiments on the color perceptivity of bees. Winters generally found him hanging around the entomological section of the Museum itself.

Rockefeller finished Lincoln in the spring of 1932, and that fall he entered Harvard. As a freshman, he was granted special permission to take a graduate course in entomology, given by Professor William Martin Wheeler, an ant specialist; it was the only Harvard course he got an A in as an undergrad-



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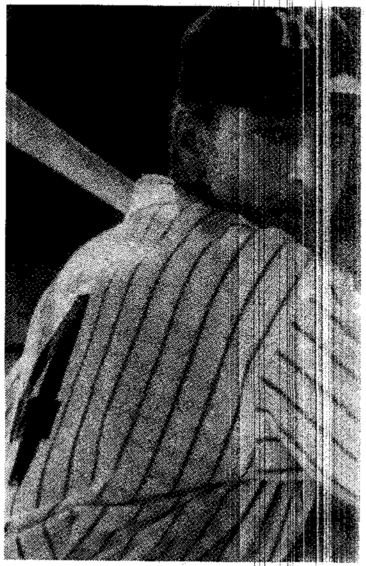

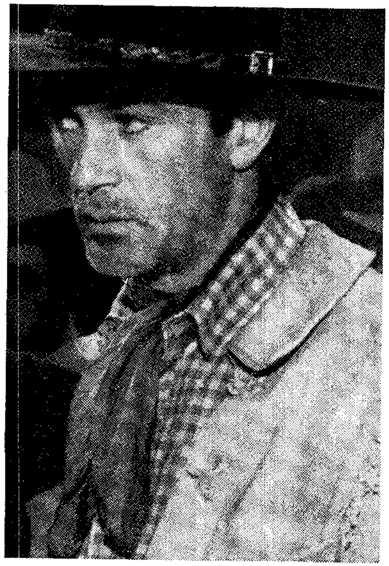

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*Left to right, top to bottom: Hurricane; The Secret Life of Walter Mitty; They Got Me Covered; Best Years of Our Lives; Pride of the Yankees; My Foolish Heart; Wuthering Heights; The Westerner; Dead End; Ball of Fire; The Bishop's Wife; The Little Foxes.

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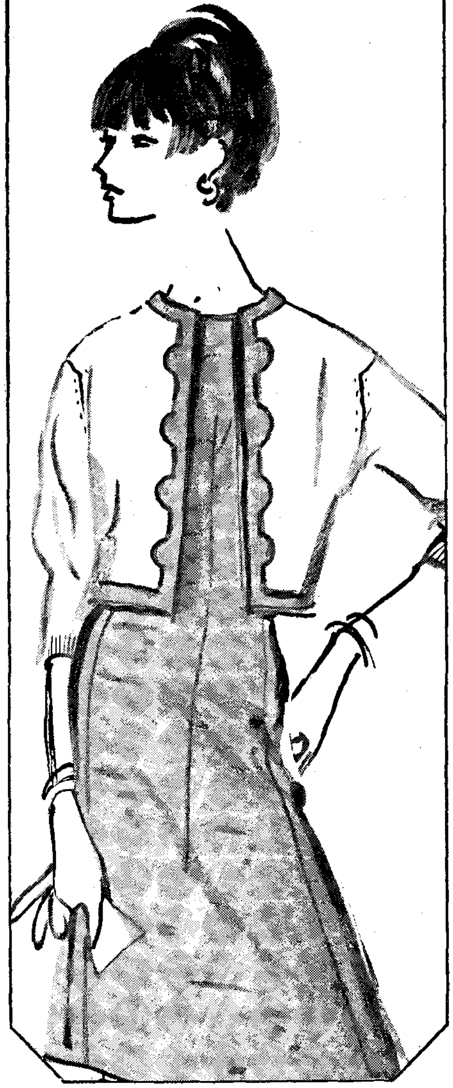

uate. Extracurricularly, he put his expertise to humanitarian use by teaching a nature-study class at a settlement house. The summer following his sophomore year, he joined a scientific expedition that explored the bottom of the Grand Canyon, and he has subsequently furnished the wherewithal for the establishment of a research station near the top of an Arizona mountain and for an expedition to Mexico. Grateful scientists whose travels he has underwritten have named two beetles after him—*Acmæodera rockefelleri* (small, brownish, with yellow spots) and *Cicindela rockefelleri* (a species of tiger beetle). Specimens of both repose in his collection, along with some thirty thousand others. One of his best sources of new acquisitions nowadays is a retired Brazilian Air Force colonel who was longing for a jeep at the time Rockefeller made a 1962 trip to South America. Learning of this wish, Rockefeller gave him a jeep, and the officer, overwhelmed, promised to send him beetles as long as he lived. Rockefeller travels a great deal, and wherever he goes, he carries with him a few glass bottles with stoppers and a supply of cotton and formaldehyde. He has cajoled his wife and their six children into helping him hunt beetles, and the chase has been pursued *en famille* through poppy fields of Normandy and vineyards of the Bordeaux country. His eldest son, David, Jr., has been so thoroughly indoctrinated that he says he sometimes dreams of beetles. (He himself collects bottle caps.) Fond as David, Sr., is of beetles, beetles sometimes seem to be no less fond of him. A guest having cocktails on an outdoor terrace at Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills place last spring saw a small black bug settle on his host's forehead and perch there cozily. It was a beetle. After a bit, Rockefeller reached up and gently plucked it off. "Member of the Scolytidae family," he observed gravely, and then, as if waving a member of his own family off on some frolicsome flight, he released it to the breeze. Rockefeller houses his beetle collection in tiers of beechwood boxes nestled in a steel cabinet in an air-conditioned room on the basement floor of his Pocantico Hills place. His children have glued gold paper stars to the boxes that contain the more interesting specimens, among them some sacred Egyptian scarabs that Rockefeller himself brought back, dead, from his edifying safari with Dr. Breasted. By now, many of Rockefeller's acquaintances around the world have come to know about his hobby,

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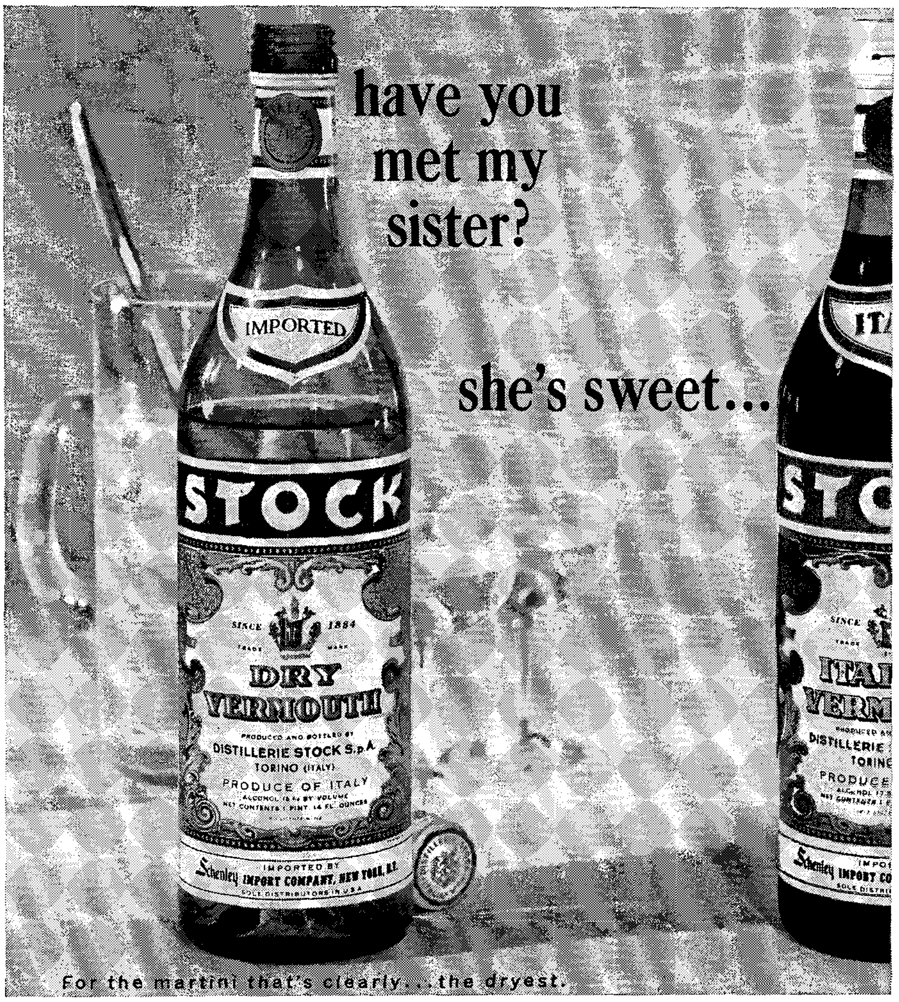

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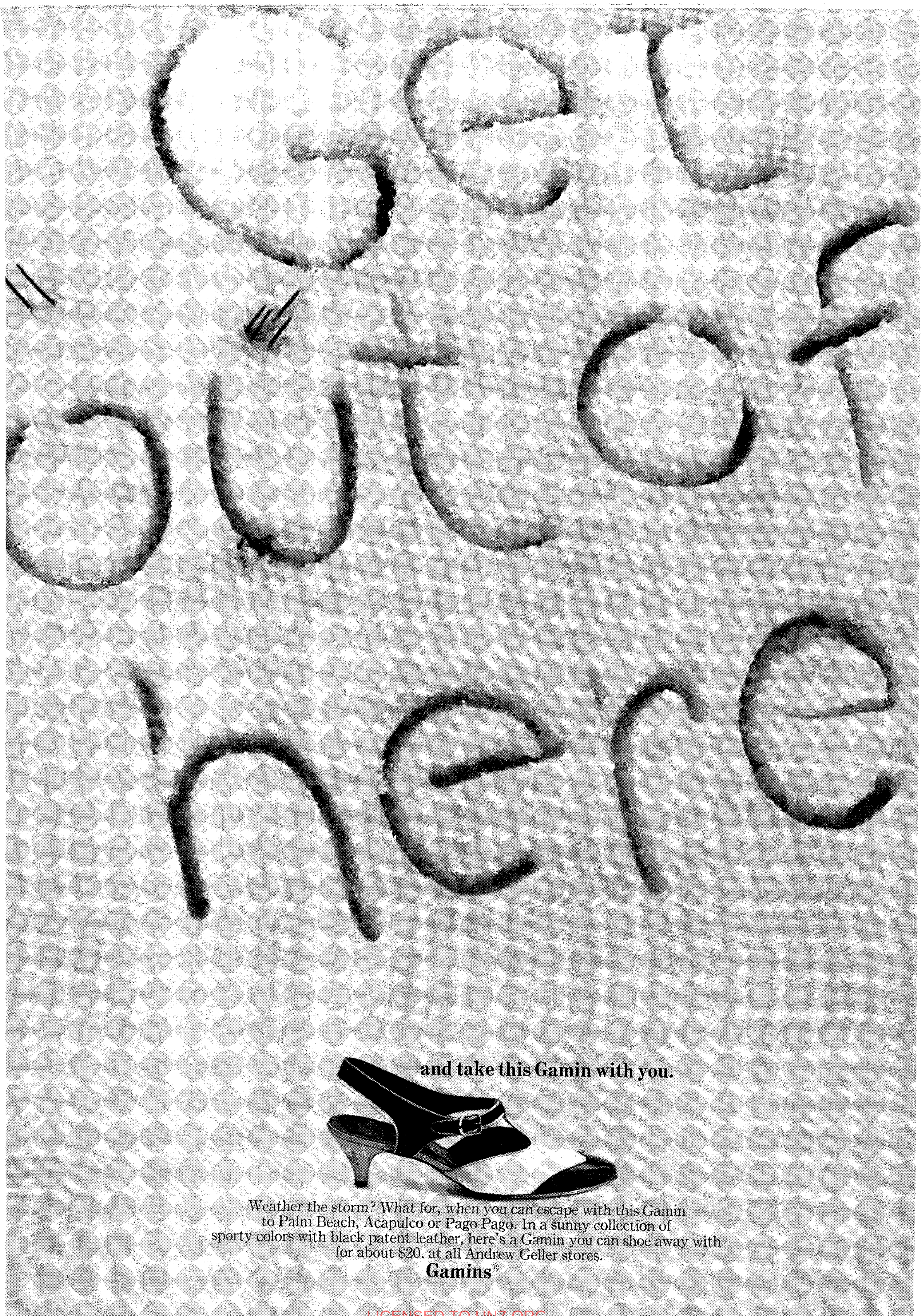
and since he is a man who might reasonably be assumed to have everything, they give him beetles. The governor of the Central Bank of Japan sent him a glass-faced box of Japanese beetles—not our kind of Japanese beetles but *Japanese* Japanese beetles. Rockefeller isn't able to spend a great deal of time on his collection these days, and he is fortunate in having his own beetle curator—a protégé of his who enrolled in his settlement-house nature-study course, is now employed at the Chase Bank, and goes to Pocantico Hills on weekends to sort and mount beetles.

Aside from indulging his passion for beetles, Rockefeller led a quite ordinary undergraduate life at Harvard. When he graduated, in 1936, he was uncertain what he wanted to do next. His father, who had gone to Brown, had told his sons that each should pick his own college (Winthrop chose Yale, John and Laurance Princeton, and Nelson Dartmouth), and had also urged each to pick his own career, though there was an underlying assumption that one or more of them would emulate him and concentrate on tending the family fortunes. By the time David finished college, all four of his older brothers had begun to do just that, and there was no pressure on him to follow suit. Seeking guidance, he went to Ottawa to call on W. L. Mackenzie King, who was Prime Minister of Canada at the time, and who for twenty years had been one of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, closest friends. (Their intimacy notwithstanding, the two men always addressed one another as "Mr. Rockefeller" and "Mr. King.") As the Prime Minister and the twenty-one-year-old Rockefeller discussed various possible careers, they pretty much narrowed the field to government, business, and banking. King suggested that, no matter which of those three Rockefeller fancied, it would be helpful to him to start off by getting a Doctor's degree in economics. That was what King himself had done; after attending the University of Toronto, he had studied successively at the University of Chicago, the London School of Economics, and Harvard. Rockefeller reversed King's pattern. He did a year's graduate work at Harvard, then enrolled at the London School for a year, and ended up at Chicago. In London, he gained his first insight into the mechanics of banking. His uncle Winthrop Aldrich was chairman of the Chase Bank, and the nephew spent a few hours each week in its London branch, familiarizing himself with the



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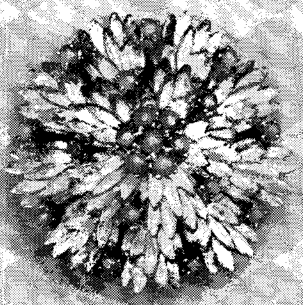

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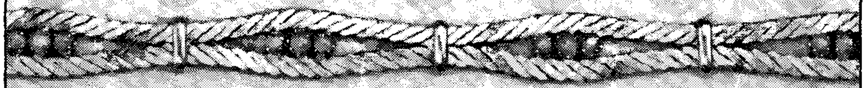

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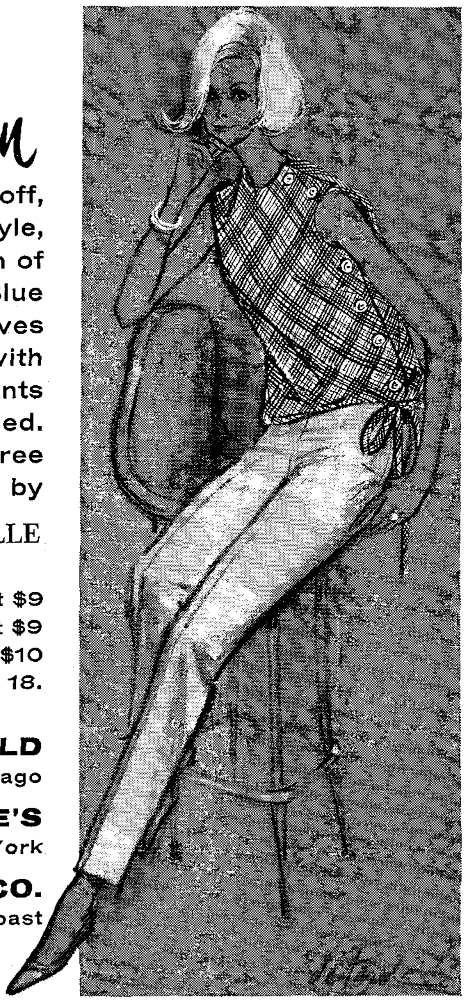
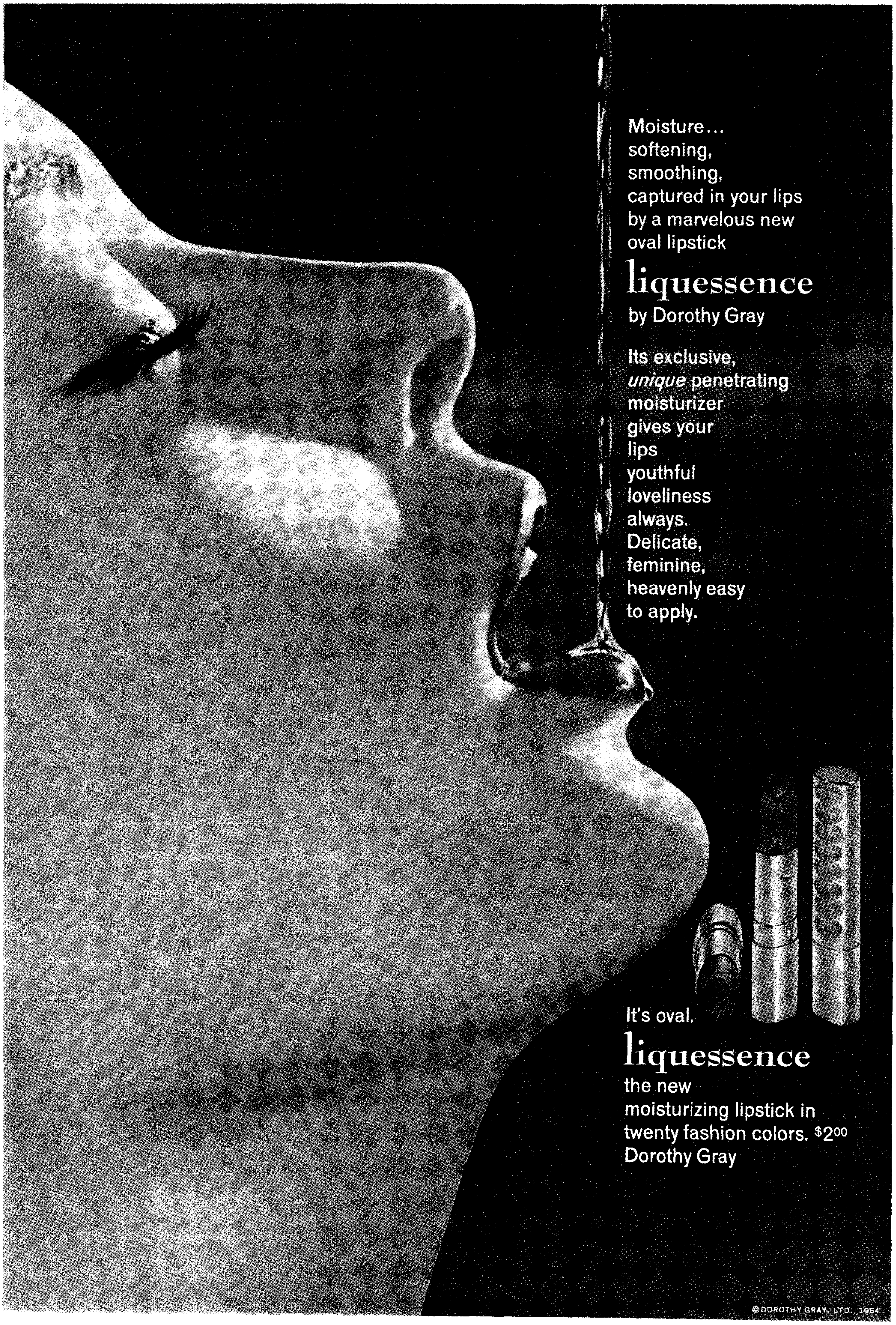


operations of the various departments. In Chicago, he wrote his doctoral thesis, a scholarly work entitled "Unused Resources and Economic Waste." It was published in 1941, and it attracted more attention than most Ph.D. theses, for here was a Rockefeller publicly declaring, "The *summum bonum* is to be achieved, therefore, *through a maximum of individual freedom* of action consistent with behavior which is not predatory or anti-social," and "Since freedom refers to the unrestricted use of the power or wealth one possesses, striking inequalities in wealth and power have given the term 'freedom of action' a very different significance for different individuals," and—one can almost hear his pedagogues chuckling at the young man's seeming heresy—"The existence of monopoly offers prima-facie evidence of a social evil." Quite apart from the substance of his dissertation, the mere fact that Rockefeller, who certainly didn't need a Ph.D. to get a job, had the brains and the industriousness to earn one anyhow still impresses many of his peers in the financial world. They seem to feel that having a man among them who could, if he wished, call himself "Dr. Rockefeller" adds lustre to their whole crowd. "We don't have many intellectuals in the banking business, you know," the president of one of Chase's chief competitors said recently in discussing Rockefeller and his Ph.D.

In the spring of 1940, young Dr. Rockefeller was still undecided about his future. To get something of the feel of public service, he returned to New York and went to work for a year as an unpaid "political interne" for Mayor LaGuardia. In his year at City Hall, Rockefeller learned a good deal about municipal government from one of its most flamboyant and most stimulating practitioners. At first, he just sort of hung around, accompanying LaGuardia to testimonial banquets and ribbon-cutting ceremonies, watching him bouncily negotiate the labyrinthine bureaucratic channels of big-city administration, and drafting routine replies to routine mayoral correspondence. Then LaGuardia began to give him special assignments. For instance, when the Mayor wanted to invite a couple of dozen young Latin Americans to study for a year at tuition-free New York City colleges, and there proved to be no funds in his budget to cover their living expenses, he asked Rockefeller to persuade two dozen corporations to put up a thousand dollars apiece for that purpose. The

Moisture…
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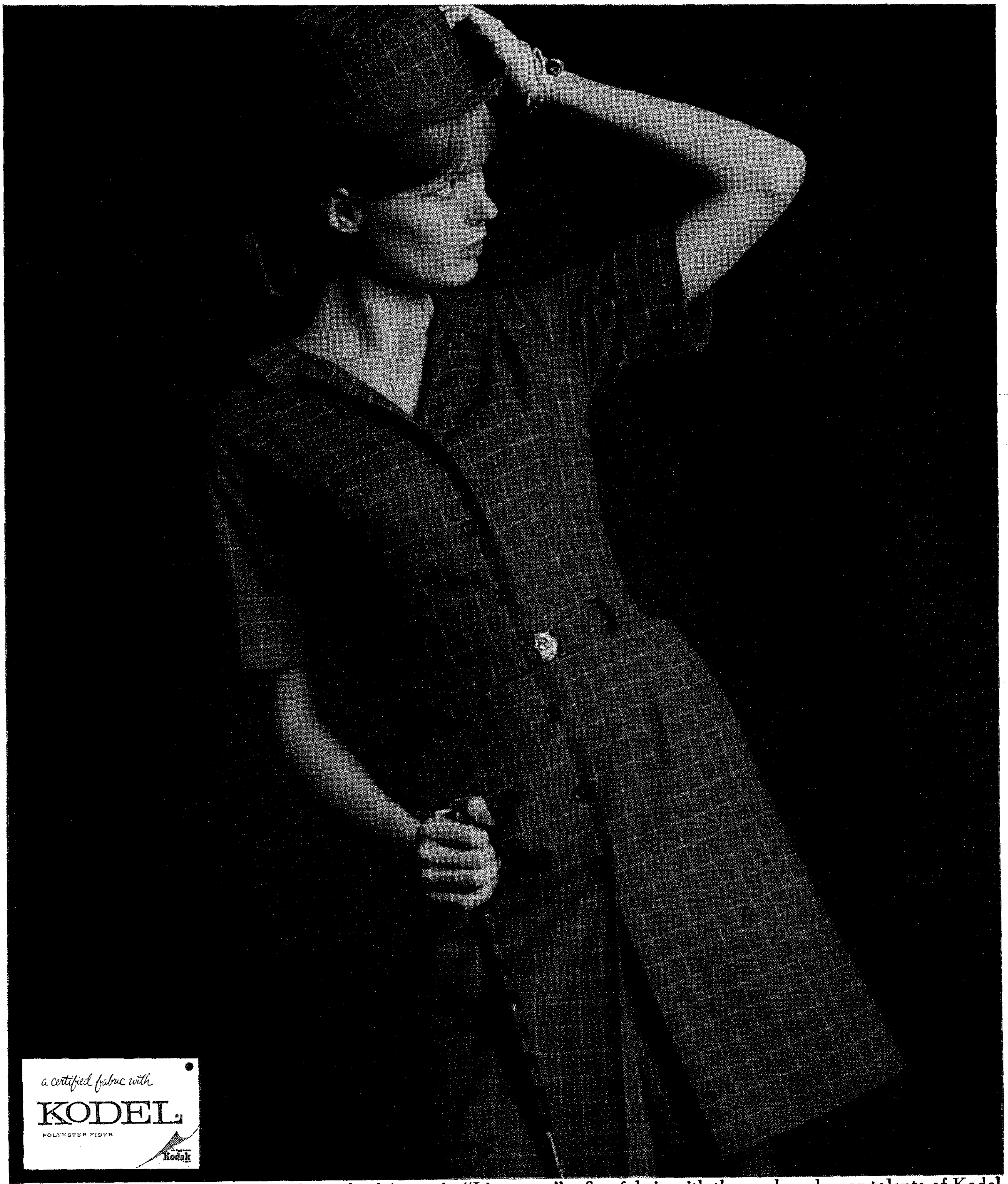

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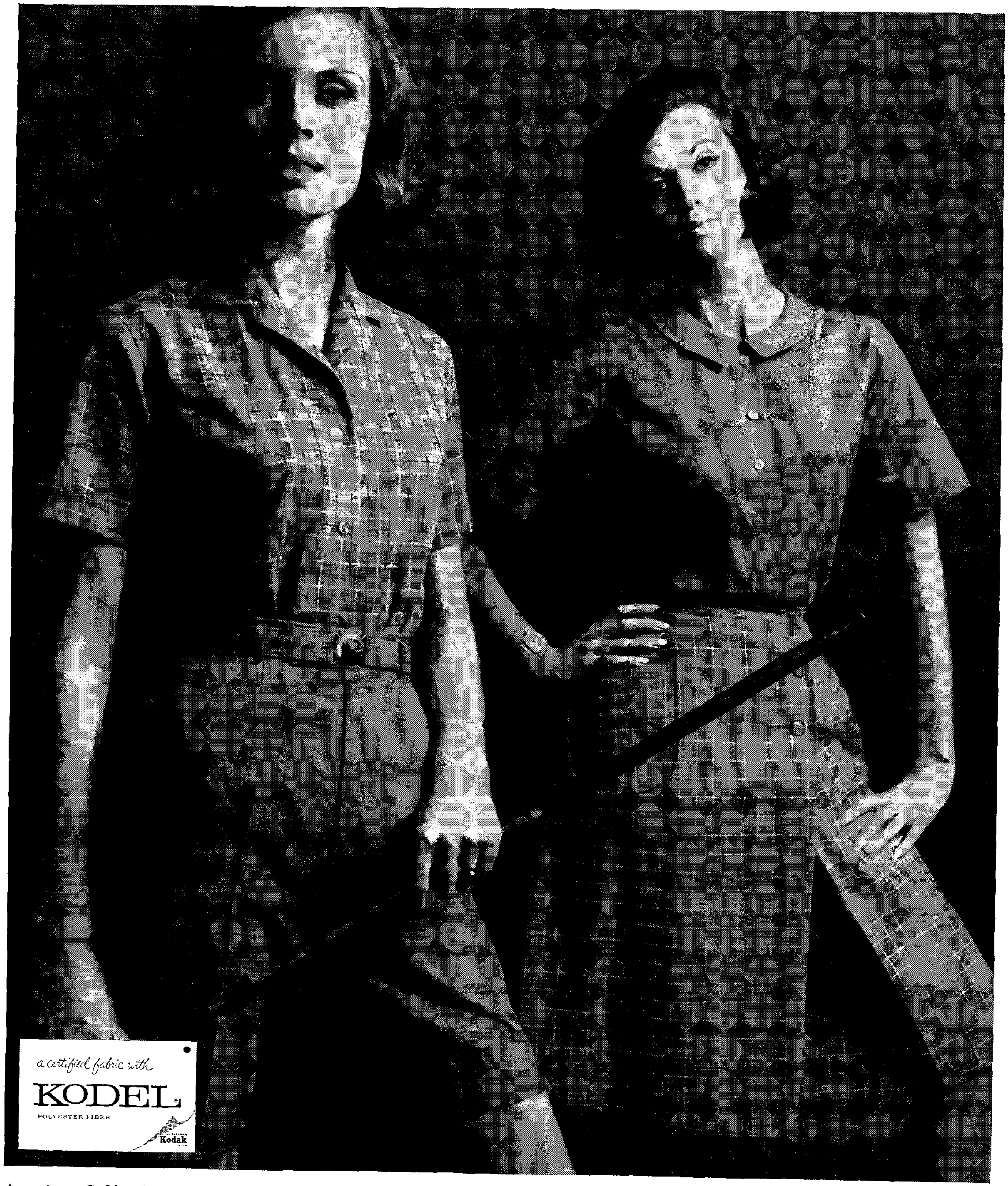

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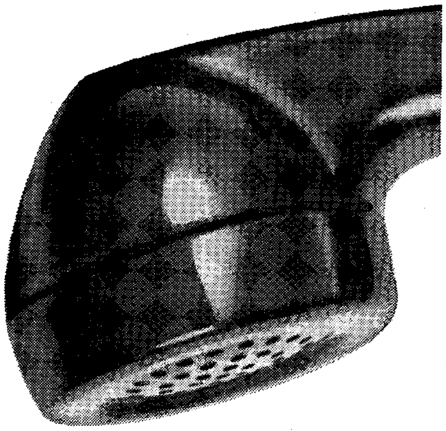
Mayor was pleased but probably not surprised when Rockefeller quickly produced the necessary amount; there were few corporations to whose senior officers the young man did not have ready access. Another time, LaGuardia became upset about the Long Island airport that bore his name. LaGuardia Field, which belonged to the city, was being criticized as wastefully large. It was losing money, and in its main terminal building there was a good deal of vacant space, which the Mayor hoped could be leased. Rockefeller, as an expert on the theory of unused resources and economic waste, was asked to do something practical about the situation. He succeeded so well—getting the Empire Trust Company and Cartier's, among others, to set up shop out there—that when the mayor of Burlington, Vermont, happened to mention to LaGuardia at a mayoral conference that Burlington had a moribund and money-losing airport on its hands, LaGuardia sent Rockefeller there to liven up the place.

In September of 1940, while Rockefeller was still learning the ropes at City Hall, he got married to Margaret McGrath, known as Peggy, who was the daughter of Francis Sims McGrath, a partner in the stately law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft. The bride and groom had met at a dance seven years earlier, when she was at the Chapin School and he was a Harvard freshman. They have been devoted to dancing ever since. In their courting days, they won a polka contest in the Rainbow Room (Rockefeller was not declared ineligible just because his family owned the establishment), and as newlyweds they belonged to a waltzing club that met at the Brevoort Hotel. Their idea of the most pleasant way to celebrate a birthday or a wedding anniversary is to give a large dinner dance, and they usually outdance all their guests. Peggy Rockefeller is a witty, outspoken woman with a relaxed, informal manner, but after nearly a quarter of a century of bearing the Rockefeller name she is still not entirely composed about it. Now and then, she will charge something while shopping, and a salesclerk will say, "Are you *the* Rockefeller?" "I generally answer," Mrs. Rockefeller says, " 'Whom, may I ask, do you consider to be *the* Rockefeller?' On the one hand, I don't particularly enjoy having a well-known name, but, on the other hand, it makes me wild when somebody suggests that I might not be an authentic Rockefeller. I'm also always being called 'Mrs. Roose-



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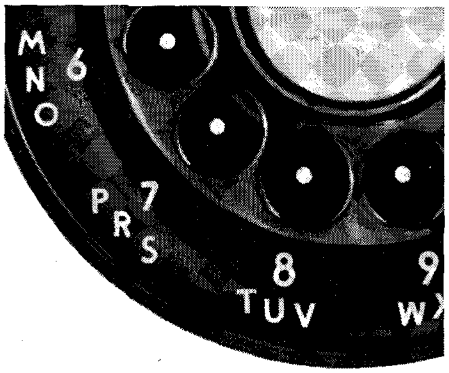

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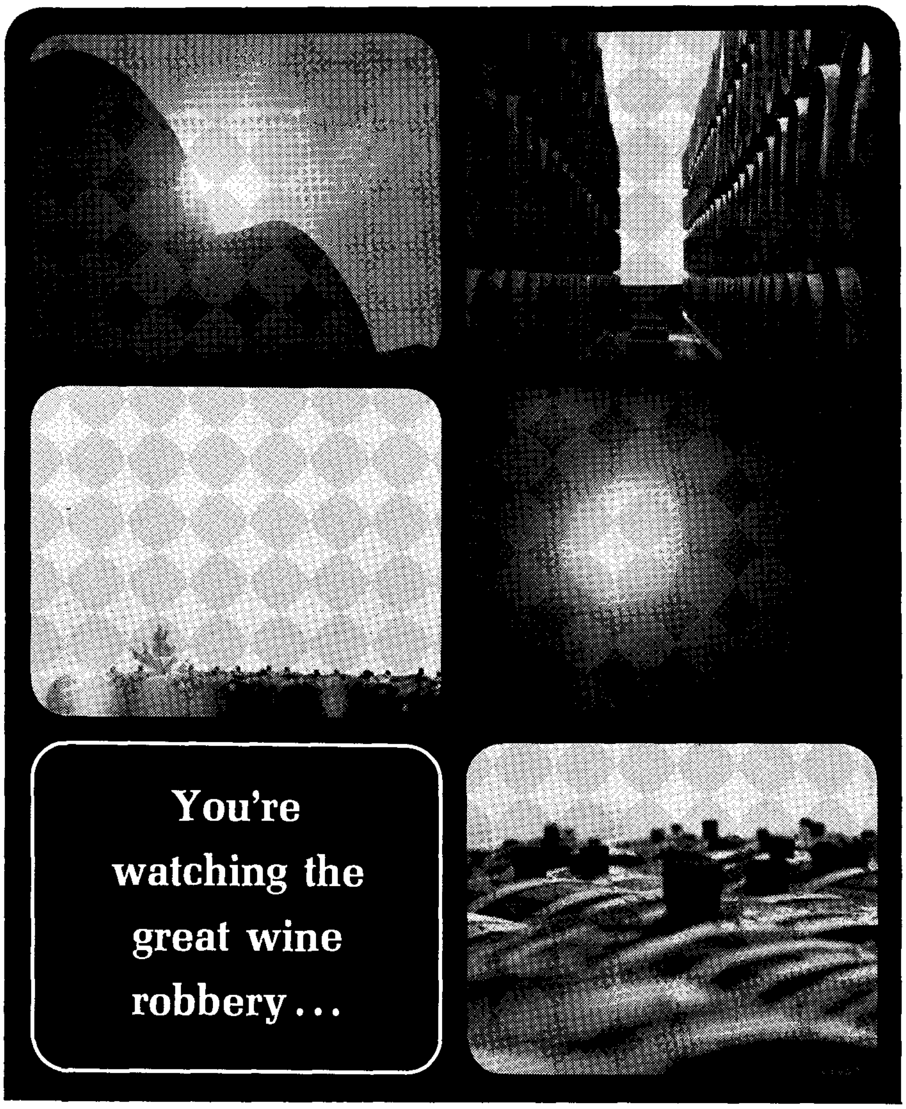
velt,' for some reason, and I always respond to that name. I don't like to correct people who get the names mixed up, because it embarrasses them terribly. Anyway, I felt better about *that* when, after complaining about it once to one of the Roosevelt women, I was told, '*I'm* always being called "Mrs. Rockefeller." ' "

The oldest of the Rockefellers' six children, David, Jr., was born in July, 1941. David, Sr.'s, generation of Rockefellers has come to be known as "the brothers," and now his children and his brothers' and sister's children are known as "the cousins." There are twenty-two cousins to date, the girls outnumbering the boys two to one. The boys (except, perhaps, for Nelson, Jr., who is an infant) are reconciled to the inevitability that sooner or later one or more of them is going to have to immerse himself in the family enterprises—as Laurance Rockefeller has put it, "to see to it that the well doesn't run dry." Nelson's son Rodman Rockefeller, and David Rockefeller, Jr., are the two cousins most frequently mentioned for this duty. A few summers ago, David, Jr., who is now in his second year at the Harvard Law School, served an apprenticeship in Room 5600, to see how the family affairs were managed, but at the end of his stint he was nowhere nearer making up his mind than he had been at the start. "In my generation," he said afterward, "the girls mostly want to lead private lives"—one unmarried female cousin has even changed her surname, to escape being a Rockefeller—"and we boys haven't yet been overcome by a feeling that we should give our lives to the family. The family as a family is a good thing, but the family as a business is inclined to be puzzling. Basically, it's a very curious operation. My father has never put any pressure on me to get involved in the family affairs, though he has hinted that there would be plenty to keep me busy if I felt inclined. The one thing he has stressed is that whatever anybody does, he'll enjoy it if he does it hard enough. Hard work, my father believes, is the essential."

David Rockefeller, Sr., has lived in accordance with his own philosophy. Men are apt to be measured these days in terms of achieving their potentials, and one of Rockefeller's best friends thinks that the most significant aspect of his character is that he has achieved one hundred per cent of his potential. Back in 1941, though, beyond acquiring a modest reputation as an airport trouble-shooter, he had racked up few



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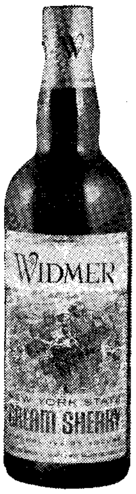

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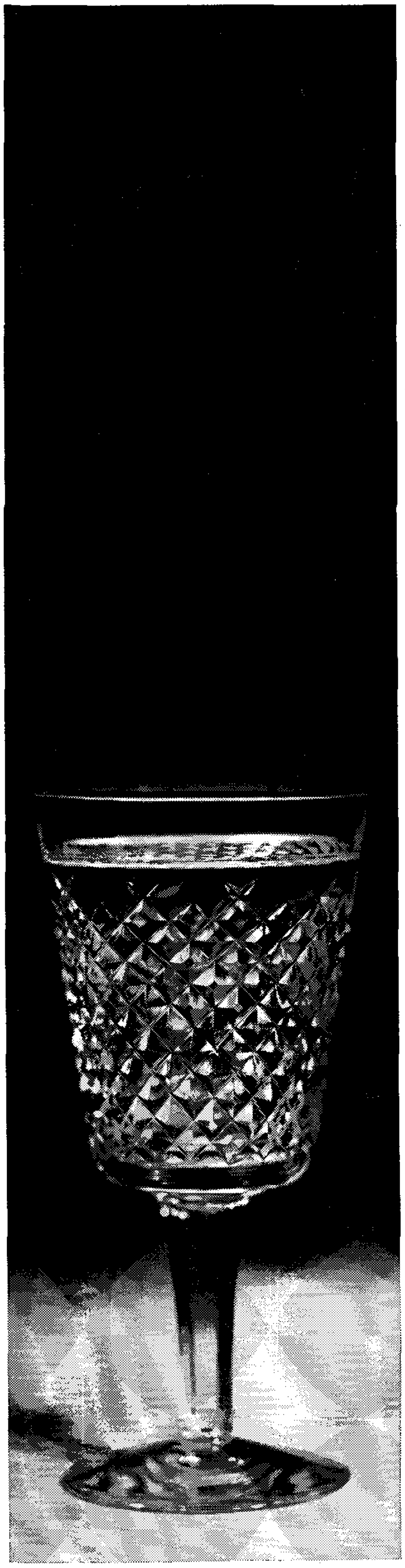

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non-academic achievements, and he had no more charted his future course than his son has today. (He did keep thinking about banking, though; in addition to the time he spent at the Chase's London branch, he put in several weeks one summer at the bank's New York headquarters, assisting the chief resident economist.) The war postponed the need to commit himself. In the fall of 1941, he left the Mayor's office to go to work for Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, who was running the New York outpost of the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services. Rockefeller stayed there until May, 1942, and then enlisted in the Army. His early military experiences duplicated those of many a highly educated private: he toiled as a file clerk on Governors Island for a while, and he looked after a colonel's horse at Miami Beach. Eventually, he attended Officer Candidate School, and in the fall of 1943 he was sent to Algiers as an intelligence officer. He stayed there for eighteen months, and ended up the war in Paris, where he served as an assistant military attaché and developed an appreciation of French cuisine.

Rockefeller food is traditionally dreary. *David* Rockefeller's food is highly rated by those who partake of it, and so are his wines. Adjoining his beetle room at Pocantico Hills is a wine cellar protected by a bank-vault door and by its own temperature-control system. Some of the wines in it are from a Bordeaux vineyard, La Societé Viticole du Château Lascombes, of which he is a shareholder. A co-owner is William A. M. Burden, who is the president of the Modern Museum and a man of means himself, being a Vanderbilt descendant, and who considers the Château Lascombes output a good *deuxième cru*. Burden and Rockefeller now and then exchange gourmet dinners, at which there is much critical sampling of each other's wines. "David's cellar isn't awfully big, but it's well selected," Burden said after one gustatory round. "He's a little stronger in Burgundies than I am, I guess, but I'm probably a little stronger in Bordeaux."

Burden, who has his own capital-investment company, was one of twelve businessmen whom Rockefeller escorted to Germany in May, 1958, for a meeting of the annual Bilderberg Conference (an informal assembly of political and industrial leaders from Atlantic-community nations). On their way to Bonn, Rockefeller's party had to change planes at Paris, and on the day they landed at Orly Airport, out-

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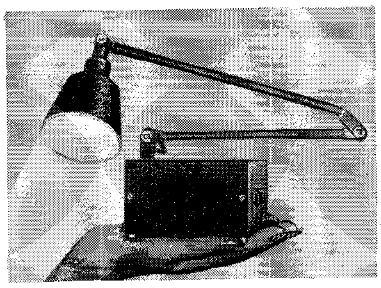

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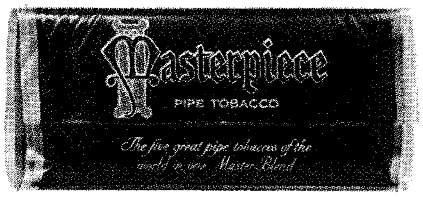
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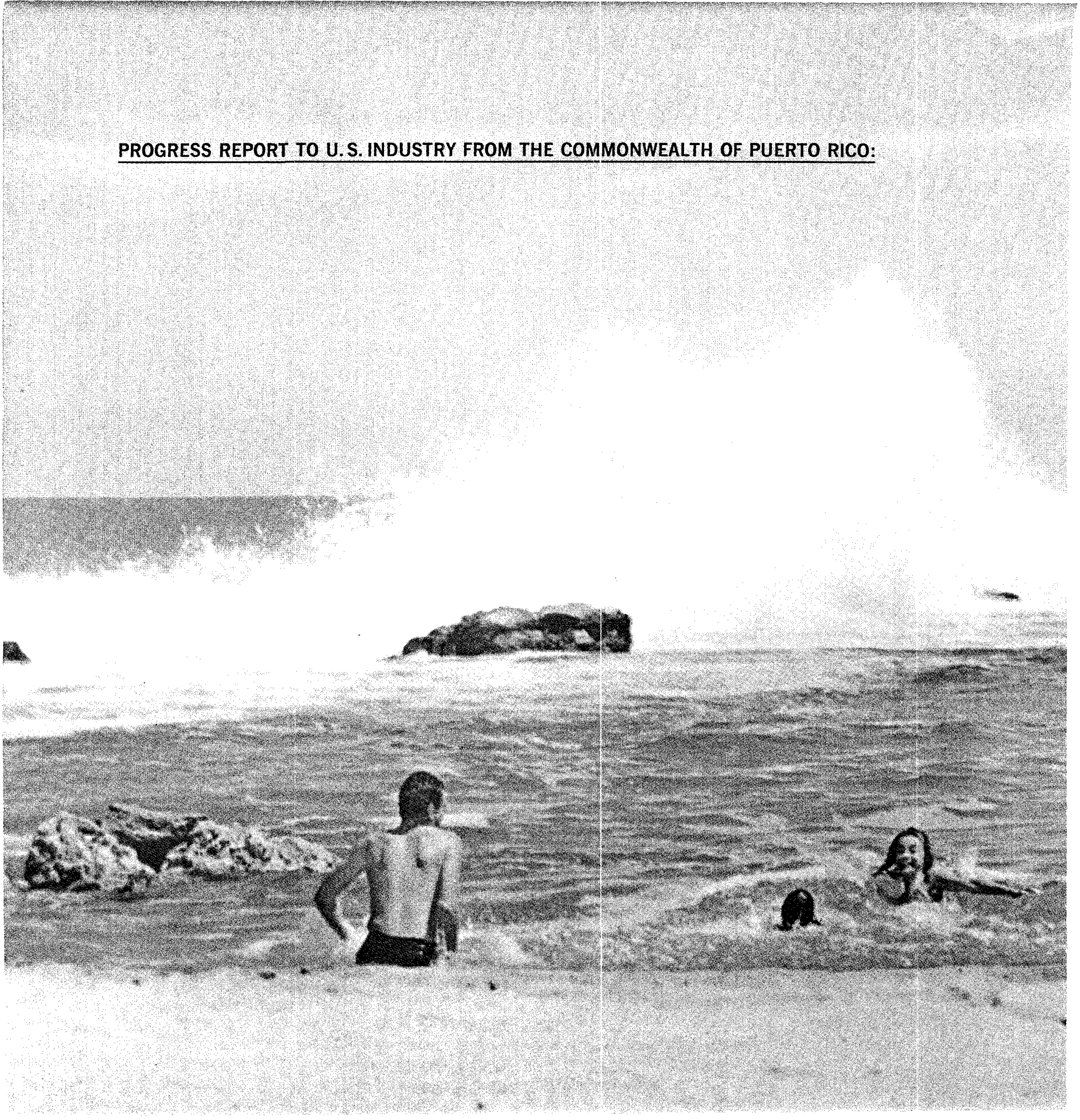
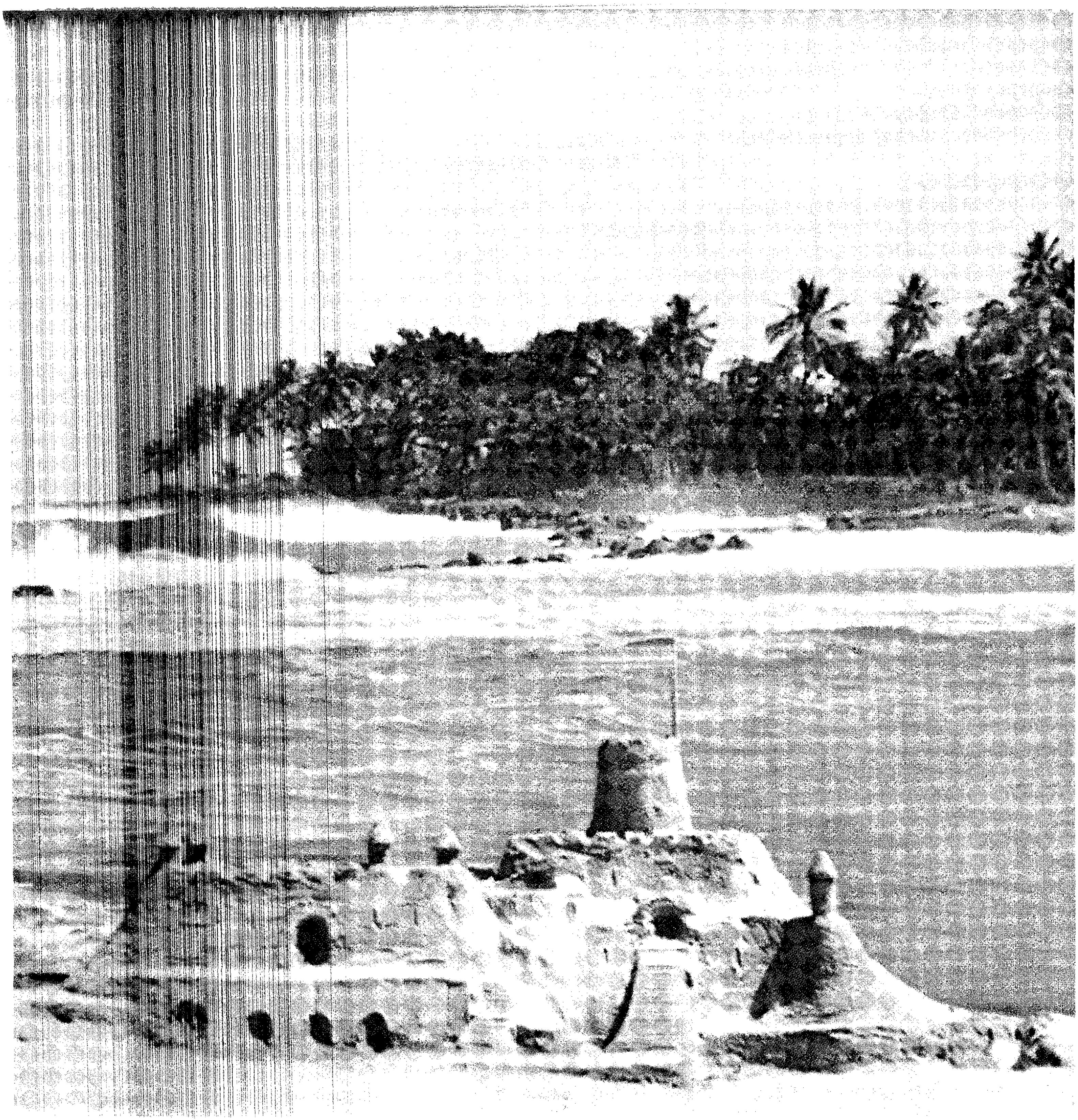


Puerto Rico—now the biggest tourist attraction in the Caribbean

(One reason: glorious beaches like the one you see above—
600 miles of them. For more reasons, read on.)



Sandcastle addicts find plenty of beach to build with in sunny Puerto Rico. Tom Hollyman photograph.

LAST YEAR, Puerto Rico welcomed more visitors than Jamaica, Haiti, Curaçao, Antigua, Grenada, Dominica, Guadeloupe and Barbados *combined.*

Yet there was plenty of room for everyone. You can always find a stretch of beach to yourself on this sunny island.

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In fact, Puerto Rico now has one of the highest rates of industrial expansion in the world—outpacing the entire European Common Market.

Whether you're a vacationer or a businessman—or a bit of both—you will find Puerto Rico has a lot to offer.

See your travel agent. Or send for a free color brochure, "Puerto Rico Invites You." If you are a manufacturer, send for the brochure *and* for a detailed report on productivity. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C5H, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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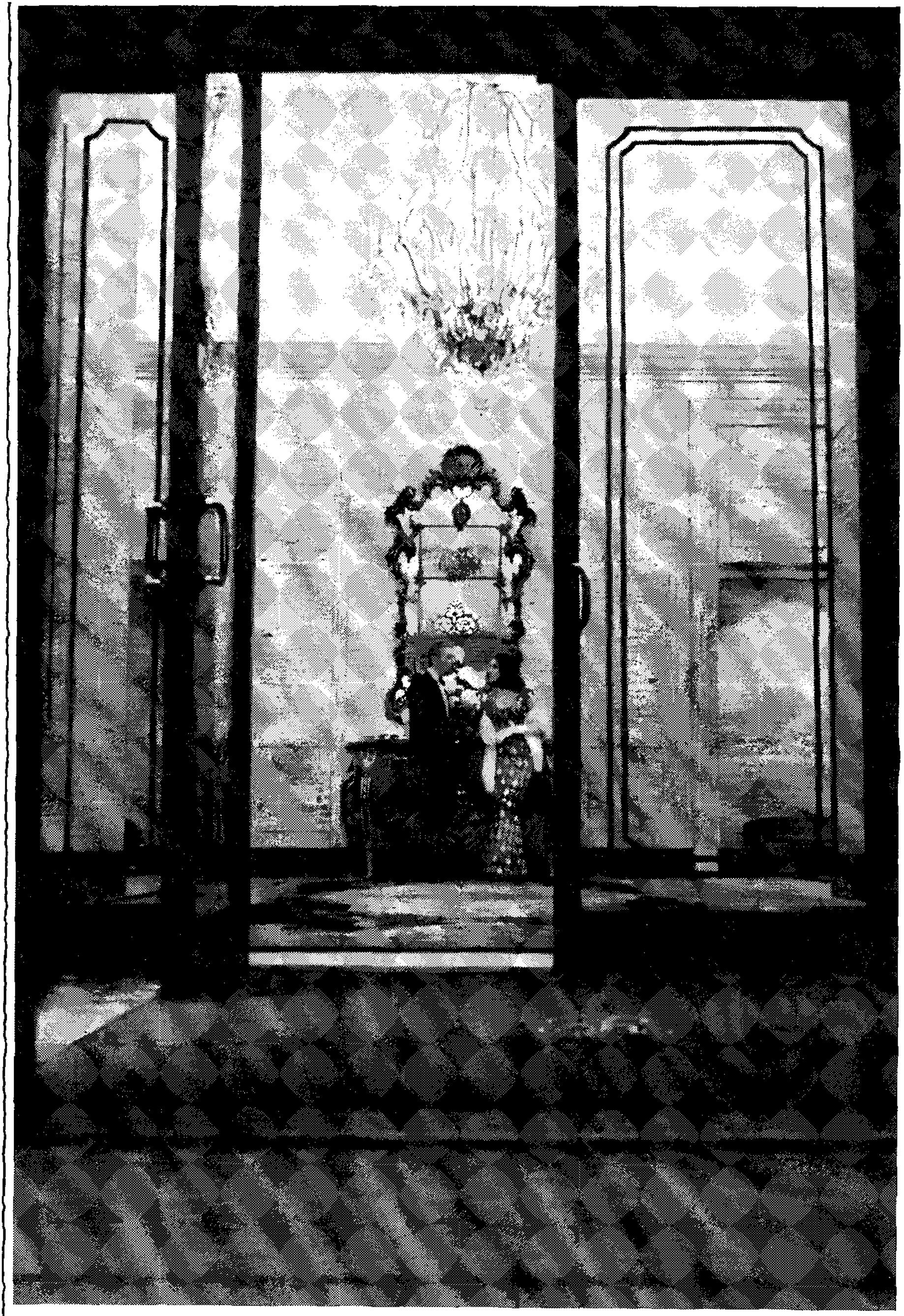
side the city, the Algerian crisis was at its height; it was the day that France was swept with rumors of paratroops dropping from the skies and that General de Gaulle took over the government. Accordingly, there was a good deal of nervousness among the Americans. They had a layover of several hours facing them, but some of them were reluctant to leave the airport; they wanted to be in a position to make the quickest possible getaway. Not so Rockefeller. He had had the Chase Bank manager in Paris arrange a lunch for the group at the Grand Vefour, which is one of Rockefeller's favorite restaurants, and he saw no reason to forgo that treat. Pushing all hands into a couple of cars, he ferried them to the Grand Vefour, passing lines of troops in battle helmets and gendarmes in riot garb en route. At the restaurant, some of his guests were too fidgety to eat, but he himself attacked the feast with gusto. Afterward, finding that there was still an hour to spare, Rockefeller, who hates to see time wasted, dragged the crowd over to the Louvre for what he later described as a pleasant cultural interlude.

After V-J Day, while Rockefeller was still in the Paris military attaché's office, his uncle Winthrop Aldrich arrived in France, told him that the time had come for him to make up his mind about his life, and urged him to join the Chase staff. Rockefeller said he would think it over. The more he thought, the more attractive the idea seemed. He got out of the Army in December of 1945, and the following April he reported for duty at the bank, where, with high efficiency and, according to his own testimony, equally high contentment, he has functioned ever since.

AT about the time Rockefeller joined the bank, he set up a residence for himself at Pocantico Hills. Abeyton Lodge, the large house in which his parents had raised their children, had been torn down after the death of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., when his son moved into Kykuit, the patriarch's even larger mansion. (Nelson Rockefeller now occupies that one.) These buildings occupied a portion of a thirty-five-hundred-acre fenced-in enclosure, which the Rockefellers call the Park. John D. 3rd, Nelson, Laurance, and David now own the Park jointly. David's part of the property—a two-hundred-and-thirty-acre parklet whose broad lawns slope down toward the Hudson River—abuts its western



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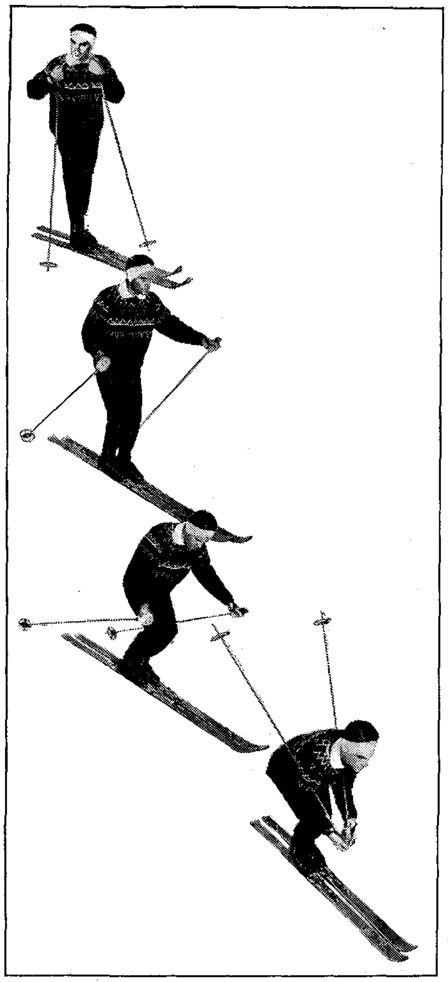

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THE HOMESTEAD
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boundary. The place used to be his sister's. She had begun to build a large red brick Georgian house on it before the war, but while the construction was under way she got divorced, and remarried, and forsook Pocantico Hills. David took over the uncompleted house and finished it. Its setting is agreeably pastoral, with a stable of Rockefeller riding horses nearby, and Rockefeller cattle and sheep grazing on rolling meadows.

The shrubbery and gardens are his wife's special joy. Peggy Rockefeller is a dedicated horticulturist, and has been working for several years on an encyclopedia of American wild flowers. She is a passionate seed-collector; when, on a family outing, her husband takes off in one direction to pounce on beetles, she is likely to take off in another in spirited pursuit of pods and sprouts. Abroad, she is forever nipping and plucking at native trees and bushes. At the close of a normal day in the country, the contents of her purse resemble chicken feed in the literal sense. Fifteen years ago, a trip to a redwood forest in California netted her a handful of choice seeds; at Pocantico Hills today she has a couple of flourishing redwood trees that are taller than she is. In the back yard of the David Rockefellers' town house—a four-story-high, forty-foot-wide red brick building on East Sixty-fifth Street, which he bought in 1948—is a greenhouse that her husband gave her two years ago as a birthday present.

Mrs. Rockefeller has pretty much taken over the supervision of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden at Seal Harbor, which her mother-in-law established in 1927, and which is now a minor tourist attraction. The garden, open to the public one day a week, consists of three meticulously planned and planted acres surrounded by walls of stone and stucco and irrigated by two fifteen-thousand-gallon water tanks. Portions of the walls are topped with yellow tiles that once graced the city walls of old Peking, and the Oriental aspect of the enclosure is enhanced by the presence in or just outside it of a collection of Korean and Chinese statuary. David and Nelson now own the garden jointly. It is part of sixteen hundred acres that the family has retained of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, once much vaster holdings there. Nelson's Seal Harbor home, which was designed for him by Wallace K. Harrison, is an eye-catching contemporary house on a rocky promontory; David's is a relatively modest farmhouse farther inland, alongside a big garage, which

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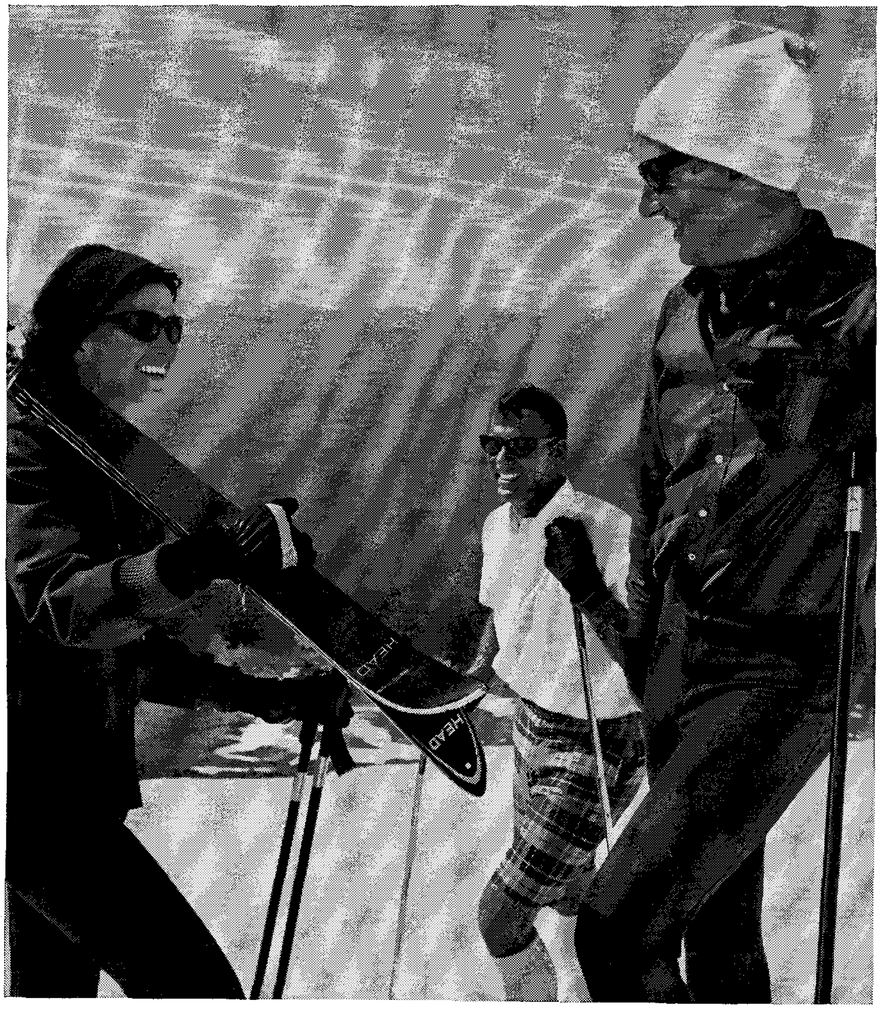
once sheltered his father's automobiles. (Among the vehicles it now shelters is a Model T Ford, in which Peggy Rockefeller likes to chug around the pine-fringed roads.) David and Nelson are also co-proprietors of the community's principal social center, the Harbor Club, which their father put up the same year their mother put in her garden, and which has remained a popular institution despite an unswerving adherence to its founder's stipulation that no liquor be served on its premises.

Mount Desert Island, like many another New England resort area, has been suffering from economic stagnation. Although the year-round population has doubled since 1880, the natives have little to do beyond catering to the summer vacationers, whose season, because of northern Maine's climate, is rather short. (August is *the* month.) The Rockefellers would just as soon spend most of their time relaxing while they're there, like run-of-the-mill vacationers, but they have become imbued with a sense of obligation to the place. Some years back, Nelson took the lead in setting up a Mount Desert Development Corporation, to explore the possibilities of bringing in light industries that could operate on the island the year round. The effort, however, attracted more attention than industries. More recently, David has tried to prime the economic pump. In 1963, he organized a Summer-Year Round Planning Committee, composed of both permanent and seasonal residents, which commissioned a survey of the recreational potentialities of Seal Harbor and its adjoining community, Northeast Harbor. Even without a survey, it was apparent that the two villages lacked up-to-date accommodations for non-home-owning vacationers, so, without waiting for the committee to submit its findings, Rockefeller went into the innkeeping business, joining with twenty-five other summer residents in purchasing the two principal inns. Both of these were somewhat run down, and Rockefeller and his associates have had them spruced up, have imported new managers, and are trying to run them, for a change, at a profit.

Rockefeller is a largely absentee boniface. He gets a chance to spend only three weeks or so a year at Seal Harbor, though it is one of his favorite spots. He likes the summer colony in the vicinity—among the regulars are William A. M. Burden, Walter Lippmann, Thomas K. Finletter, Detlev Bronk, and Nathan M. Pusey—and he especially likes the sailing. He and



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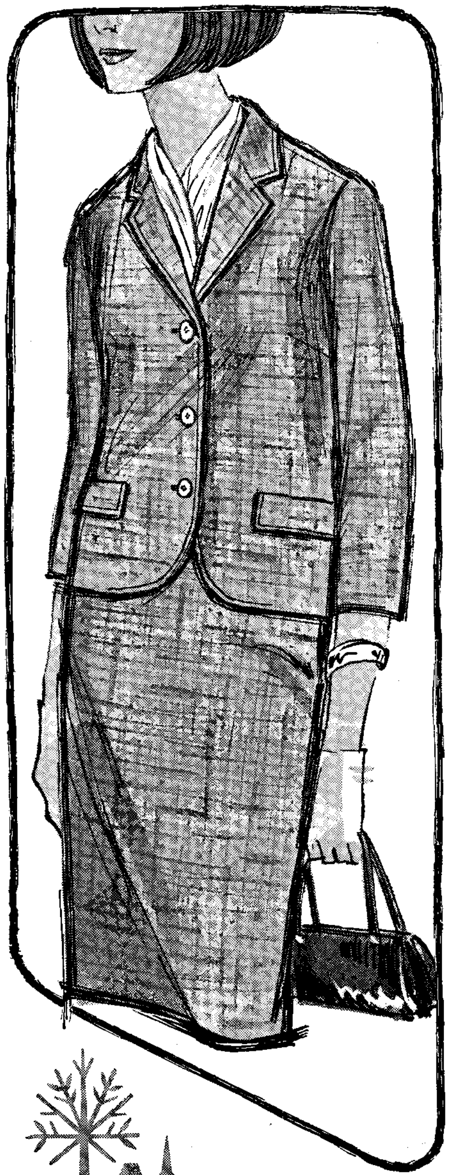

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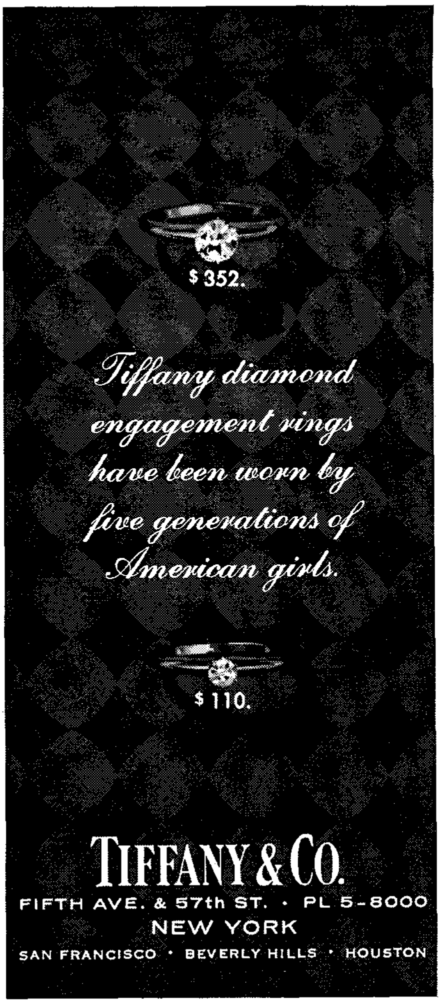
his brother Nelson are co-owners of Seal Harbor's biggest dock and boathouse, one end of which Nelson has converted into an art gallery. David doesn't have any single craft there as substantial as a Navy patrol vessel that Nelson converted into a yacht, but he has a respectable fleet of sailing and power vessels. His favorite is the newest one, a sleek forty-foot Fiberglas Bermuda-40 yawl, which, in keeping with his ambition to fortify the local economy, he had built at a shipyard in nearby Southwest Harbor. He is an expert sailor, and friends of his who have been out with him in heavy seas have admiring yarns of his coolness and imperturbability at the helm. His wife and children share both his enthusiasm and his expertise; this past summer David, Jr., served on the crew of the America's Cup contender Nefertiti.

Until a year ago, David, Sr., was also co-owner—this time with his brothers Nelson and Laurance—of a ninety-five-foot ketch, called Wayfarer, which the three Rockefeller brothers had built in Germany in 1957, at a cost of close to a quarter of a million dollars. After bringing it across the Atlantic, they found it somewhat impractical and based it in the Caribbean, hoping to make it earn some of its formidable keep by chartering it out, at twenty-five hundred dollars a week. They did get some customers, but even so the boat, which required a permanent staff of a captain and five crewmen, struck them as an extravagance, and last year, when a Canadian syndicate offered to purchase it, they gratefully accepted. In retrospect, the Rockefellers realize that none of them had had much fun with it. Since David and Peggy like to handle their boats themselves, it made them restive to be mere passengers. Nevertheless, they think well of Wayfarer, because one cruise they took aboard it had a happy aftermath. Most of the yacht's crew came from the French West Indies island of St. Barthélemy, commonly known as St. Bart's. It is a small island, only nine and a half square miles in area, with twenty-two hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom are descended from Norman colonists. The Rockefellers sailed into St. Bart's harbor one day in 1957 and became enchanted with the island. It was remote, quiet, crime-free, and tax-free, and it had goats the size of cats. Rockefeller bought a parcel of it later that year, and asked his cousin Nelson Aldrich, a Boston architect, to design an island house for him. Aldrich's conception, an agglomeration of parabolic curves, was mainly executed out of lo-



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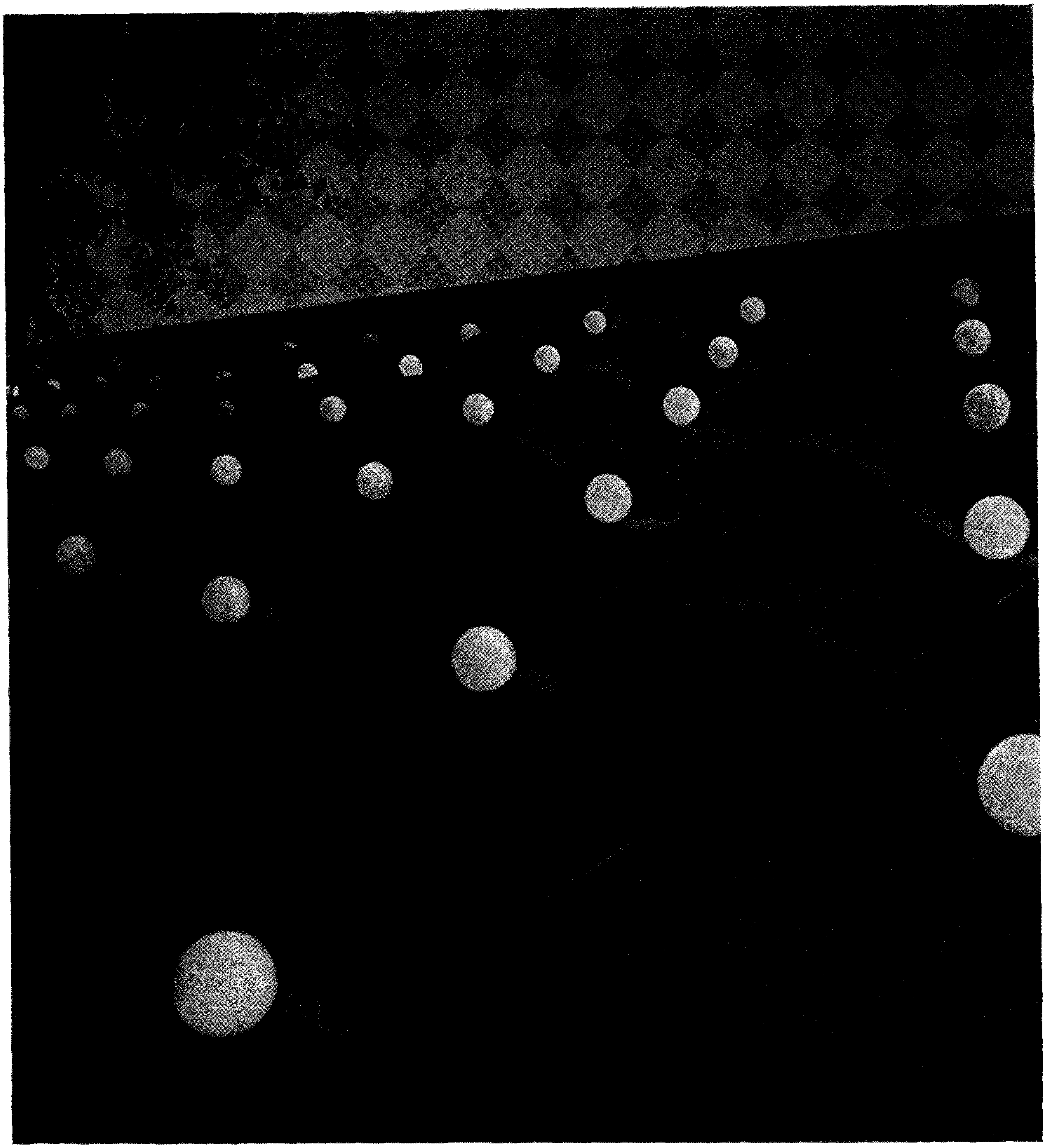

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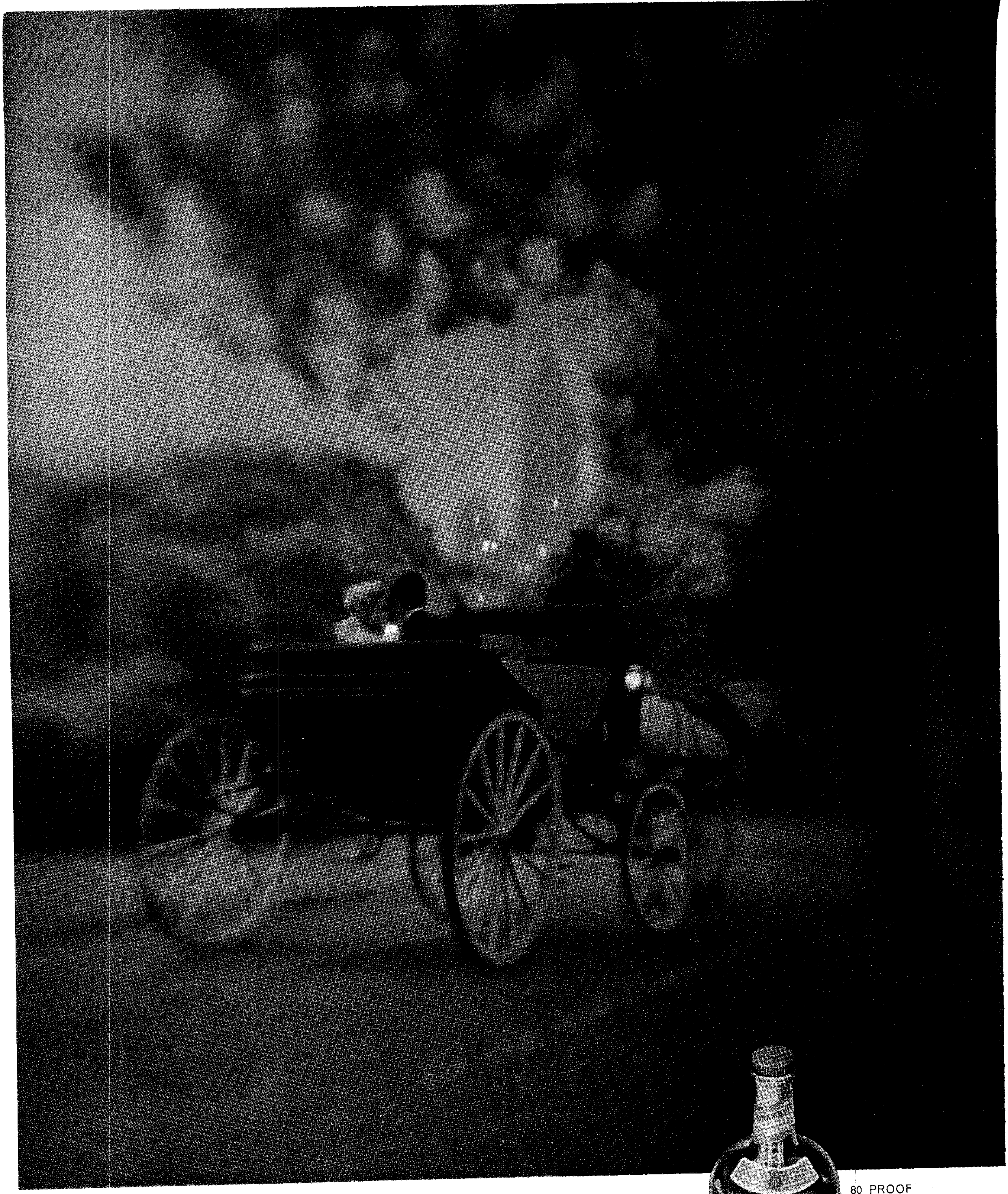

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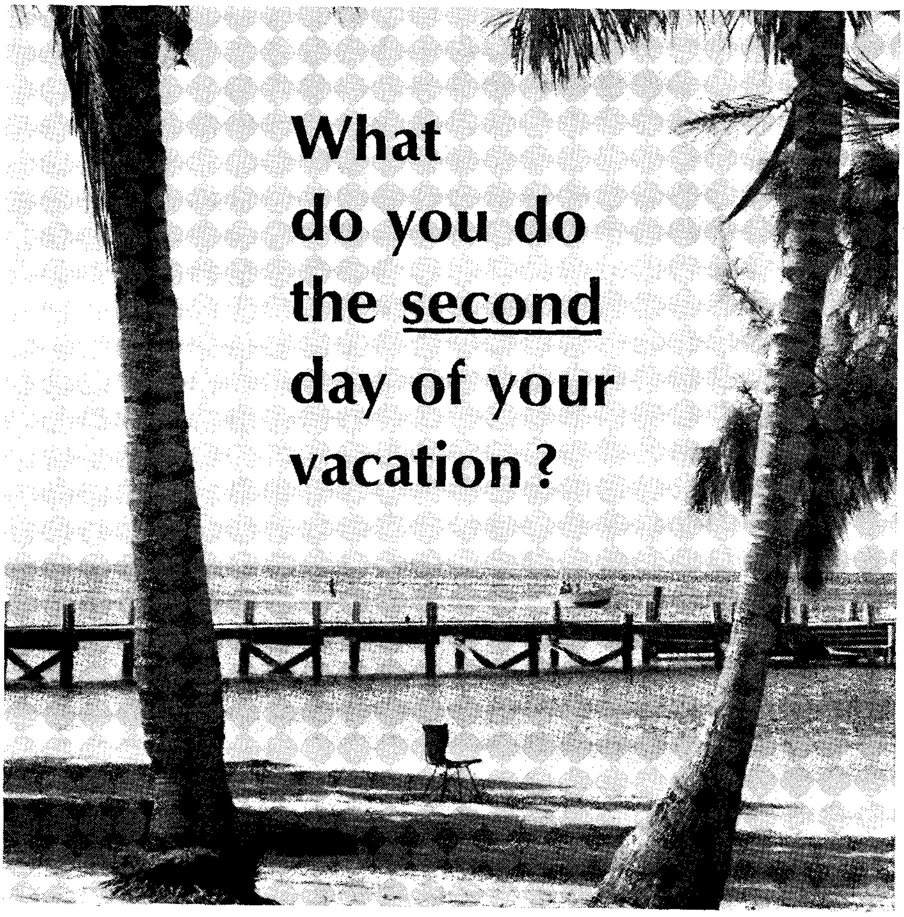
cal volcanic rock. While it was slowly taking shape—it wasn't finished until 1962—its construction occupied nearly the whole of the island's available labor force. Mrs. Rockefeller took charge of the landscaping. There wasn't much in the way of indigenous growth for her to work with, but by liberally strewing about seeds she had accumulated in, among other areas, the Philippines, Venezuela, Japan, Puerto Rico, Hong Kong, South Africa, California, and Pakistan, she produced greenery of a notably international scope. Seagulls had been about the only birds known on St. Bart's; now birds of all kinds are flying in to avail themselves of the nesting places that Mrs. Rockefeller has hospitably provided. The Rockefellers themselves fly in once or twice a year.

Lately, Rockefeller has found an excuse beyond mere pleasure for visiting the region. With his brother Laurance, he has invested in a sizable residential development on St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands, only a hundred miles west of St. Bart's. It is a reflection of David Rockefeller's global outlook that he has personal investments—separate from the bank's own far-ranging interests—all over the earth. He owns part of a cattle ranch in Brazil and part of a sheep ranch in Western Australia. He recently became the principal organizer of a group that hopes to bring into being a huge air-cargo-handling installation adjoining the San Francisco International Airport, and, also at his instigation, another group is looking into the matter of constructing motion-picture theatres in Nigeria. During the last couple of years, he has given considerable thought to the possibility of his sharing, along with our Agency for International Development and local authorities, in the establishment of a brand-new community, fusing agriculture and industry, in the Philippines. While he always hopes, as a capitalist by inclination as well as by inheritance, that such enterprises will prove profitable, he gets involved in them out of a desire, if not a compulsion, to elevate the economic tone of the world. It is his good fortune, as he sees it, to *have* the kind of fortune that makes this sort of missionary work possible. "Being a Rockefeller has its drawbacks, but I've never known David to be fussed by it," his wife said not long ago. "In fact, I think that he enjoys it."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Rockefeller.*)



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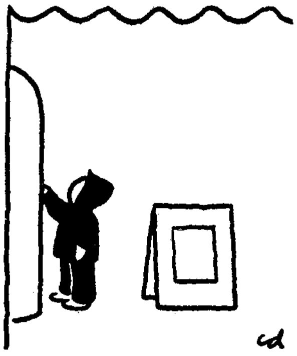
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fragments

OUR local movie distributors appear to believe that the way to keep us all on our moviegoing toes is to subject us to wholly irrational cycles of feast and famine; for example, they seem to see something therapeutic in tempting us with ten or fifteen new movies in the week between Christmas and New Year's and with hardly any the week after. This year, the post-holiday dearth has been so extreme that I find myself with but two movies to appraise—a so-so documentary called "The Guns of August" and an anything-but-ho-ho comedy called "Sex and the Single Girl." The former work, pieced together by Nathan Kroll, sets out honorably enough to serve as a pictorial counterpart of Barbara Tuchman's best-seller of the same name but is almost instantly obliged to abandon this ambitious goal in favor of becoming still another poignant but unsurprising scrapbook of flickering newsreel shots of the First World War. Mrs. Tuchman's book, which lucidly sketched the opening movements of the war, had a thesis (certain unnecessary errors led to certain necessary results), and a thesis, under the best of circumstances, is a lot harder to illustrate than a mere chronicle. Moreover, even a chronicle of the First World War would *have* been difficult to do justice to on the screen, the amount of film in the archives of the nations that fought in that war being nothing like as voluminous as the amount of paper. In those days, movie cameras were technically crude and awkward to handle, and film was unreliable; with luck, one could capture aspects of the formal face of war—the parades, the railway-station farewells, the statesmen posed like cheeky schoolboys on the steps of palaces—but the innumerable daily sordid deeds of life and death in the ranks were almost sure to escape being recorded. The early movie cameramen also struggled with a second problem, which had nothing to do with technology and which only time would resolve: movies were a novelty, and to have one's picture taken for them made the most august figures and soldiers under terrible strain behave like the usual victims of home movies to this day—that is, they grinned, waved, made faces, and otherwise did their self-conscious best to betray the genuineness of the experience they were undergoing. (By the Second World War, *movie* cameras were as much a commonplace among the armed forces as rifles and helmets. Some of our admirals and generals were so natural on camera that they put professionals to shame; their war careers became, in effect, screen careers as well. What we assume are substantial recollections of a general like MacArthur nearly always turn out, on examination, to be based on old movie shots of him.)



Mr. Kroll has called his picture "The Guns of August," but it encompasses a great deal more than the title indicates, ranging in time from the celebrated film clips of the funeral of Edward VII, in 1910, to the end of the war, in November, 1918, and if one is content to judge it as a scrapbook and not as a serious study of a great event, there are many attractive discoveries to be made along the way. For the past in pictures is irresistible; it is simultaneously true and false, the buildings and streets and trees and rivers remaining what they were, yet all bathed in a light of innocence and youth that is entirely our invention. The Paris and London and Brussels and New York of fifty years ago shine here with an outrageous goodness. I see a girl in a hobble skirt picking her way along a boulevard and cannot help but feel she has the heart of an angel; even the Kaiser, surely as well hated in his time as Hitler, is reduced to a posturing, perhaps not unlovable cadet. Time lies, and we embrace the lie.

"SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL" is nearly as bad a movie as the title might lead you to expect, and your hopes would have little reason to rise on learning that it stars Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood. For most of its length, it's a series of ill-written and ill-timed gags on the subject of making love; most of the gags belong to Mr. Curtis and Miss Wood, who are unattached and

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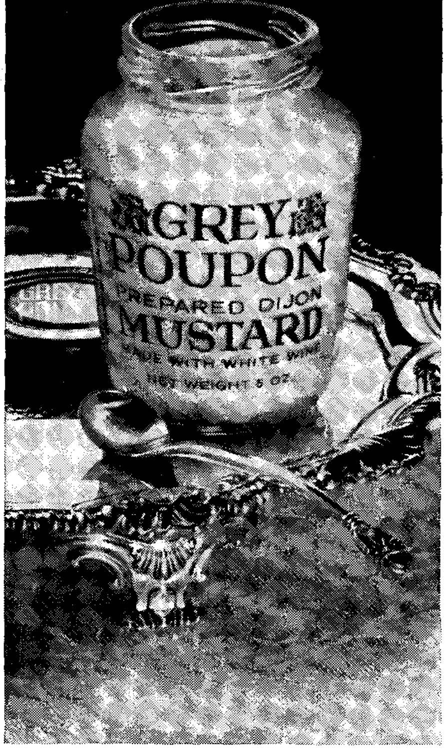

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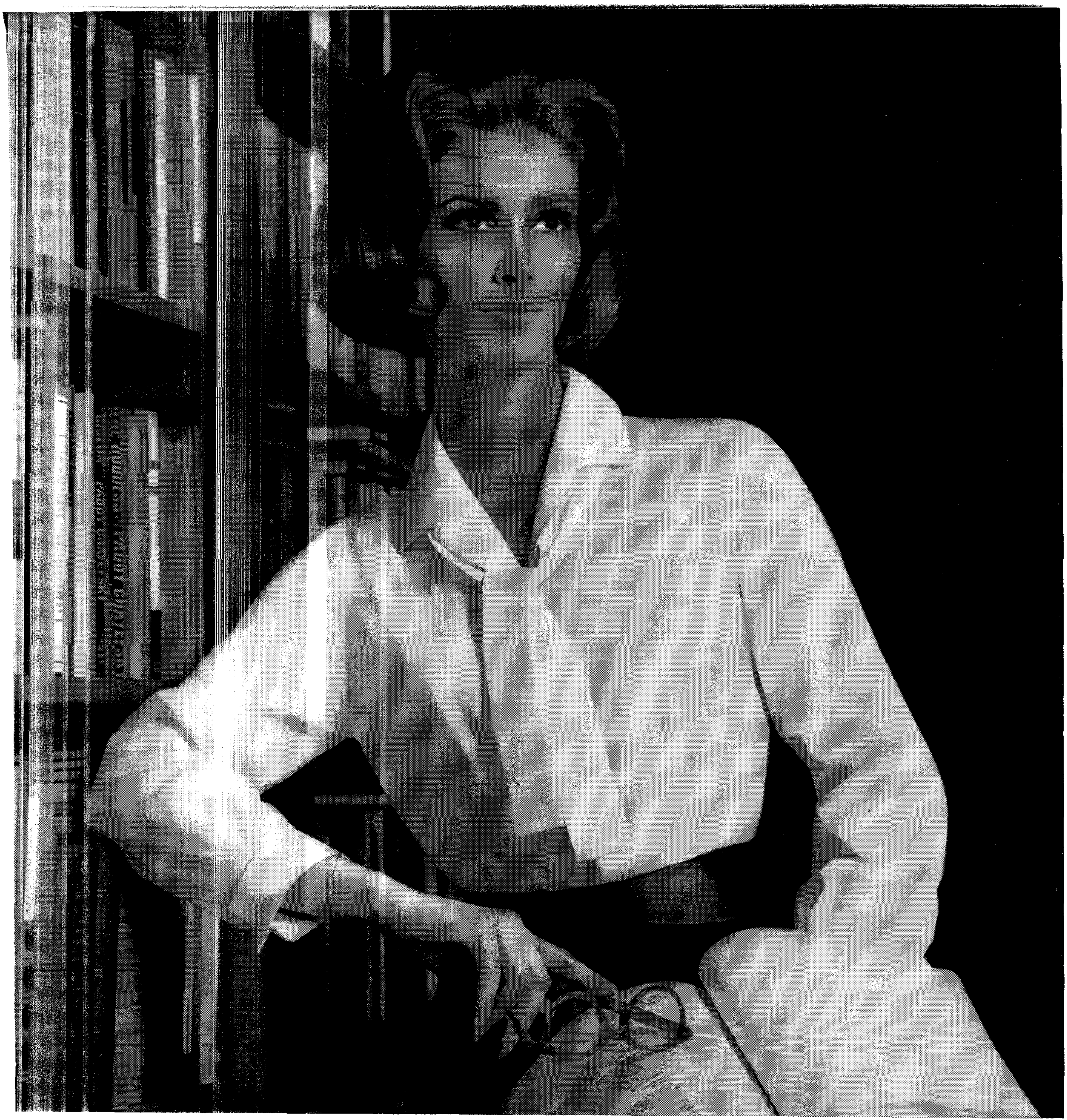

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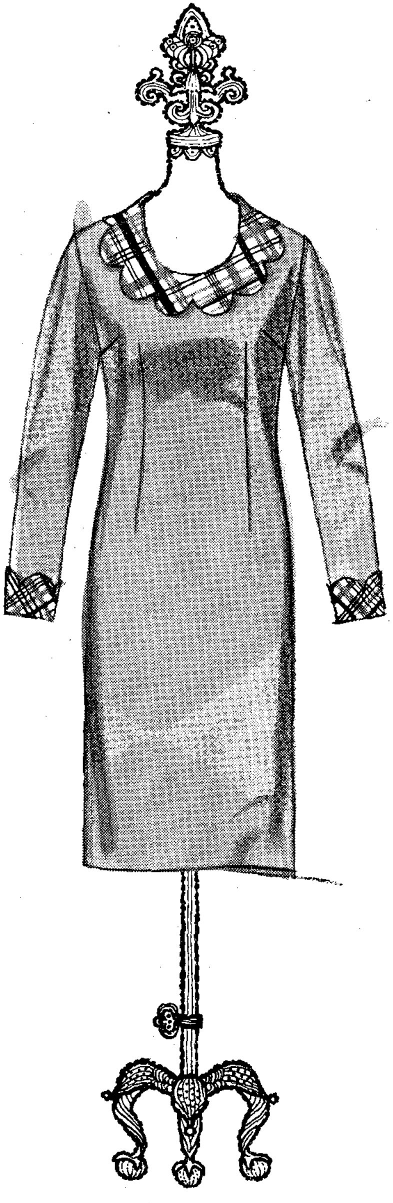

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really want to make love, and the rest belong to Lauren Bacall and Henry Fonda, who are married and really *don't* want to make love. Tasteless and tiresome as the picture is, I can recommend its weird and funny climax, which consists of a frantic parody of a classic chase scene on the Los Angeles Freeway. Some of the noble madness of "Dr. Strangelove" suddenly and unexpectedly dominates the screen, and the result is well worth seeing. Still, I warn you—ten wonderful minutes out of a total of a hundred and fifty-four. Arrive and depart on a split-second schedule. —BRENDAN GILL

•

To commemorate the birthday of Thomas Edison on February 8th, use the following game:

ALL ELECTRIC.—Slips are prepared, one for each guest, on each of which is written the name of an electrical appliance, a different one for each slip. A sample list of appliances follows: curling irons, shaver, vacuum cleaner, toaster, door chimes, mixer, mangle, fan, percolator, washer, bottle warmer, electric blanket, hair drier, heat lamp, refrigerator, television set and clock.

Each person draws a slip, keeping the article on it a secret. Paper and pencils are distributed. Then all form a double circle, the two in each couple facing each other.

At a signal, all begin performing at once, each trying to show his partner what is on his slip. Thus the girl who has drawn "door chimes," begin to chime, etc.

At the end of ten seconds, the bell rings again, and each person jots down his partner's name and against it the name of the electrical appliance she might possibly have been dramatizing. Then those on the outside circle move one place to the left, and all begin again, each performing before a new partner.

Thus they progress, until the outer circle has returned to the starting point. The lists are then handed in for grading, and the persons with the longest complete list receives some suitable prize.—*From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Pennsylvania Grange News.*

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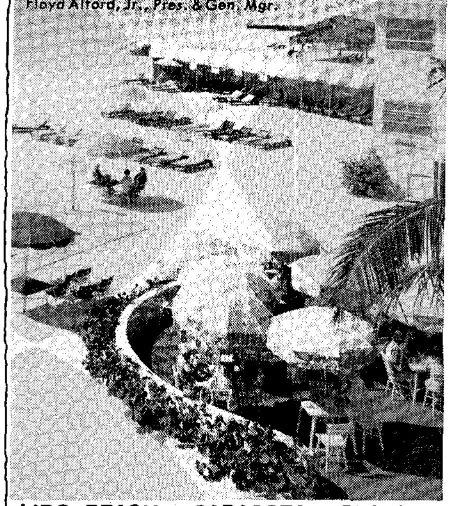

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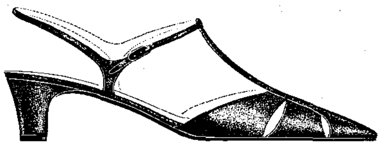

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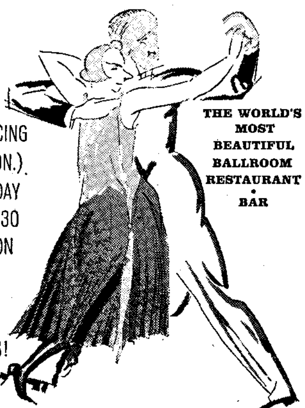

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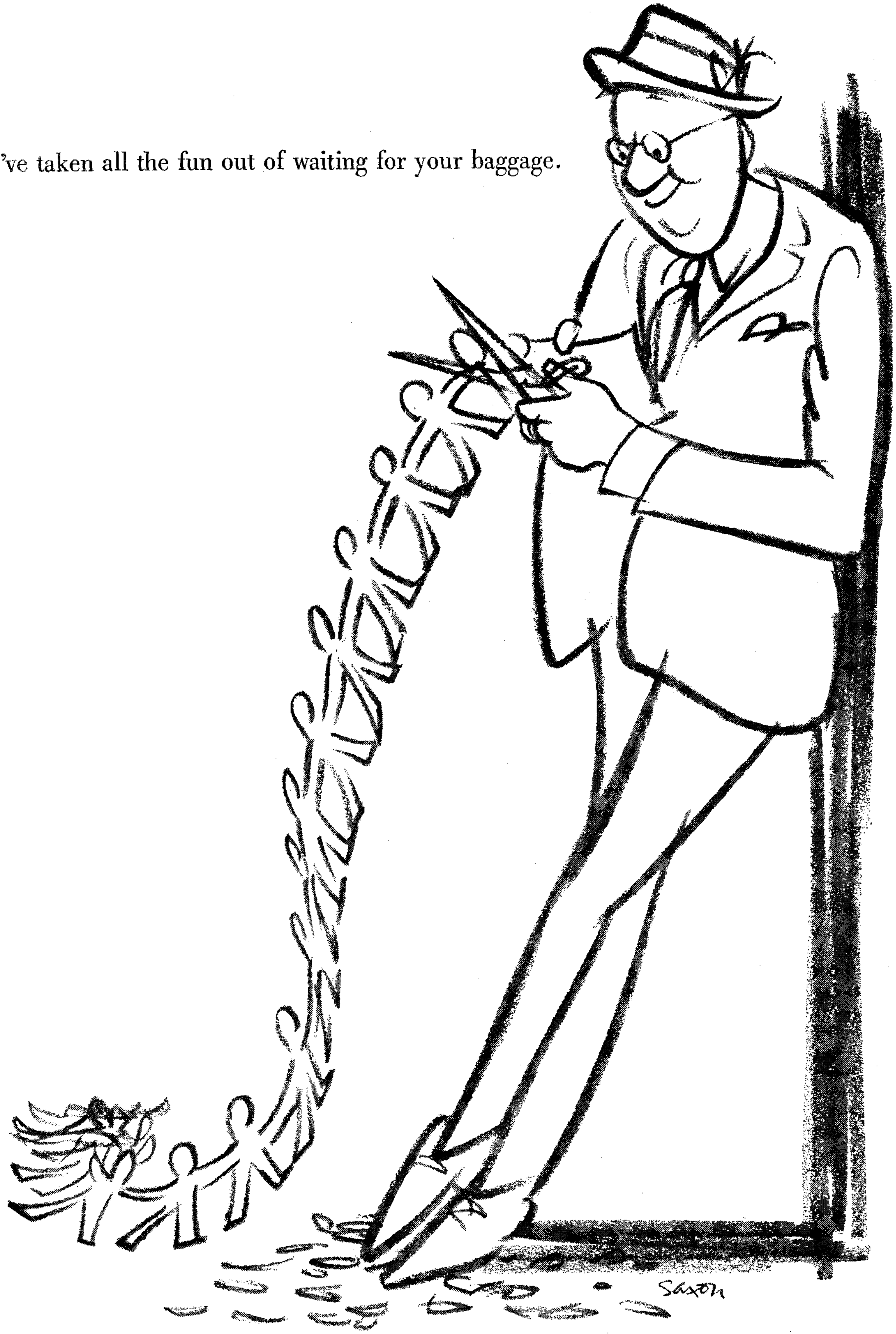

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

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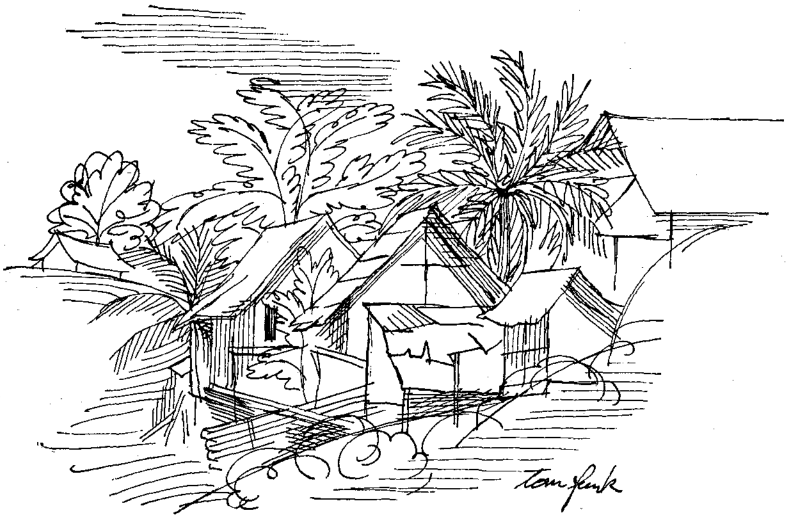

IN the unstable climate of Southeast Asia, the chronic instability of Laos has by now become so thoroughly accepted that, in contrast with its chaotic neighbor South Vietnam, the kingdom seems almost peaceful and orderly. Actually, it is neither, but to the Western observer familiar with the repeated South Vietnamese crises the Laotian military and political skirmishing of the last several years has looked a lot like the exaggerated swordplay and gesturing of masked warriors in traditional Chinese opera. Almost everyone in the country's backwater capital, Vientiane, which I visited recently, agrees that what ultimately happens to Laos hangs on the outcome of the turbulent events across the Vietnamese border—events in which Laos continues to play a vital role by serving as a funnel for Communist supplies and troops sent through the jungles and mountains to the Vietcong guerrillas in the south. Laos, of course, has been the source of much international debate in its own right; in fact, it is doubtful whether the future of any other small section of the globe has occupied so many nations so much of the time during the past decade with such inconclusive results. Nevertheless, these attempts to resolve the stalemate among Laotian neutralist, Communist, and rightist factions may yet pay off in larger diplomatic terms. Last summer, representatives of the three groups got together in Paris for talks in the hope of ending once and for all the sporadic fighting between government troops and those of the Communist Pathet Lao and of reëstablishing the coalition government that collapsed in 1963. The talks are still continuing, in a desultory fashion, but their ultimate aim—the convening of another multi-power conference on Southeast Asia, such as the conferences that took place at Geneva in 1954 and 1962—may yet be realized, and Laos may yet become the catalyst in determining the future of all the former Indo-China states, including North and South Vietnam and Cambodia as well as Laos itself. The proponents of such a conference—who include such disparate figures as President Charles de Gaulle of France, Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, and the leaders of Communist China—all favor the rapid neutralization of Southeast Asia. The Americans, though they are opposed to any big new meeting as long as they feel there is any chance of substantially improving the situation in South Vietnam, are gradually coming to believe that some broad formula for area-wide neutralization is about the best they can hope for. The co-sponsors of the 1962 Geneva agreement—the Russians, who would like to contain the Chinese, and the British, who have their hands full trying to stabilize and defend the new Federation of Malaysia—are not unwilling to consider making another such effort. Ultimately, therefore, a third big conference seems bound to take place; the question is: How and when? Too much of a delay could prove disastrous for Laos. For one thing, American and Laotian bombing of Vietcong supply lines through Laos, which is reported to have begun in recent weeks, could provoke Communist counterattacks on Laotian soil. And if Communist troops should ever reach the Mekong River, which separates Laos and Thailand, the Thais and Americans would, in their turn, probably be forced to counterattack.

For the present, Laos remains, as it has ever since it was accorded international recognition as a nation in 1950, the most artificial entity in Southeast Asia. During my stay there, I found that people in the government, though weary of their country's anomalous role as a kind of non-nation and international pawn, had become quite fatalistic about the whole thing. This attitude has produced an odd vacuum in Vientiane; it seemed that almost nothing had changed in the two years since I had last been there, and I felt that I had come back to visit a region somewhere in space. The sense of unreality and frustration was increased both by a divisive political situation, which many people feel may result in the eventual partition of the country, and by the indecisive military maneuvering that goes on regularly on and around the Plaine des Jarres, a strategic plateau north of the capital which is held almost completely by the forces of the Pathet Lao. Strangely, in a part of the world where guerrilla warfare is the predominant mode of fighting, and has been brought to a high point of development by the Vietnamese Communists, the battles—if one can describe them as such—that have taken place in Laos have largely been fought along conventional lines, most frequently for the control of a few major roads or for the ridges that command them. The action has usually been initiated by Pathet Lao contingents of battalion size or less, led by North Vietnamese officers and using North Vietnamese weapons, including some artillery. The government troops have been supplied by the Americans with weapons that include a few tanks and planes. Each outburst of fighting has invariably ended quickly with the retreat of one side or the other. The government retains control of the most populous part of the country, including the strategic Mekong River Valley, and while the Communists claim about two-thirds of it geographically, most of the territory they ostensibly control is actually mountainous no man's land where the sparse villages are visited only occasionally by local guerrillas rather than Pathet Lao regulars or Communist officials. By the same token, government troops seldom venture out of their headquarters in the towns, and if they do occupy a village area, to offset a real or imagined Pathet Lao threat, they simply sit tight there for a while and then move back to town. Consequently, most of the Lao are not only almost totally ignorant of the

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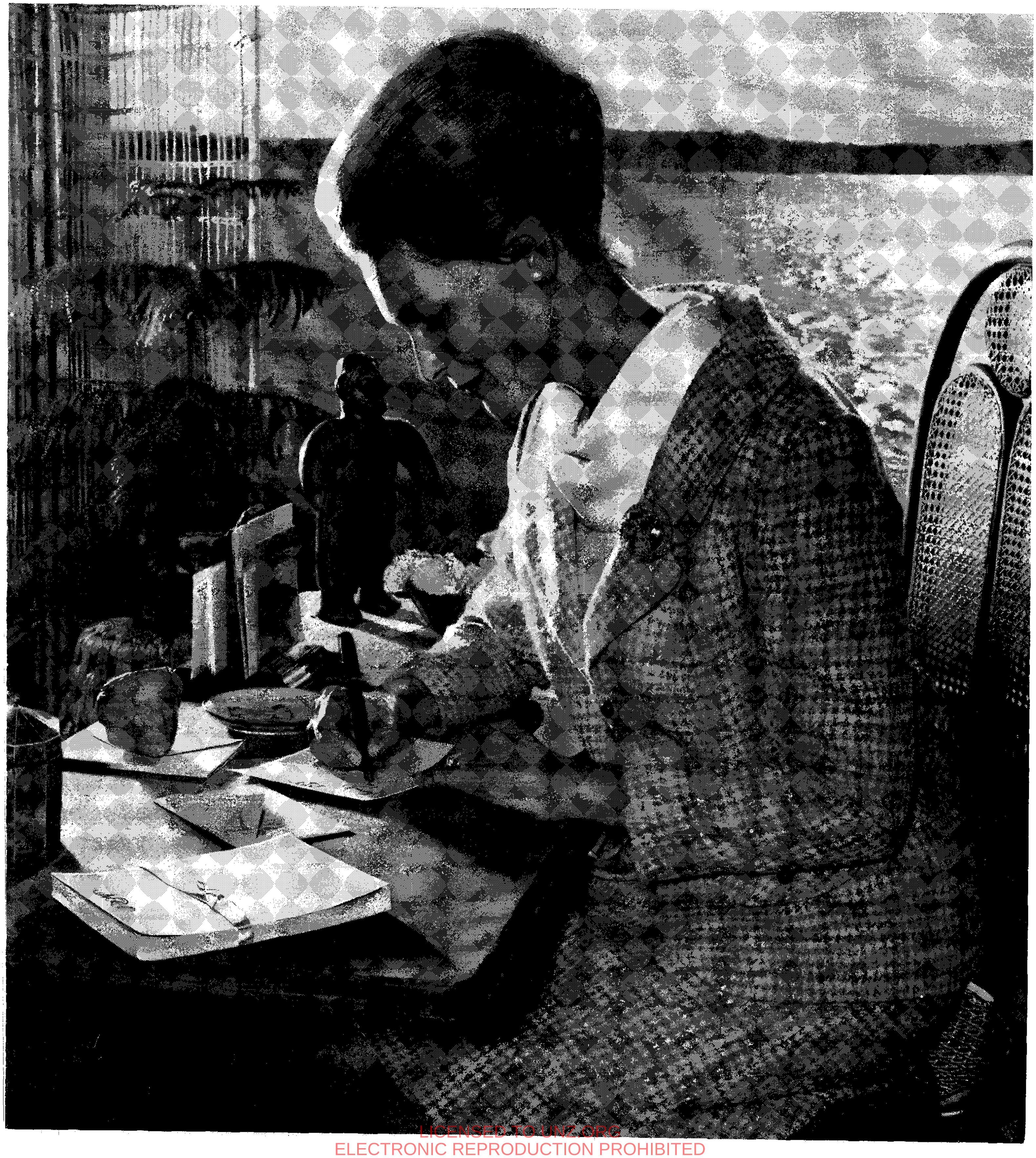

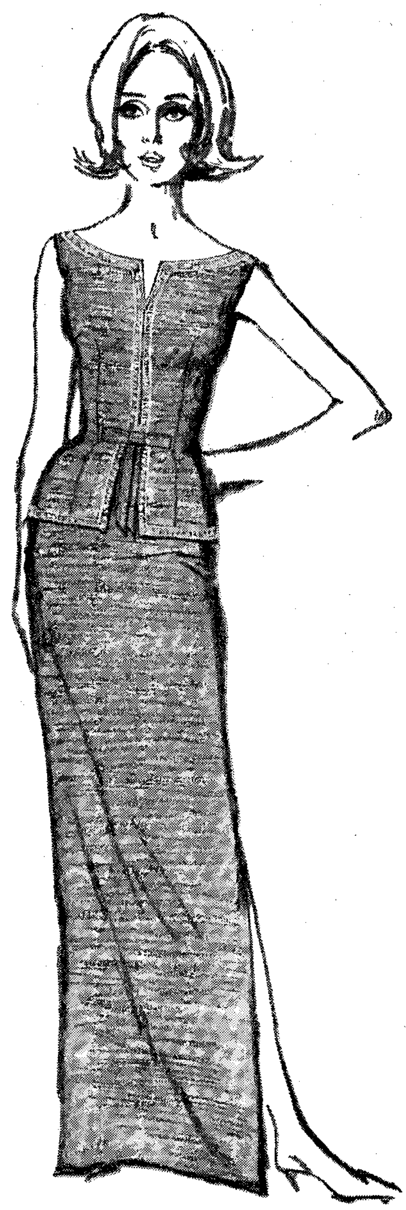

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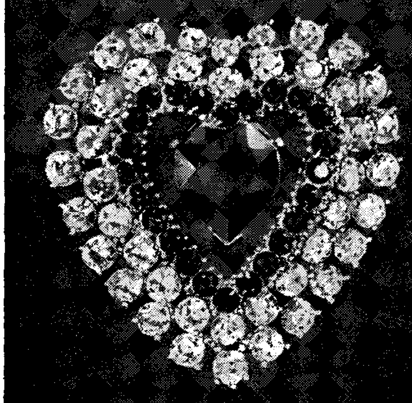
larger political forces swirling around them but have hardly been touched by the war. Indeed, except for the city dwellers, the inhabitants of Laos, who number nearly three million, are hardly aware of the nation's three contending elements, or of the three men heading them—the neutralist Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma; his leftist half brother Prince Souphanouvong; and the rightist Vice-Premier, General Phoumi Nosavan. King Savang Vatthana, whose royal residence is in the northern city of Luang Prabang, a far neater and more attractive place than Vientiane, is revered as a symbol by many, but there are various tribal groups in the hills who don't know who or what he is, either.

THE isolated, if not insulated, life of the rural Lao became fully apparent to me during a trip I took through Borikhane Province, just east of Vientiane. The province, a stretch of about three thousand square miles occupied by a mere thirty thousand people, is divided into five *muongs*, or counties, which together contain seventeen *tassengs*, or districts, and a hundred and fifty-nine *bans*, or major villages. A tenth of the people live in the provincial capital of Paksane, which lies at the confluence of the Mekong River and the Nam Sane, on the border between Laos and Thailand. Paksane, whose citizens derive all their income from fishing and from a sawmill that supplies Vientiane with most of its lumber, is made up mostly of huts; the town has only one small electric plant and no water system. Eighty per cent of Paksane's food—mostly rice and vegetables—is brought across the river from Thailand by boat. Once a week, a large riverboat, carrying heavier supplies, stops off en route from Vientiane to towns farther south on the Mekong, and when the road to the west is not too muddy and none of the bridges are washed out, two ramshackle buses a day run bumpily back and forth to the capital. There are a few subsidiary roads in Borikhane, but they are impassable much of the time, and communication with the interior of the province is effected chiefly by small motorboats travelling along the Nam Sane and its tributaries.

At the time I was in Borikhane, there had just been a series of flash floods in its northeastern section, where the Nam Mo, swollen by monsoon rains, had poured out of the hills to inundate a number of villages. Several hundred people had been forced to



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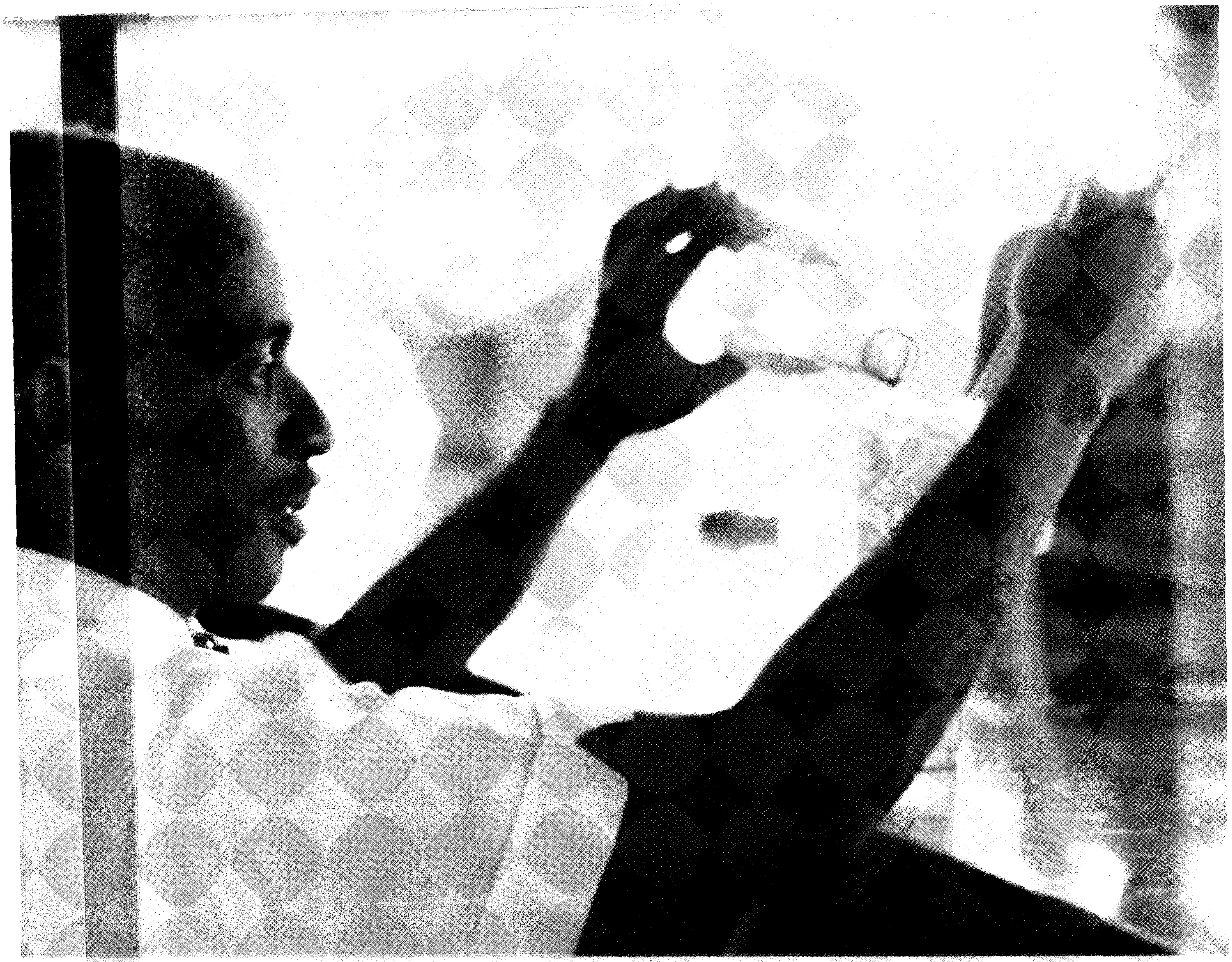

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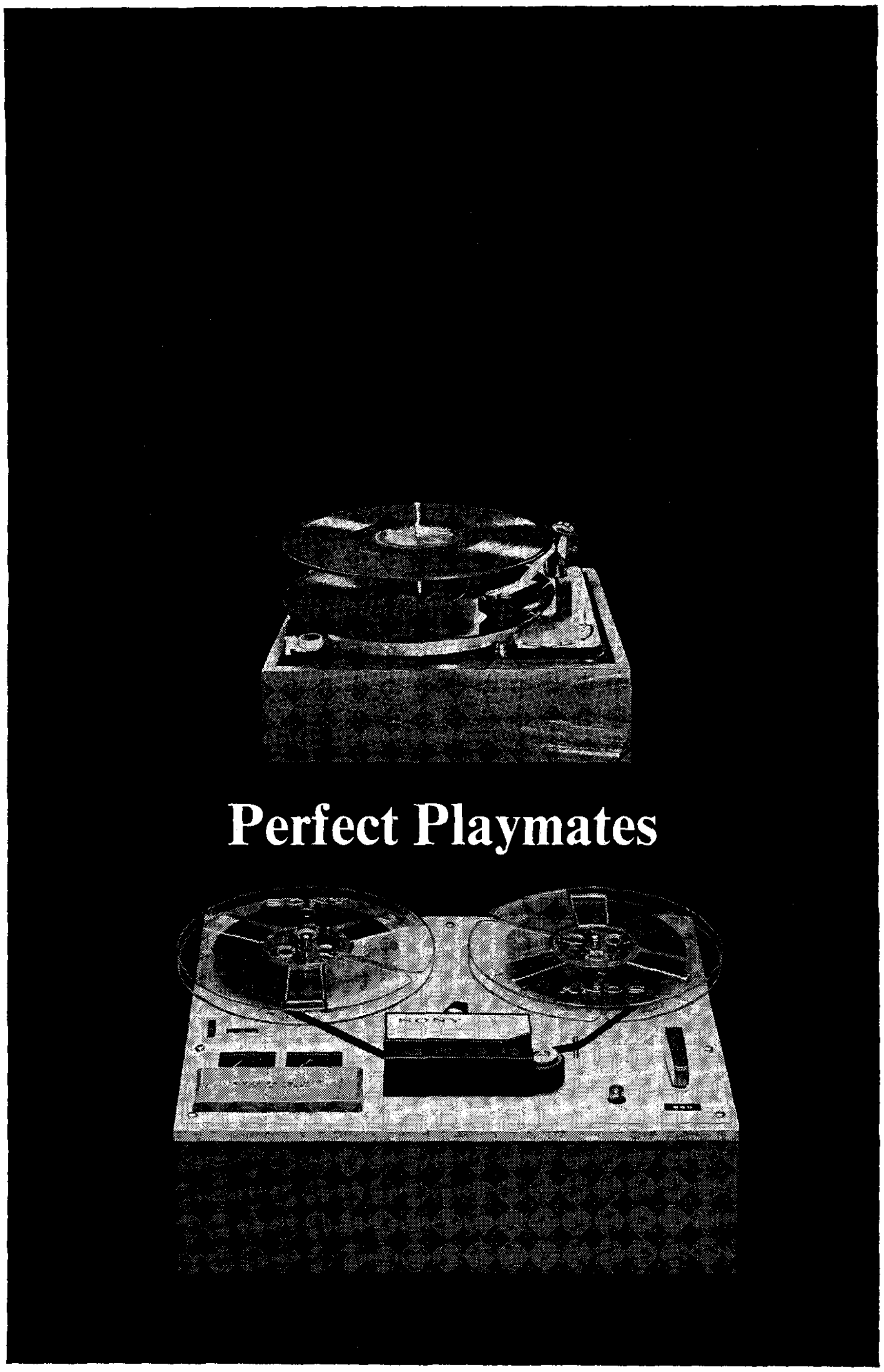
leave their homes, and their stored supplies of rice had been destroyed. The American economic-aid administration in Laos had bags of rice and wheat to deliver to the stricken villagers, and a sociologist from Brooklyn named Russell J. Bilinski, who is in charge of the aid program locally, invited me to fly with him from Paksane to the flooded area in an American Army helicopter temporarily assigned to the Laotian forces for this purpose. A third member of the party was Lieutenant Colonel Karp Peo, a lively young Laotian officer who had a battalion of men stationed temporarily in Muong Mo, one of the flooded villages; he wanted to find out how bad the disaster was and also to take a payroll up to his troops, who had been sent to occupy the area after some recent Pathet Lao infiltration. To reach Muong Mo, we flew over a series of razorback ridges, along some of which we saw the huts of Meo tribesmen, who like to live in high, wild spots where the hunting is good. In long, verdant valleys between the ridges there were a few villages, but on the whole it was easy to see how empty Laos really is and how effectually the jungle and mountains serve to cut off most of its widely scattered people from civilization, and, for that matter, from each other.

Muong Mo consisted of perhaps two score houses in a grove of orange and coconut-palm trees. As our helicopter set down next to an open-sided *sala*, or social hall, in a clearing at one end of the village, a group of monks in orange robes watched our arrival impassively from a Buddhist temple at the other end. The rest of the villagers had congregated in the clearing, and as the plane was unloaded, they stood by diffidently until Karp Peo ordered them to carry the grain away; until then, apparently, they hadn't been quite sure it was meant for them. The Colonel's men were on hand, too, some of them looking like brigands because they had let their hair grow long and had wound colorful ribbons through it. The troops gathered around the Colonel as he opened a leather suitcase and began counting out crisp new bills. There wasn't much they could use the money for up here, but just getting paid was obviously an event, and they responded gaily, like children being given play money. Down the valley from us, an American transport was circling back and forth in the azure sky, dropping bags of grain to flooded villages. After a few minutes,



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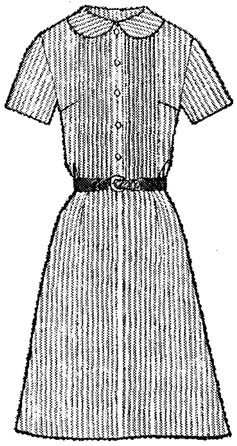

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our helicopter left for Paksane to fetch another load of food, and we strolled through Muong Mo. Colonel Karp Peo said that the village had lost nine tons of rice in the flood but was luckier than several other places in that its houses, at least, had been spared. Mud was still thick about, though, and beside us the river was roaring whitely across huge gray boulders. The houses were mostly one-room thatch-roofed affairs on stilts, with wooden floors covered with woven coconut-palm mats. The ground beneath each of them was shared by chickens, ducks, pigs, and scrawny dogs and cats; here and there I noticed a goat or a big wet-nosed water buffalo—the main beast of burden in Laos, as in most of Southeast Asia.

We were followed by some of the older villagers, cadging cigarettes, and by a band of naked children, giggling and capering, but most of the people of Muong Mo ignored us. Their attitude seemed more indifferent than unfriendly. If we smiled, they smiled, but our presence—or, at least, Bilinski's presence and mine—didn't seem to matter to them one way or the other. The presence of Karp Peo was something else. It was apparent that the villagers felt a respect for him that was close to reverence. Bilinski had already told me that the Colonel was one of the most popular Laotian officers among the up-country people, because, for reasons that included his own ambition as well as his desire to serve their needs, he had gone out of his way to identify himself with them and to instill a civic spirit into his soldiers. Having made a particular point of finding out what sort of help district and village leaders needed, he had bypassed higher Laotian channels, where everything is determined by patronage and subject to long delays, and appealed directly to American aid officials for assistance. In this way, he had built up a considerable following among the people. Most Lao have very little sense of national identity, and whatever loyalty they have to bestow goes to one man. An outstanding example of such a man is the young, dynamic neutralist commander General Kong Le, and Karp Peo is apparently cast in the same mold. Certainly on the day of our visit to Muong Mo he was losing no time. He quickly summoned the villagers together and explained that the Laotian government, with the help of the United States, would do everything it could in the present crisis, bringing in not only grain but medicine and whatever else was required.

The people of Muong Mo did not

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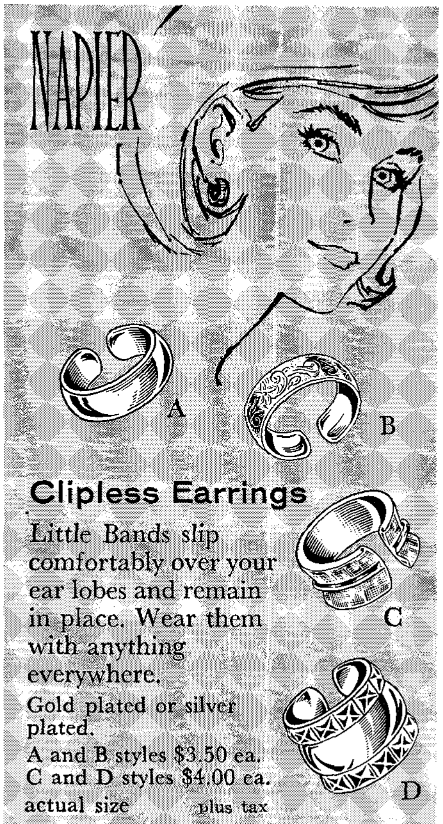

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hesitate to tell the Colonel that they needed all kinds of help; they complained that their chickens, ducks, and pigs were dying of disease, that even when there were no floods, worms and rats and insects destroyed their rice and vegetable crops, and that tigers ate their buffaloes. Then, ranging more widely, they pointed out that they lacked adequate *salas*, wells, roads, dispensaries, and schools—basic needs of virtually all villages in Laos. The necessity for outside assistance was indeed apparent, but in Bilinski's view what the people of Muong Mo needed most of all was the will to solve their own problems, and what they were suffering from above all else was apathy. "There's no revolution of rising expectations up here," he told me. "There's nothing to make the Lao consciously dissatisfied with their condition to the point where they will start doing things on their own. There are practically no local artisans, for example, and there is very little initiative of any kind. The villagers expect things to be done for them, and that only creates dependence. In some places, I've even seen villagers make an almost taunting show of their reluctance to work. It's not good for the goals to be ours rather than theirs—for us to keep them in a passive role. I'm sure they have their own idea of the good life, different from ours, but anyone who hopes to point out ways for them to achieve it must have a generous fund of patience and understanding, and some measure of toughness, too. I don't think these people have any real knowledge of what self-help means. On the one hand, they get too much stuff given to them, and, on the other, a lot of that stuff simply piles up or is misused, because corrupt or power-hungry officials get control of it."

The main problem, Bilinski felt, was that there was no training for local leadership—a concept that runs counter to long-established traditions of power and authority in Laos—and the American aid program, though it was commendable in many respects, seemed to have failed to come to grips with this essential matter. Bilinski's comments were similar to ones I had frequently heard from American officials in Vietnam and elsewhere in Southeast Asia. It is undeniably difficult to train leaders, and this is especially true among the Lao, who during the French-colonial period were prepared only to fill the lowest administrative jobs, and whose low level of literacy and fondness for festivals and other such diversions make the task even harder. Under the guidance of the United Nations, Laos has

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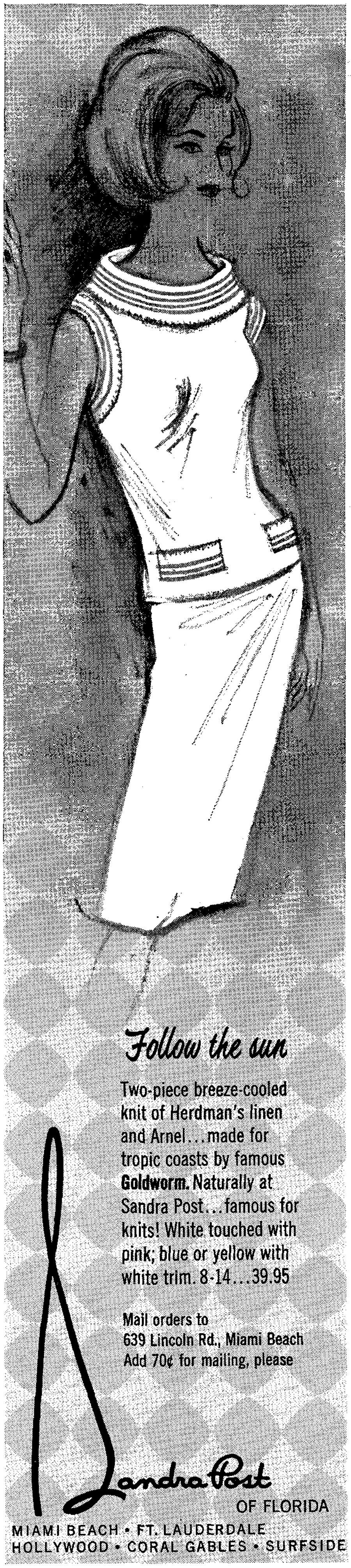
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made some efforts to develop community leaders, but with limited success. In the last several years, about a hundred Lao have earned the title of Basic Educator by going through a nine-month U.N. training course, capped by three months of experience in village work. The Basic Educators are supposed to remain for five years in rural areas, where they are to work in schools and devote as much time as possible to teaching public health and sanitation, developing local handicrafts and small industries, and fostering, through village councils, a process of civic self-evaluation. So far, however, most of the Basic Educators have been grabbed as aides by county officials, or have ended up as full-time teachers in primary schools, and therefore relatively few have accomplished any of their important corollary assignments. A government-sponsored program to train as local leaders selected apprentice monks from the Buddhist temples, or wats—almost every village has a wat, or at least two or three resident monks—has foundered for lack of funds. Muong Mo has never been visited by a Basic Educator, and there are no signs that any local leadership whatever has been developed. The monks in the wat seek food from the villagers but otherwise keep to themselves and maintain a somewhat haphazard daily routine of reflection and prayer.

Some progress has been made by means of a community-development project known as Samakhi, which the Americans set in motion in 1963, and which now operates in half of Laos's sixteen provinces, including Borikhane. Its name derives from the Lao phrase "*mou ban samakhi*," which means "villages working together," and its aim is to develop a self-help philosophy among the Lao by concentrating on clusters of villages in key places instead of spreading community-development schemes too thinly around the country, as was done earlier. The United States, to help Laos economically and socially, spends forty million dollars a year, but only about a million of this goes for Samakhi; nevertheless, about half the American aid workers in Laos, or about a hundred people—along with thirty or forty members of the International Voluntary Service, Inc., a sort of private Peace Corps supported in part by American foundations—are working on Samakhi projects, which are designed to meet the urgent need for roads, irrigation, and so on, and require considerable direct participation by village citizens, in contrast with projects planned by technical experts

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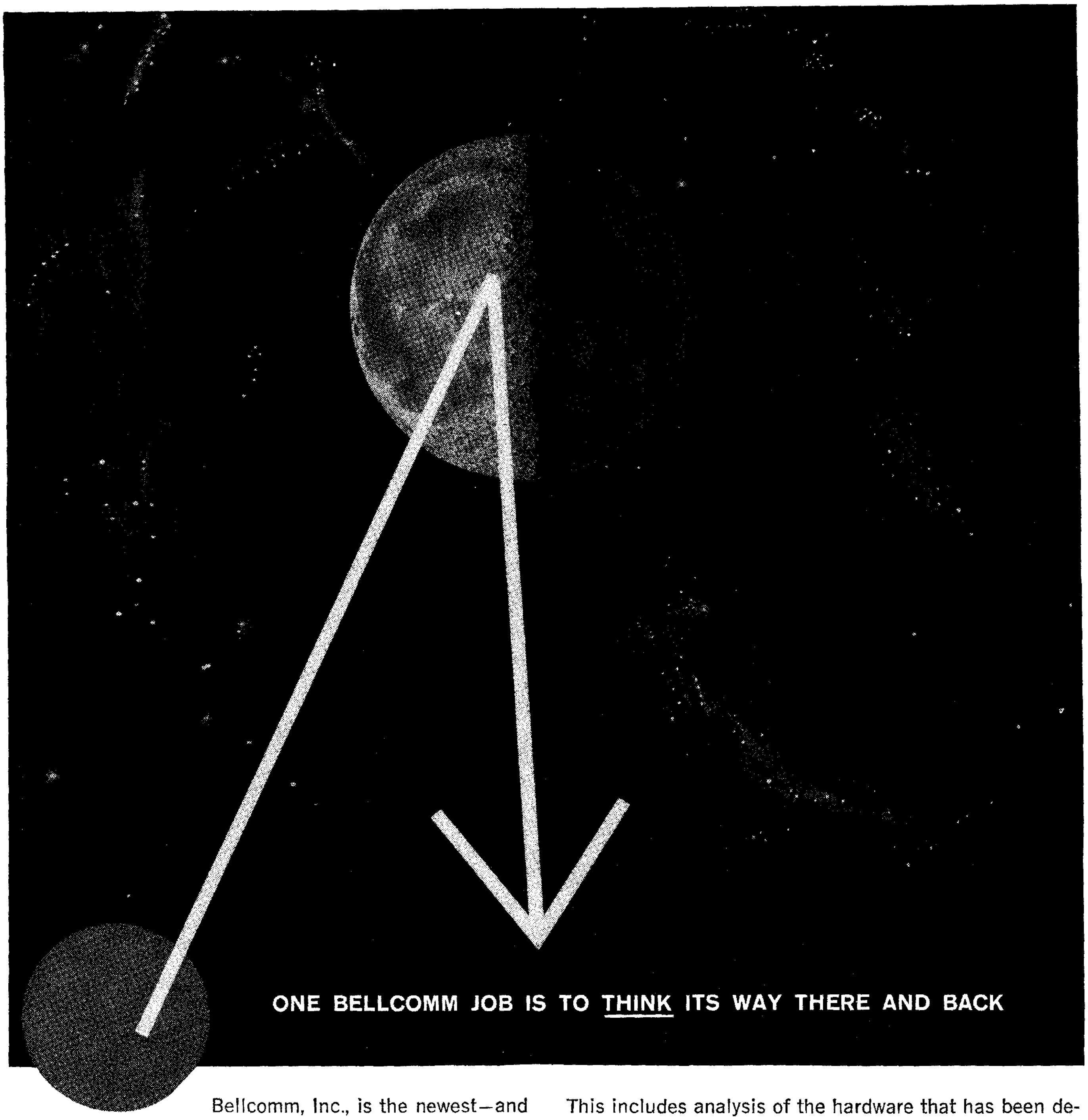

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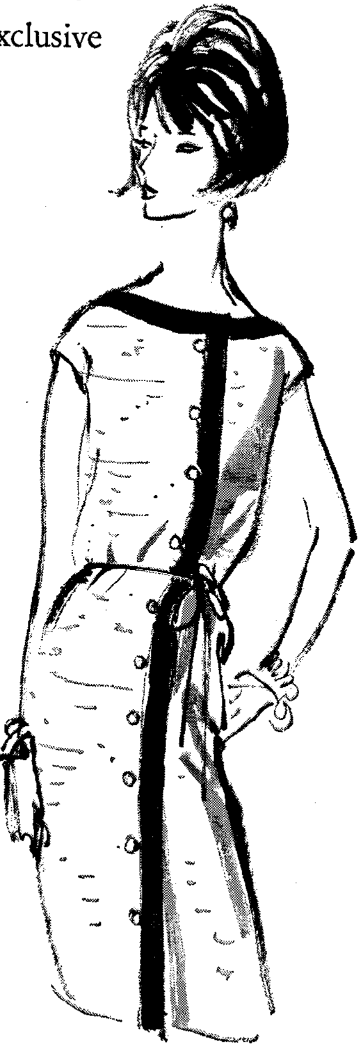

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and built by outside contractors. The I.V.S. workers, who are mostly young men and women in their twenties, receive eighty dollars a month plus a cost-of-living allowance; they are assigned to specific projects by the American aid authorities. Just before leaving for Muong Mo, I spoke with a group of I.V.S. workers near Paksane who were engaged in a variety of coördinated community projects, including the operation of a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop, the building of latrines, a nutrition-and-household-care program, a farm-development scheme, and a sports-and-physical-training plan. The I.V.S. workers seemed thoroughly dedicated, but they naturally lacked administrative experience, and, by their own admission, they were finding it hard to get the Lao to participate in the various programs on a steady basis. Most of the volunteers tended to agree that the Samakhi scheme was commendable—for one reason because it was completely non-political—but that the fundamental question "What will happen when we pick up and leave in a year or so?" remained unanswered. The consensus of the I.V.S. workers was that the projects might be carried on for a while but would then probably peter out unless some way could be found to sustain the interest of the villagers. "These people are willing to work if you tell them what to do, but if you don't, or don't constantly show them how, they'll goof off or quit," one of the group told me. "It's not that they're lazy, really, but just that they don't want much more than they already have. They aren't competitive or covetous. It just seems to be part of their temperament, and, of course, it's part of their charm. I don't know what we or anyone else can do about it."

It was certainly true that nothing seemed to worry the people of Muong Mo very much—not even the threat of the Pathet Lao, who had withdrawn from the region a fortnight or so before Karp Peo's battalion arrived. The threat was a real one, for Muong Mo was not far from territory to the north that was regularly held by the Pathet Lao, or from the North Vietnamese border, and the village would be vulnerable again when Karp Peo's men departed, as they would do sooner or later. In any event, the villagers had no intention of allowing tomorrow's problems to interfere with their enjoyment of life today. As dusk fell, we learned that our helicopter would not be returning as scheduled (a radio message to Karp Peo's communications officer said it would try to pick us up in the

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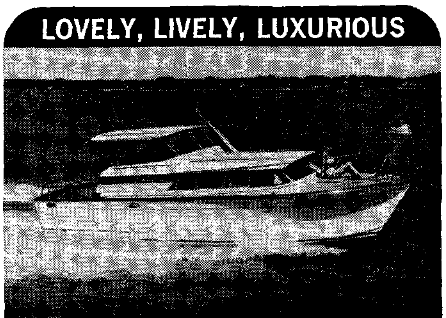

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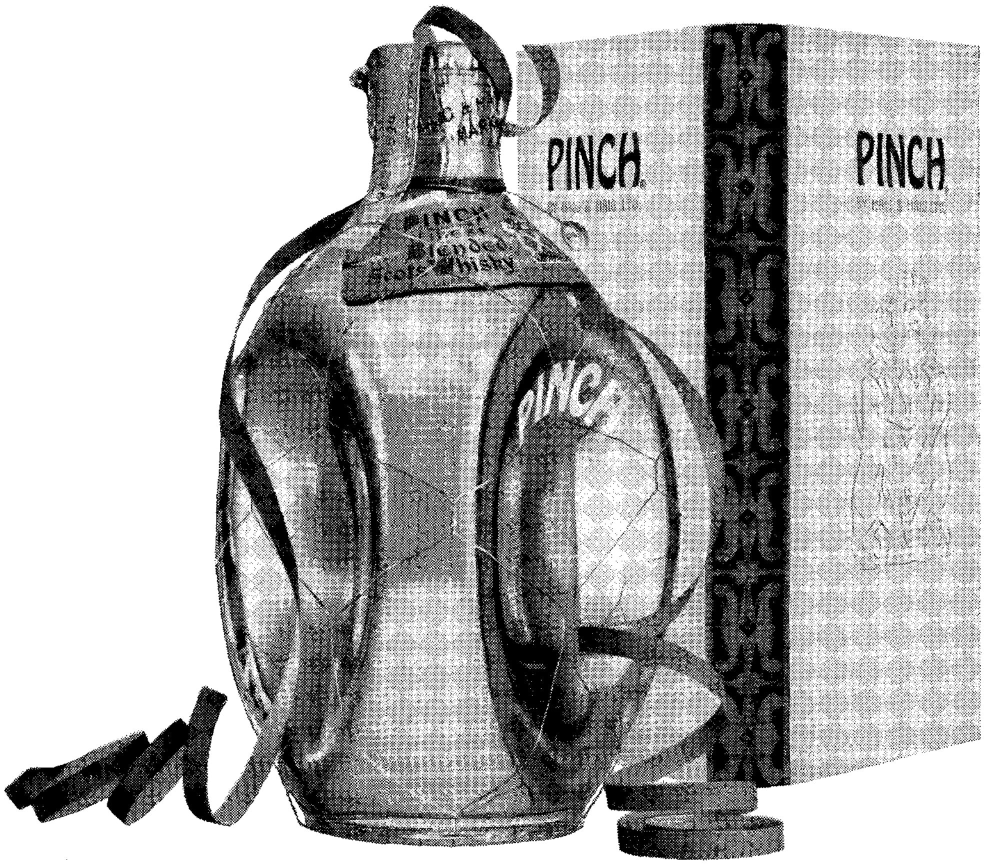

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morning), and we prepared to spend the night in the village. Our Laotian hosts started roasting a pig over a spit on the riverbank. Bilinski warned me that we were in for a traditional Laotian drinking-and-eating bout, and I soon discovered that although the reputation of the Lao for graciousness and generosity is not overrated, they also derive a special pleasure from overindulging a guest. They do this by literally stuffing food into his mouth and then making him imbibe copious amounts of the national drink, a fermented-rice wine called *Lao-hai*, which is sipped through long, curved bamboo tubes thrust into a large community jar. The principal roles in our forced-feeding-and-drinking operation were played by two sadistic old women, one of whom kept jabbing away at our mouths with chunks of meat and vegetable while the other jammed bamboo drinking tubes between our lips. The rest of the Lao in the circle roared approval, encouraging the two harridans to increase the pace of their attack. *Lao-hai* has a sweet-sour taste that does not grow on one, and while the Lao consider it a matter of pride to drink as much of it as possible, as far as I was concerned the point of diminishing pride was quickly reached. The performance didn't stop, however, until Bilinski's interpreter, a Thai of Laotian extraction, became ill. Then we were all mercifully allowed to drop onto bamboo mats that had been spread for us on the porch of the headman's house.

In the morning, our exuberant hosts had recovered their composure, though we could hardly be said to have done the same. The two old women who had ministered to us took no notice of us as they went to the river to fetch their morning supply of water. A few young girls prepared our breakfast, which consisted of what we had failed to finish the night before—but, happily, without any *Lao-hai*. We scarcely felt revived when we had eaten, but, at the insistence of Karp Peo, we set off through the jungle to see some of the nearby villages that had been hit by the flood. In the course of the day, we walked ten miles over a succession of trails and visited four villages. In one of them, practically all the houses had been swept away or turned into debris, and the people were sitting listlessly amid the rubble trying to decide whether they should rebuild on the site or simply pick up what they could salvage and move somewhere else. Karp Peo promised to send whatever food and building materials he could. The Colonel also spoke—somewhat

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vaguely, I thought—of a new good life ahead and of benefits that the villagers had never had before. His audience listened to this part of his talk without much apparent interest or comprehension. All that the villagers really wanted, it seemed, was to get back what had been taken away from them, without any frills or innovations. Karp Peo's vision of a happy valley and a rosy future was evidently beyond their grasp; as he rambled on, an old lady who had sat musing in the sun took advantage of the presence of his soldiers to ask three of them to help her pull away a large tree that the flood had deposited across her house. Here in this ruined village, I was more than ever struck by the sense of involuntary isolation of the people of rural Laos; it transcended geography, so that these mountain hamlets seemed still to be existing back in the fourteenth century, when the first Laotian kingdom, Lan Xang (Land of a Million Elephants), emerged as a nation considerably larger than Laos is today. The villages were simply lost in time, and I felt that once we were gone and Karp Peo was gone, everything would be just as it had been. No doubt the villages would somehow be rebuilt and would stand until another flood occurred, to be followed by another visitation from the outside world, but it appeared unlikely that anything would alter the way of life.

If even part of the country is to be given more than transitory aid, I thought, and if any of the villages are to be introduced to the twentieth century (which may, indeed, be a mixed blessing), the problem has to be approached more broadly. Bilinski and most other American experts who have spent some time in the country tend increasingly to feel that its economic problems can best be handled only by a coördinated effort taking in the entire region, including neighboring parts of Thailand. For some time, in my travels around Southeast Asia, I had been hearing about a rural-community program in northeastern Thailand that was in many respects the most successful in the area, particularly since it represented a rare case of response to a challenge of economic and social reform in *advance* of a serious Communist guerrilla threat. Northeastern Thailand is populated largely by a people known as Lao-Thais. They are a mixture of the two races, but are more Laotian than Thai in their ways; most of them speak Lao, and their cultural and commercial life hinges largely on contacts with the Lao, to whom

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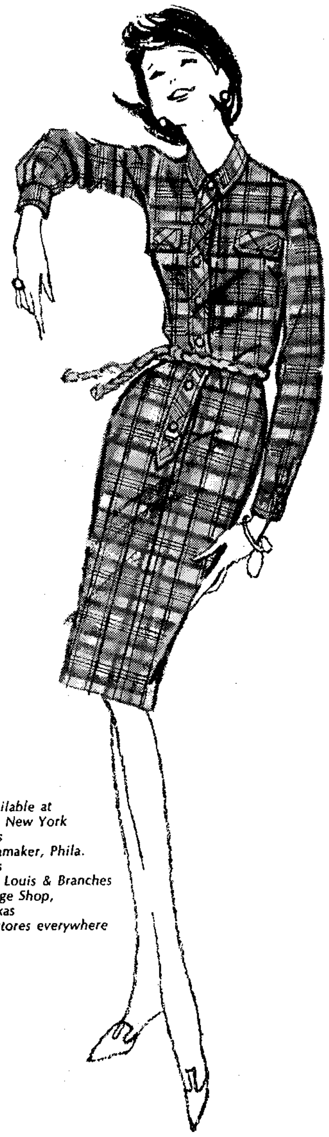

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they furnish much food and with whom they trade along the broad, muddy course of the Mekong. Despite these close associations, the Laotian and Thai governments have not coöperated in any noticeable way to promote the common welfare and strengthen the area politically and militarily; it is true that there exists an ambitious international plan to develop the whole Mekong River Basin, for which a number of surveys and pilot projects have been undertaken, but the plan will require a lot of time and money and a lot more diplomatic negotiation. In the meantime, it has been suggested, the Lao could profitably copy some of the Thais' local-development schemes, and to get an idea of these I crossed the river from Paksane into Thailand.

I HAD arranged to meet a friend of mine named Robert Lasher, of the United States Information Service in Thailand, in the town of Ubon, which is the capital of the northeastern province of the same name. Lasher, who has been working in Thailand for the last three years, has devoted most of his time to travelling around the country with so-called Mobile Information Teams, which are composed of Thais and are trained and operated jointly by the Thai and American governments. The teams have been quite successful in their mission of letting the people in remote areas subject to Communist subversion know what the Thai government's plans and purposes are and of appraising the villagers' current needs and attitudes. By gathering data about the back country, the teams helped prepare the way late in 1962 for a more important project—a program of economic and social assistance carried out by what are called Mobile Development Units. Nine such units are now operating in northern and northeastern Thailand, and their work, which has also been partly financed by the United States, has included the hacking out of access roads, the building of schools, wells, and latrines, and considerable agricultural aid. These Development Units appear to have inculcated into the people of the region a greater desire to improve their lives than I had observed among the people on the other side of the river in Laos. Equipment and supplies have been given or lent to the villagers so that they can do their own work once they have been shown how by government engineers, agricultural experts, and so on, who remain on the scene for as long as a year or even more before turning a program over to local officials. Lasher described to

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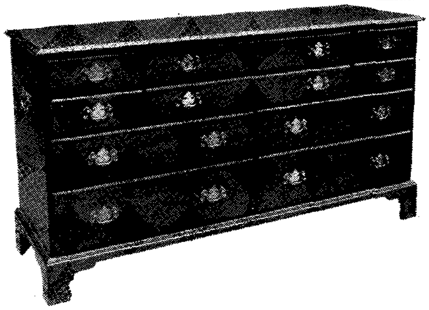

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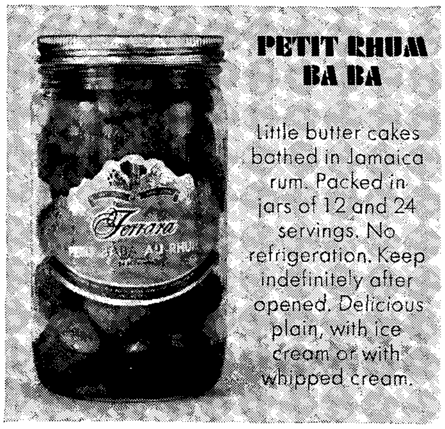
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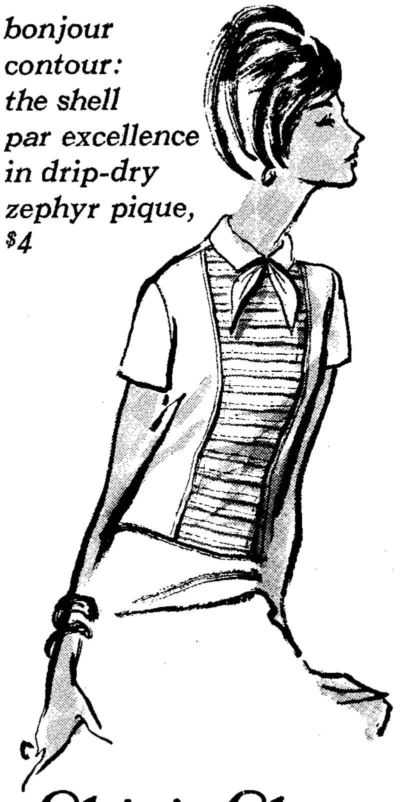
me the effect of one unit's work in a village in Nongkhai Province, just across the river from Vientiane: "The most obvious impact is the surge of economic activity. Three small shops selling coffee, liquor, noodles, and other foods have been set up. Buses now run to the villages several times a day. A number of people have increased their incomes by selling vegetables, eggs, fish, and fowl to the Mobile Development Unit kitchen, and there are signs that the people are for the first time looking beyond the village for their purchases. When one of the team's jeep drivers, a Thai, went off to the outside world for a few days, he asked his village girl friend what she would like to have him bring her upon his return, and I heard her murmur 'Catalogue.' "

The itinerant teams have increased the sense of security in the northeast by their presence alone, although there still is sporadic infiltration by Pathet Lao agents from across the river. Most of the latter engage in propaganda among the villagers, remaining in one place a day or two at a time. There have been reports that some of the agents have carried dynamite and supplies, but for what purpose has not been clear; one possibility is that they plan to cache such supplies for the future. Lasher told me, "The majority of villagers in the northeast have no real knowledge of events, but they do pick up a surprising amount of information. When a coup d'état takes place in Laos, for example, reports from traders along the river and from friends and relatives of northeasterners working in Laos lead to all sorts of distorted facts' being spread on the Thai side. And the bodies of a few Laotian soldiers floating downstream after a guerrilla action—not an unusual sight—have the natural effect of creating uneasiness in the Thai villages. It's been noticeable to us that this uneasiness diminishes whenever and wherever the teams have gone."

Ultimately, any government's ability to create support for itself among its citizens in remote areas depends on its success in convincing the uneducated rural people that it can somehow serve their particular interests. Although the village program in Thailand is far better planned and more efficient than anything being undertaken in Laos, the difficulties of arousing the country-people to a lasting feeling of national identity and a desire for self-improvement still seemed to me enormous after I had spent several days travelling around with one of the newer information teams, whose work was being observed by Lasher and by Robert Nevitt,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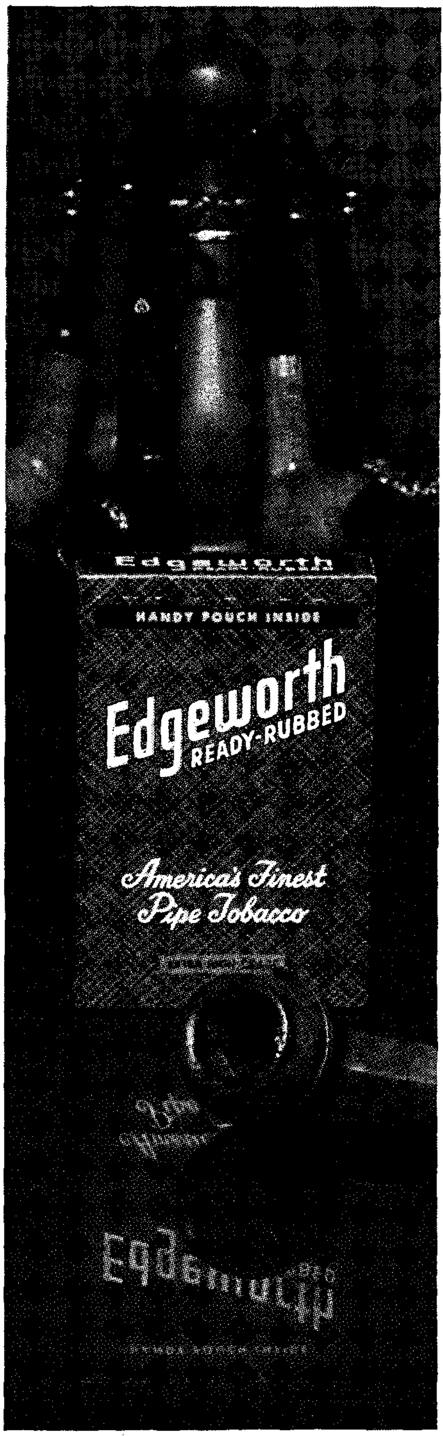

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the director of the U.S.I.S. branch office in Ubon. It was a team of fourteen Thais, led by a young Thai assistant district officer—who, perhaps because he had been insufficiently indoctrinated, was uncertain of himself and never really took charge—and otherwise consisting of three educational aides, a public-welfare representative, a motion-picture projectionist, a doctor, two nurses, and three men and two young women who gave what are known as *mohlam* performances. *Mohlam* players are comparable to wandering troubadours. They engage in a rapid-fire singsong discussion that lasts between three and six hours and covers a multitude of topics, ranging from the personal and romantic (these parts are often quite earthy) to subjects of local, regional, and national interest; most of the performance is unrehearsed and spontaneous, and as the players—usually one man and one girl at a time—exchange their lilting comments, they circle each other in a rhythmic sort of dance to the accompaniment of a *khaan*, a mouth organ, played by another member of the troupe.

We visited three villages far from the main highways, and it took our jeeps and trucks several hours to get from one to the next because of the roads, which were actually no more than buffalo tracks or old timber trails, and were flooded in many places. We spent one night in each village, and in each the schedule was the same, being carried out almost by rote. When we arrived, the motion-picture man would set up his equipment outside the *sala* or the wat, and during the daylight hours the sound system blared recorded music. Meanwhile, the doctor and his nurses, who were the only ones who seemed to work hard, put up tables for examinations and the distribution of medicines, and they were always kept busy for several hours, inoculating for cholera and other infectious diseases and distributing pills and ointments for such common ailments as malaria, dysentery, and skin and eye infections. The most dramatic moment for the medical team and for all of us came in the second village, when a twelve-year-old girl who had just been bitten by a poisonous snake was saved from certain death by the lucky presence of the doctor, who had some snakebite serum with him and sat by her side all night giving her periodic injections. The educational aides did little more than distribute kits containing chalk, pencils, rulers, notebooks, and flags, and neither they nor the public-welfare man made any effort—as Lasher and Nevitt told me

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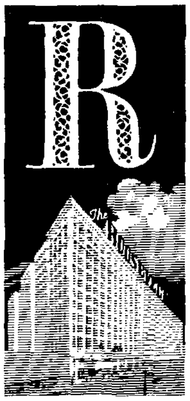

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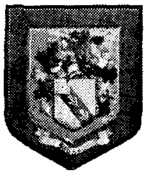

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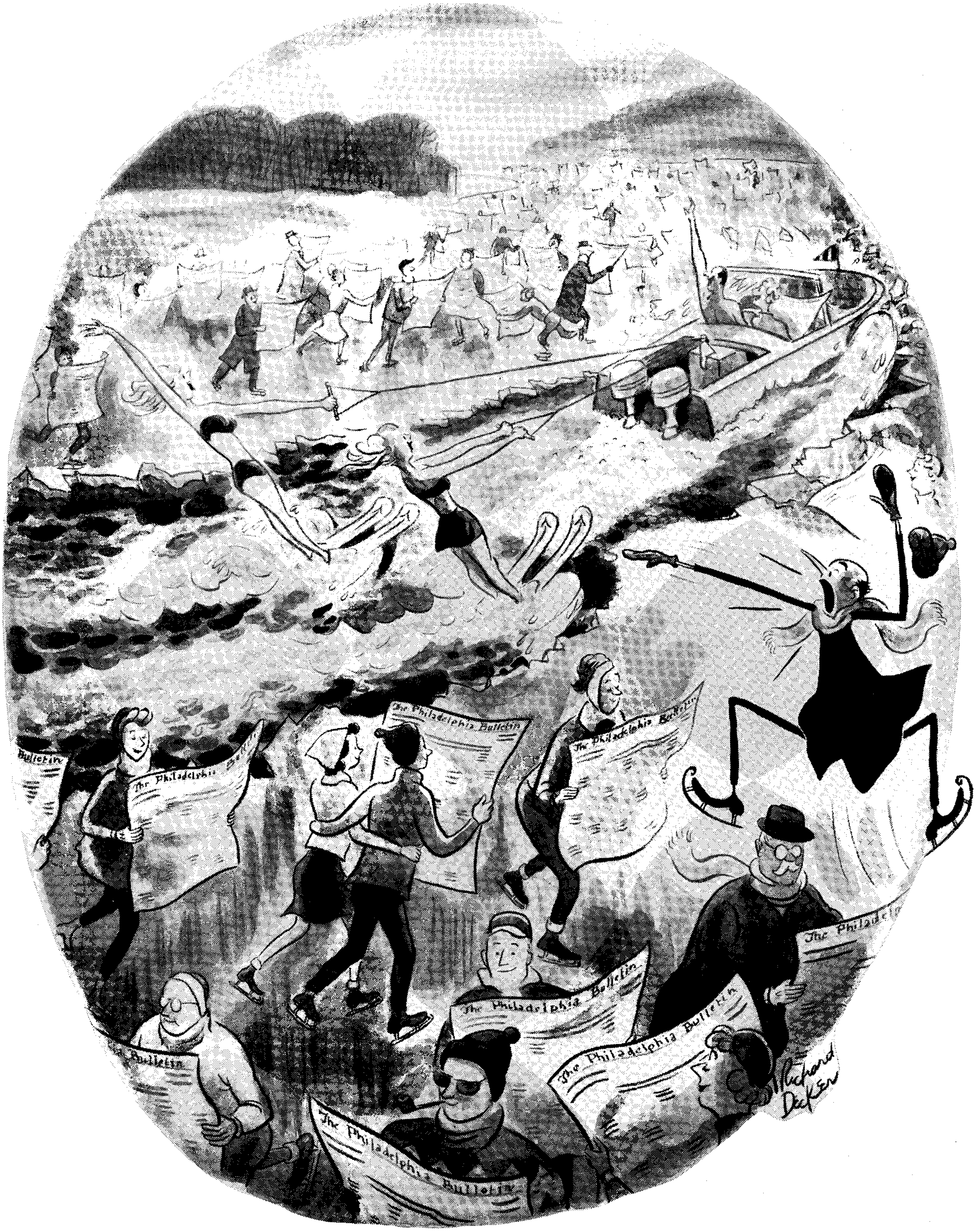
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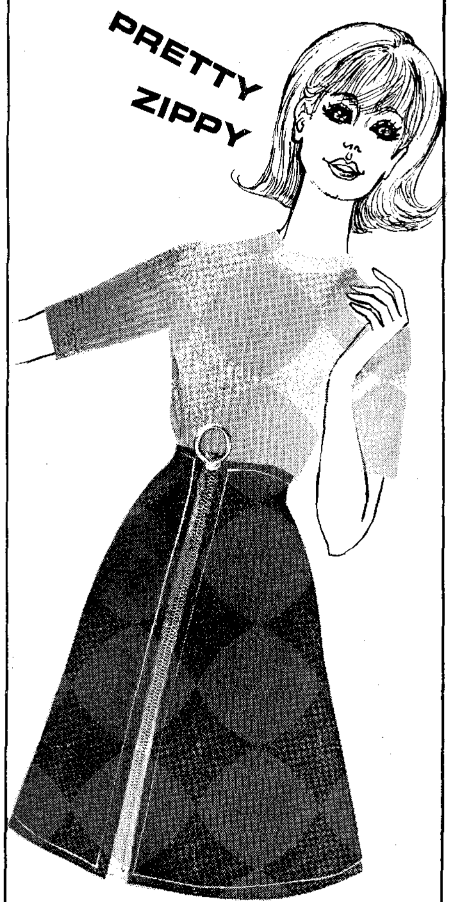

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they were supposed to do—to move around among the villagers and visit individual households. Aside from the medical treatment, for which the villagers were obviously grateful, the highlight of the team's visit was always the showing of films about the Thai royal court, the country's transportation system, and other subjects, which began at dusk and was followed by a *mohlam* performance.

Nevitt, who is on his second two-year tour of duty in the northeast, was disappointed in the work of the team, but he was philosophical about it. "Some of them are bound to be better than others, and, of course, leadership is the key," he observed one night as we sat watching the *mohlam* players. "This particular team was probably too hastily recruited, and that's why its approach has been too offhand. The question of leadership is something that we can't interfere with. In the first place, we're supposed to be just observers, and, besides, I've learned the hard way that if we put pressure on the Thais it's likely to rub them the wrong way. They have a lot of legitimate pride in their own methods of coming to grips with their own problems here. They're jealous of their prerogatives, and they can be very independent, however strong their friendship with the United States. A lot of what we've done up here, as in Laos, has been too sporadic, I think. I personally believe that our failure to get more involved is due to moral confusion on our part—to our not really knowing what we're out here for. Too many of us just flit in and out, and consequently neither the Thais nor the Lao take us seriously. I can't blame them. With rare exceptions, there's no genuine feeling among us of 'I'm in this too, Jack.' Some of our superiors actually regard us as suspect if we want to commit ourselves more deeply; there are officials of ours in Bangkok who think we're going native if we say we want to stay upcountry for four years or six years instead of two. They're afraid we'll settle down in a hut with a local woman, I guess. Some time ago, I read the diary of a nineteenth-century British district officer in India. He spent more than twenty years in one place, and his involvement was tremendous. Maybe twenty years is too long, but we have to find a substitute for British colonialism, though without its faults."

As I made my way back to Vientiane, I reflected on the general political deterioration that—from the American point of view at least—has taken place throughout Southeast Asia over the past

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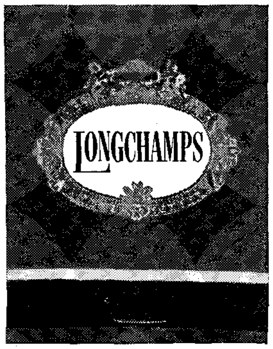

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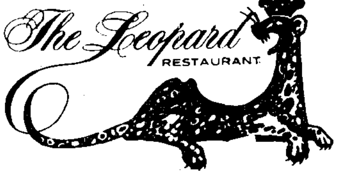

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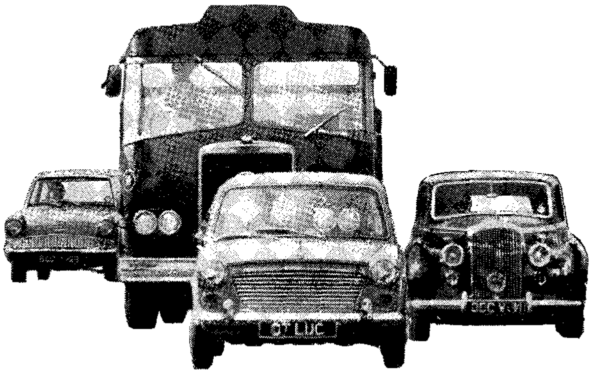

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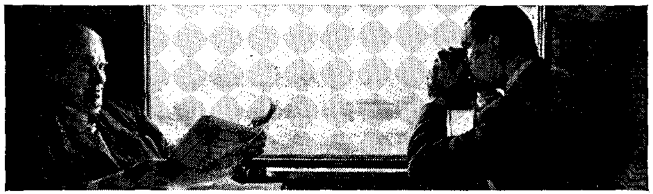

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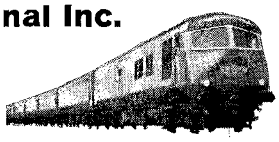

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ten or fifteen years, and I thought it a pity that men like Bilinski, Lasher, and Nevitt, who are willing to devote so much time and effort to improving the lives of the people there, had not been on the scene sooner, when their presence might have had the kind of personal impact that is now belatedly considered so essential. That they weren't there earlier could not be blamed on them but on the nature of the whole American commitment in the Indo-China region, where for so much of the postwar period our country followed a tortuous path marked out by French-colonial policy. Only recently has the United States begun to play an independent—though still often hesitant—role, as in Vietnam, though there the success of a costly and sometimes fruitful aid program is limited by political confusion and by fierce fighting, as well as by Communist control of many parts of the country. If Thailand has all along been something of a bright spot, it is only because the country has never been under colonial rule, so that political continuity has encouraged an atmosphere of relative calm. Now, though, a strong new threat of Pathet Lao penetration across the Mekong could seriously inhibit the joint Thai-American program. In Laos, the general uncertainty and the lack of proper planning have prevented our assistance programs from having more than random effectiveness. Aside from the development of the Samakhi project, probably the most successful effort in the past two years has been the essentially impersonal assistance rendered through a commodity-import scheme designed to provide foreign exchange for buying basic necessities abroad. This, together with an even more impersonal emergency financial-stabilization plan introduced by the International Monetary Fund, has helped stem inflation and has thus proved a prime factor in keeping the shaky government of Prince Souvanna Phouma alive.

A FOREIGN-DIPLOMAT friend of mine in Vientiane once observed, "The Lao government never falls—it staggers, disappears, and even dissolves, but it never falls." My friend's observation was borne out last spring when Souvanna Phouma's government was briefly dissolved and then startlingly reconstituted after a coup executed by two rightist generals whose forces controlled—and still control—Vientiane. They are General Kouprasith Abhay, chief of the military area embracing the capital, and General Siho Lanphouthacoul, head of the security police. There

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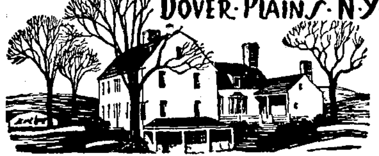

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have been so many coups and counter-coups and political assassinations in Laos in the last few years that even the best-trained observers have begun to lose track of the various alignments and realignments of power and loyalties, yet none of the eruptions have been quite as weird as last April's, either in execution or in aftermath. The coup was motivated chiefly by the dissatisfaction of many generals and politicians with Souvanna Phouma's efforts to maintain the coalition government under the framework of the 1962 Geneva accords and to continue to deal with the Pathet Lao, which had by then developed into an independent force, political as well as military, on the Plaine des Jarres. Many of the top military officers, especially those representing various rightist elements, were eager to get rid of the fiction of the coalition government once and for all so as to prosecute the war against the Pathet Lao, and some of them, including Generals Kouprasith and Siho, felt that in order to achieve this objective they should also get rid of Prince Souvanna Phouma. As usual, a good deal of political jockeying was going on behind the scenes among the rightists—this time mostly those in the so-called Sananikone group, representing the wealthy and powerful Sananikone family, and the group dominated by General Phoumi Nosavan. Phoumi had in the past been supported by the Americans as a logical "strong man" to lead Laos, but recently he had fallen out of favor with the Americans; in addition, his direction of several economic monopolies—notably those for the import of gold, perfume, and alcoholic beverages—and his association with the people controlling the opium trade and the four nationally operated gambling casinos had aroused the opposition both of politicians and of many of his fellow-officers. One of the plotters' objectives was to clip Phoumi's wings.

Early in April, when Prince Souvanna Phouma returned from a trip to Hanoi and Peking, where he had gone in a fruitless attempt to obtain declarations of neutrality and to try to get the North Vietnamese to call off their active aid to the Pathet Lao, he was in one of his recurrent moods of despair, and spoke of resigning. His discouragement was deepened by his failure to reach an agreement with Prince Souphanouvong, the titular head of the Pathet Lao, on the question of declaring the royal area of Luang Prabang militarily neutral. Further talks with the Pathet Lao seemed futile to Siho and to other rightists, and virtually overnight

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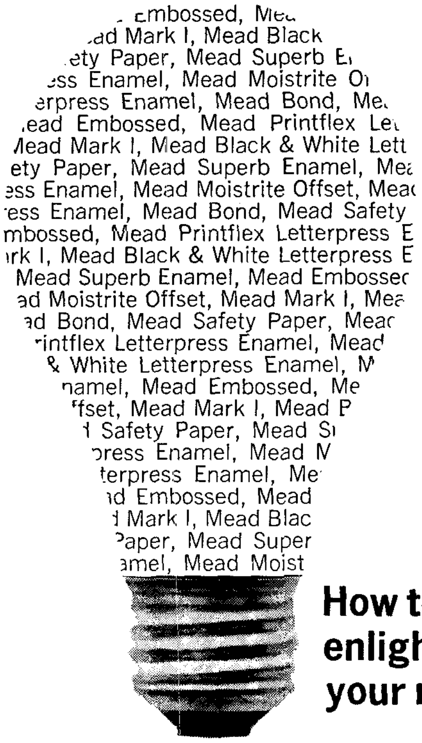
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Siho, who likes to compare himself to Napoleon, determined to strike. He confronted Kouprasith with his decision, and, in effect, with an ultimatum—either join in the plot or be arrested. Kouprasith, who is close to the Sananikones and who had probably been planning his own coup all the while, agreed to go along with Siho's plan. At one-thirty on the morning of April 19th, Siho's men started throwing up roadblocks in the city, and three hours later Kouprasith's forces brought in tanks and military vehicles. By dawn, the two generals' forces were in full control. It was a Sunday, when all offices were closed anyway, so the coup caused scarcely any disturbance. Prince Souvanna was taken from his house and held in jail for eight hours, but by evening he was under house arrest on the outskirts of town. The American ambassador, Leonard Unger, a young, forceful diplomat, who had been in Saigon, rushed back to Vientiane and immediately began to intervene far more forcibly than any American had ever intervened in Laotian affairs before. On the morning of April 20th, a most unusual scene took place outside the house where the Prince was being held. Around eight-thirty, Unger arrived there in the company of two correspondents and proceeded to woo the Prince in a sort of Shakespearean balcony scene. The balcony was on the second floor, and when the Prince appeared there, flanked by two aides, Unger, standing at the gate, began shouting encouragement up to him, telling him that the United States was firmly behind him and still considered him the Premier. The Prince couldn't hear all of what Unger was saying, but he took heart nonetheless. Though his resignation, which had been dictated to him by Siho and Kouprasith, had already been announced over the radio, his captors allowed him to fly that morning to Luang Prabang, to which the two generals had preceded him to seek King Savang Vatthana's approval of their coup. The King, whose influence in political affairs had been increasing, and who had presumably been apprised of the American ambassador's views, made it clear to the generals that the coup had been ill-conceived and would not be given his approval. Souvanna Phouma, at first somewhat reluctantly but then rather proudly, agreed to resume the Premiership.

The coup had some unexpectedly salutary results. Not only was Souvanna Phouma's personal position en-

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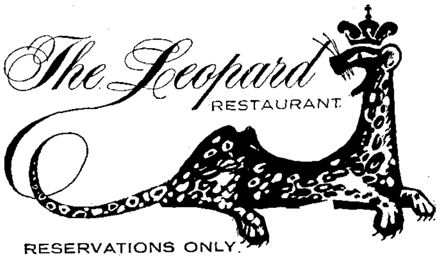

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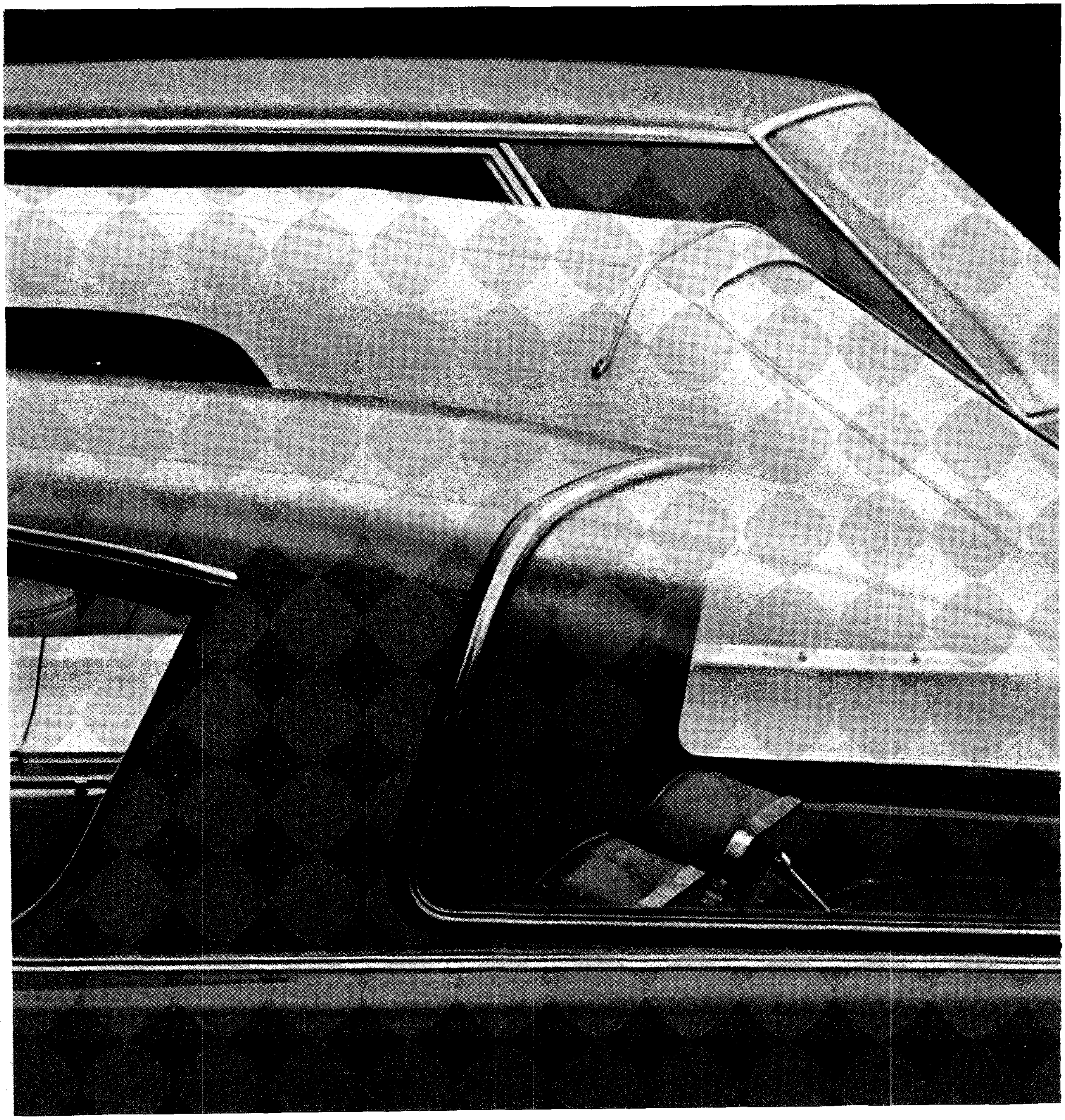

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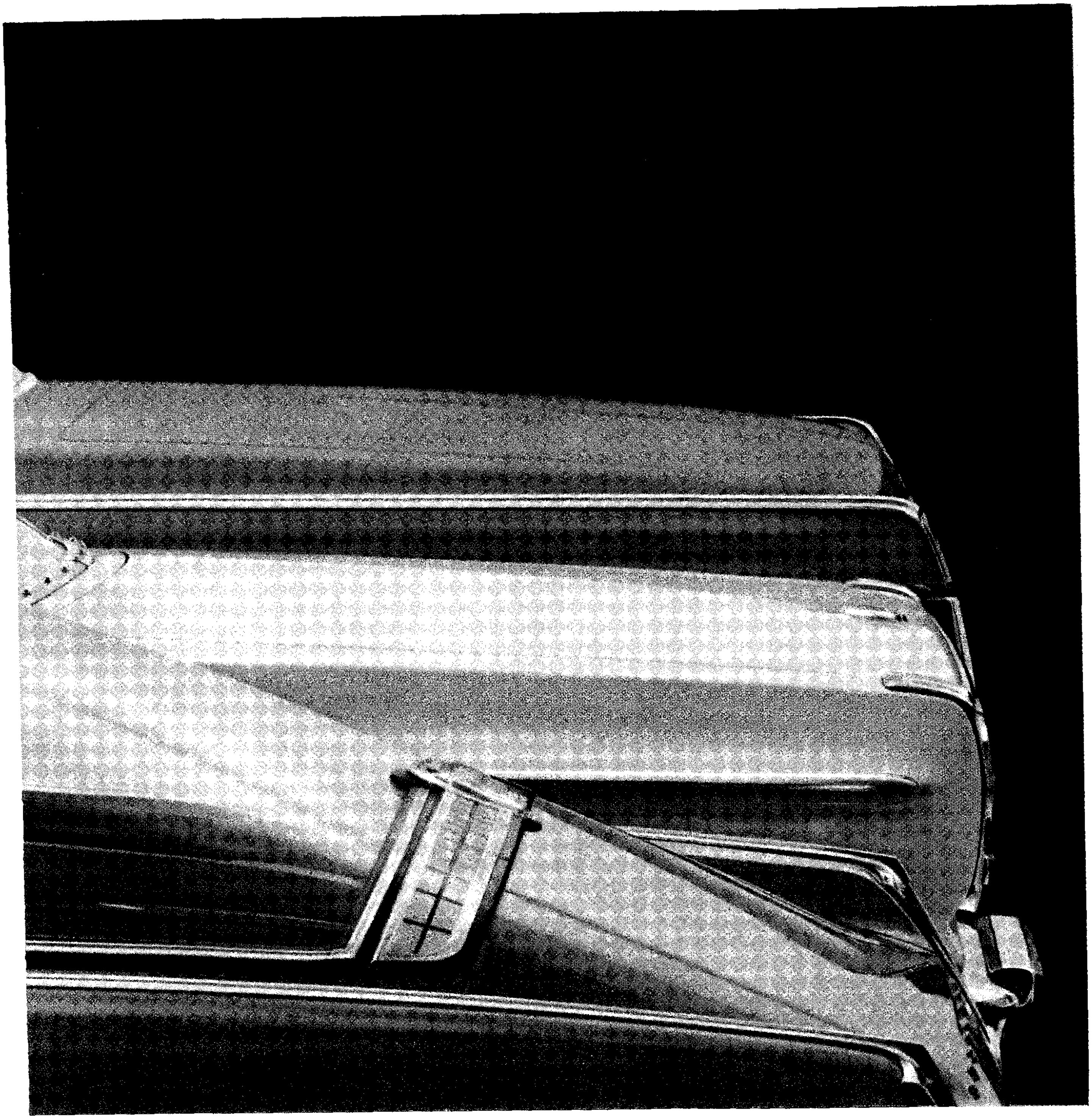

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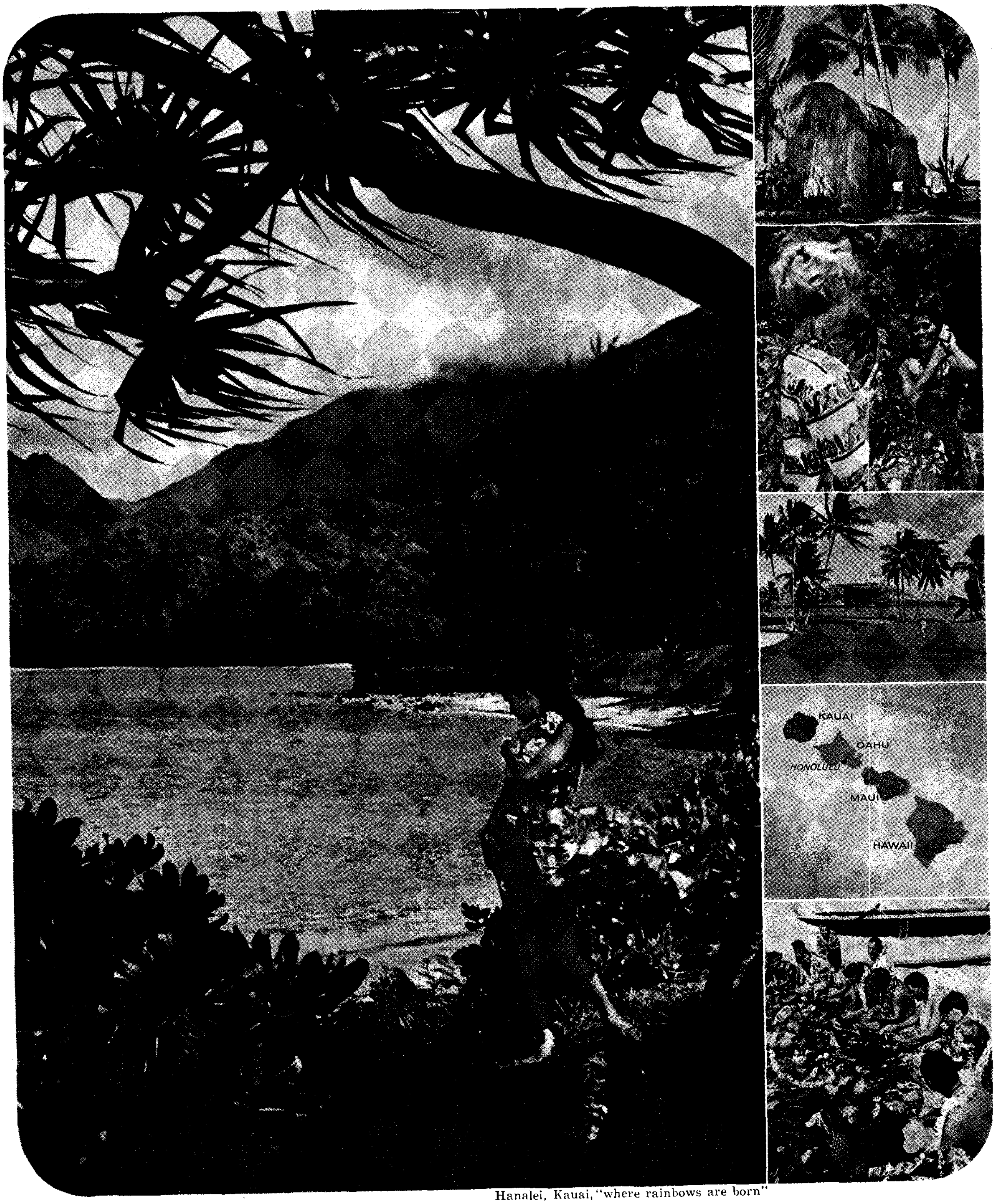

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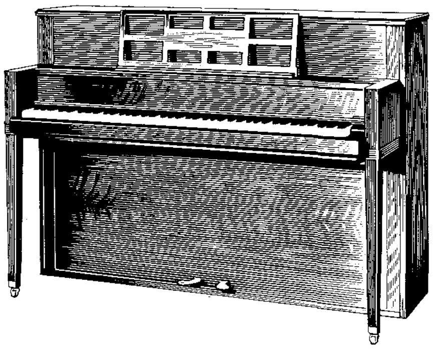
Not long afterward, the war against the Pathet Lao took a turn for the better. By midsummer, the Communist threat to grab full control of the north-south road between Vientiane and Luang Prabang and then drive all the way to Vientiane and the banks of the Mekong was effectively countered, and, with the help of United States Navy reconnaissance planes and a strengthened complement of American fighter-bombers, flown by Laotian pilots and some hired Thai pilots, the government forces kept the Pathet Lao from reinforcing its troops along the east-west road running across Laos from the Vietnamese border to the Thai border. Next, government troops counterattacked to keep the Pathet Lao confined to the Plaine des Jarres. Subsequently, a new Pathet Lao drive south of Vientiane toward the Mekong was thrown back. For the time being, the government's position in the Mekong Valley was thus secured. The success of the government's military operations, limited though they were, was confirmed by the fact that several Pathet Lao contingents surrendered—something that had never happened before—and by increasingly shrill and angry pronouncements of the Pathet Lao radio, which kept repeating that the United States was "holding Souvanna Phouma in its clutches like a puppet" and that Vientiane was "under strict control of hangmen."

Siho, Kouprasith, and the other officers concerned now seem to realize that, for all its imperfections, the government of Laos has to remain



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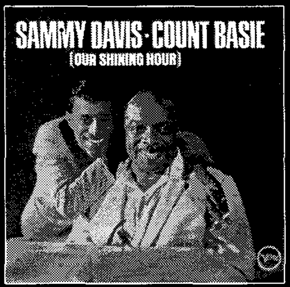

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under the leaky 1962 Geneva umbrella, still held up by Prince Souvanna Phouma. The suave Prince, who will never be a man of the people and who has been compared by members of the Vientiane diplomatic community to an aristocrat on the eve of the French Revolution, nevertheless is a man whose courage is equal to his vanity, and who is dedicated to the cause of Laotian independence and to the creation of a viable political structure. Although he can no longer pretend to be the head of a national union embracing all elements but only of a combination of neutral and rightist factions, he remains, certainly more than anyone else on the scene, the symbol of compromise in the country—of the detached center. And while the way has been left open, through the channels of negotiation in Paris and Vientiane, for Prince Souphanouvong (who still formally holds his coalition-government title of Vice-Premier) and two other Pathet Lao Cabinet members—all of whom are with the Communist forces on the Plaine des Jarres—to reenter the government, the national-union concept seems dead, since the Pathet Lao apparently has no intention of freeing itself from the military and political domination of the Vietnamese Communists, or of living up to the accords it signed at Geneva. When I spoke with General Kong Le, the neutralist commander, who had played along with the Pathet Lao until the Communists turned on him in April, 1963, and drove his forces off the Plaine des Jarres, he admitted that Souvanna Phouma's position as a coalition leader had been altered, but insisted that the Prince was the only leader he and his men could look up to, and that the Pathet Lao had become his enemy. "The Communists once did everything they could to buy me, but now I have learned about Communism and I will use all my force to fight it," he said. "The morale of my troops is still very high. If we get more American help, we can recapture the Plaine des Jarres."

The possibilities of stronger American intervention in Laos are still being considered, but any further commitment would now be designed primarily to redress the situation enough to facilitate the start of equitable negotiations on both Laos and Vietnam. The longer nothing is done, the more likely are periodic upheavals to take place in the Laotian government. Factionalism is still a problem, especially among such rival conservative elements as the Sananikone family and

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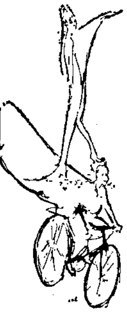

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General Phoumi and his supporters. "I am not as dangerous as everyone thinks I am," General Phoumi told me with a smile when I saw him in Vientiane, but a fortnight later there was a coup scare, which resulted from an attempt by Phoumi and his friends to recover their former positions. The attempt failed, whereupon everyone rallied around Souvanna Phouma once more and pledged him loyalty. The wheels kept spinning, however. When I went to see General Kouprasith, who struck me as more able and sophisticated than General Siho, he declared, with the same sort of smile that General Phoumi had given me, "I am a soldier, not a politician. Ask Souvanna about politics. He holds all the cards. If anyone attempts another coup, Souvanna will have the support of the Army and the police." While it is true that Siho and Kouprasith still hold the cards that count in the capital—the military ones—the rivalry between the two men has increased noticeably since their brief partnership in last April's coup, and it has taken all of Souvanna's conciliatory talents to maintain peace between them.

The day before I left Vientiane, I had a talk with the Prince, who received me, in his customary immaculate white suit, at his home, a two-story house set back in a garden, in the center of town. He admitted at once that the April coup had had both good and bad effects. On the one hand, he said, he welcomed the added support from the rightist groups, and he was gratified that the moral tone of the government had been improved. On the other hand, he agreed that the original purpose of the Geneva agreement—to create and maintain a national union of all groups—had been vitiated. He denied, however, the allegation that he had become a prisoner of the military and a tool of the Americans. "I have not changed my position about neutrality one iota," he said firmly. "It is the Pathet Lao and their Communist backers who have changed. My concept is still the same—that Laos must and will be neutral."

When I asked the Prince about his relations with his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, he replied, "My brother has now moved much farther to the left. He is only a figurehead; behind him are those who are part of the world Communist movement. The Pathet Lao is completely dependent on the Vietcong, and can no longer afford to change its line. The only solution is one that will force the Vietcong to leave our country. That is why I

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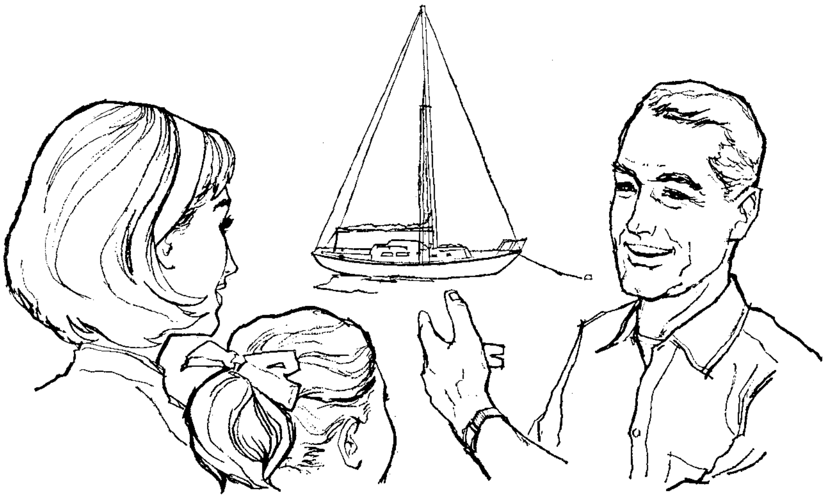

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have asked the Americans for arms. Otherwise, my soldiers will be crushed by the Pathet Lao."

The Prince went on to say that he saw little hope for a solution through negotiation until, as he had all along insisted, the Pathet Lao withdrew its troops to the cease-fire line established after the 1962 Geneva conference, and until the International Control Commission—composed of an Indian, a Canadian, and a Pole—was permitted complete freedom to carry out its task of supervising troop withdrawals and the preservation of peace.

At the moment, there seems little likelihood that either of these conditions will be met. As I left Laos on this trip, I had a composite picture in my mind of Souvanna Phouma sitting alone in his rather gloomy house in Vientiane trying to hold a shaky government together and of the old woman I had seen sitting forlornly in the sun near Muong Mo after her house had been destroyed in the flood. Both of them seemed infinitely patient in their separate predicaments, and both exemplified the pride and the pathos of a people inured to suffering indignities inflicted both by nature and by nations bigger and stronger than their own. The Lao can scarcely control either factor, but they are determined to survive somehow. If they cease to exist as a nation, they can still hope to endure as a people, growing enough to feed themselves, drinking their *Lao-hai*, and, above all, living their own lives unmolested—which, in a complicated world, remains a simple definition of freedom. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (AP)—Police staged a city wide crackdown yesterday and arrested seven women who should have seen what was coming.—*Mount Vernon Daily Argus.*

Just give the news, please.

•

Cathedral of St. James sponsors an open house, by invitation, "to help dispel the theory that Episcopalians are traditionally cold and austere persons," at 8 P.M. at the Pearson hotel, 190 E. Pearson.—*Chicago North Loop News.*

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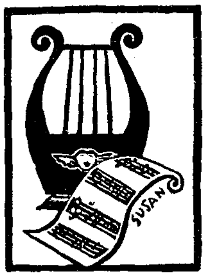

THE resuscitation of George Frederick Handel's opera "Alcina" by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night of last week proved to be an interesting venture into musical antiquarianism rather than an unalloyed pleasure. "Alcina" is one of those early-eighteenth-century *opere serie* in which vocal fireworks overwhelm all other aspects of the music—a work originally written for a *castrato* hero (the other night, his part was sung by a woman), and one in which roulades, arpeggios, scales, and other cascades of tone are the most notable features of the score. To be sure, there is some genuine music underneath all this surface virtuosity—a pretty melody here and there or a striking modulation—but the greater part of the writing conforms to the worn clichés of Handel's period. One cannot say that the music bears much relation to the drama of "Alcina," since there is practically no drama for it to bear any relation to; instead, there is a sort of libretto (said in the program notes to have been derived from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso"), which deals with such a string of absurdities—mistaken identities, characters' changing their identities, changing their sex, being changed by a villainous sorceress into trees and rocks—that the most elementary laws of dramatic composition are broken on every side. I could find nothing in this hodgepodge to stir my emotions, and no character to identify with. I left after the second act (as did many others), almost bored out of my wits. "Alcina" was the kind of opera that was satirized by Hogarth and that gave rise, as a protest against its highfalutin pretensions, to John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." It was also the kind of opera that caused Gluck, in the middle of the eighteenth century, to foment a revolution in the musical theatre by bringing opera back to believable situations and human characters. After listening to two-thirds of "Alcina" the other evening, I came away deeply convinced of the righteousness of Gluck's cause. Nevertheless, I am thankful to have heard some of "Alcina," if only because it reminded one of some facets

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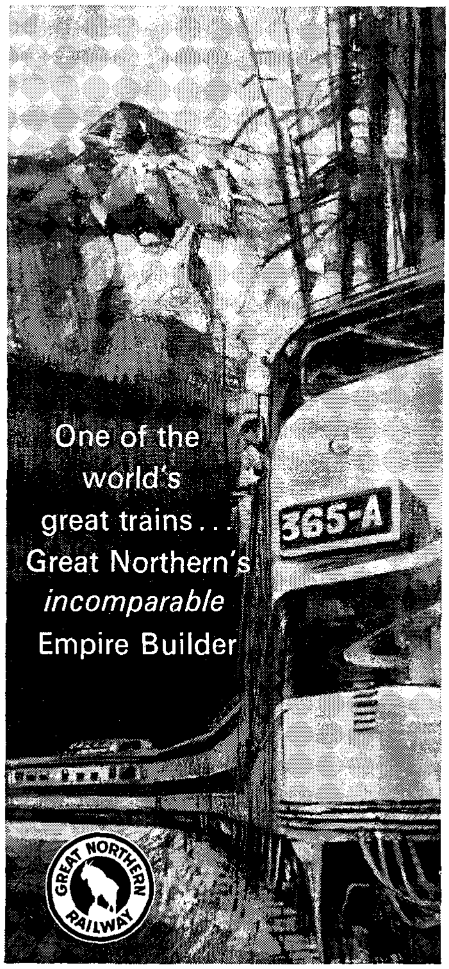

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of musical history that one is likely to forget.

The performance, on the other hand, constituted a magnificent display of vocal effort. "Alcina" is a curious opera in that it contains practically no ensembles and leaves its chorus sitting on its hands most of the evening. Thus, what one hears is a series of flashy arias, sung one after another, as if at a multiple vocal recital. Some of these were very well sung, and all of them were at least decently sung, despite their incredible difficulty. Joan Sutherland, who is, after all, a specialist at this sort of thing, undertook the title role (that of the villainous sorceress) and carried it out in the nearly flawless manner that one expects of her. An Australian soprano new to New York opera circles named Margreta Elkins sang the *castrato* role (it is pointless to give the names of the characters) quite well, though at the start there was a certain breathiness about her delivery. Another soprano—Monica Sinclair, British by birth and not unknown hereabouts—sang a role that was obviously written for another extinct type of singer, one who combines the characteristics of a coloratura mezzo-soprano and a female baritone. She also did nobly, even if she did have to reach a little for those low notes. Laurel Hurley, a genuine coloratura, had a more compatible role, and did it neatly. Veronica Tyler used her sweet and well-schooled voice admirably in one of the lesser parts. As for the males in the cast, they had less taxing duties. The tenor, André Montal, about reached the limits of his flexibility, but he sang, on the whole, with beautiful tone. The bass, Spiro Malas, had the least florid of all the roles and came out of the fray looking the most like a human being. Richard Bonynge, who is, of course, Miss Sutherland's husband in private life, conducted somewhat rigidly. Romain Rolland called "Alcina" "a masterpiece of poetry and beautiful music." But Rolland was a Frenchman, and my impression has always been that very few Frenchmen understand, or even like, opera.

JUST twenty years ago, Richard Tucker made his début at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the role of Enzo in "La Gioconda." The late Edward Johnson, a great connoisseur of singing talent, had lifted him out of a job in the cloak-and-suit district (he was, and is, a Jewish cantor on the side) and given him his start. He was not much of an actor during his early years. Some critic—I forget who—described his Rodolfo in "La Bohème"

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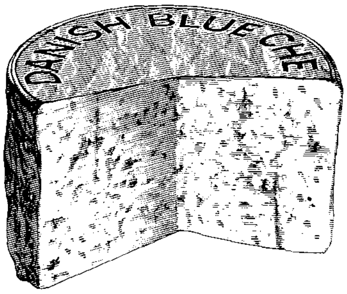

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as “having all the abandon of a bank president.” But Mr. Tucker stuck it out, improved himself diligently, and ended by joining the royal line of Verdi tenors that stems from Caruso and includes Giovanni Martinelli. The most striking thing about Mr. Tucker's development was not anything that happened to his natural voice (which was a beauty from the beginning) but his ability to absorb all the finer details of the Italian style of singing. For some time now, Mr. Tucker, born in Brooklyn, has been referred to as the greatest of living Italian tenors, and this is not an unwarranted title.

On Friday night, he sang his three-hundredth performance at the Metropolitan. It also happened to be his second crack at the role of Radames in “Aïda.” It would be a pleasure to report that his performance was another triumph, but it was not. Evidently he has not yet sufficiently familiarized himself with this new role, and right at the outset he fell into that ingenious sand trap for second-rate tenors that Verdi long ago laid by bellowing “Celeste AïDAH, Forma DiviNAH” in defiance of rhythm and good taste. Elsewhere in the production (for which, by the way, the scenic designer, Robert O'Hearn, and the stage director, Nathaniel Merrill, must be given special cheers) one had the inimitable Aïda of Leontyne Price—magnificently sung, beautiful in presence, and acted with the utmost grace—and some superb singing by Ezio Flagello, as the High Priest, and by Justino Díaz, as the King. The other sterling feature of this performance was the conducting of William Steinberg. It was a wonderful thing to have a first-rate conductor in charge of an Italian opera for a change, and though some of Mr. Steinberg's tempos were too fast for my taste, he nevertheless gave the whole performance a feeling of dramatic coherence.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

Ornette Rides Again

IT is not cricket for the founder of a revolutionary movement to set the engines of rebellion in motion and then disappear. He not only leaves his disciples still recovering from the wounds inflicted by his ideas but leaves them leaning on memory, and few things wear out faster. The ghostly rebel I have in mind is Ornette Coleman, the thirty-four-year-old alto saxophonist and composer who all but derailed jazz—to say nothing of its admirers—when he first appeared, five

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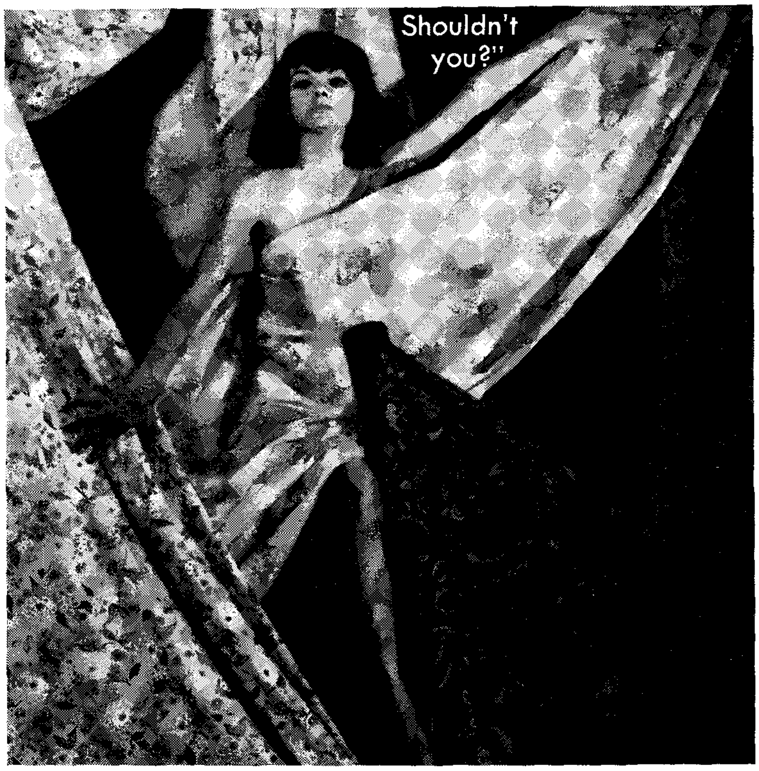
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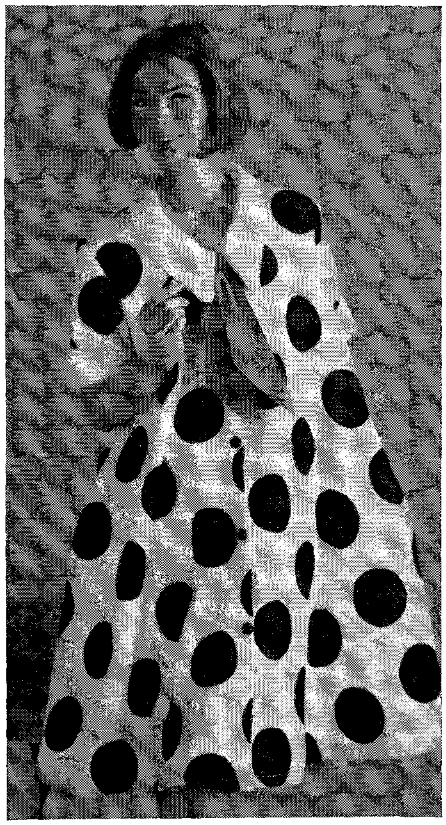

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years ago. Like the best revolutionists, he was a highbrow disguised as a primitive. He was a largely untutored musician who, with one astonishing leap, passed directly from the past (Charlie Parker, country blues, rock 'n' roll) into the unknown. He offered a formless improvisation that ignored melody, chords, keys, and fixed rhythms, and that flowed from the rhythmic patterns or the mood or the sense of pitch and timbre that a particular number inspired in him. He seemed, in effect, to improvise on *himself*. At the same time, he rendered this free music, which was eventually and helplessly labelled "the new thing," with an extraordinary force and emotion. You could *see* some of his solos. Coleman's explorations had chaotic results. Brilliant musicians like John Lewis buried him with praise, while brilliant musicians like Dizzy Gillespie threw their hands in the air. Nonetheless, a group of young and unknown performers began to gather under Coleman's banner—and then, the air still warm and churning, he went underground. (In the past three years, he has appeared only at a marvellous Town Hall concert, where his playing showed a surprising terseness and gentleness.) No one seemed to know why he had turned his back. Rumor had it that he felt he was underpaid, that he couldn't find satisfactory accompanists, that he had quit to learn the trumpet and the violin. Then, a week or so ago, he abruptly materialized for a short run at the Village Vanguard, where I went to hear him.

One batch of rumors was right: Coleman, looking leaner and more unassailable than ever, appeared with a couple of alto saxophones, a trumpet, and a violin. His accompanists were Dave Izenzohn on bass and Charles Moffett on drums. Coleman played the saxophone in his first number, a beseeching dirge whose melodic line moved in huge atonal steps, and he proved that he has trimmed and compressed his style even more since his Town Hall concert. His phrases, though still wrapped around off-notes and off-rhythms, are shorter, and his tone is more controlled. He has largely abandoned the animal shrieks that characterized his early work for soft, almost honeyed passages that resemble Benny Carter and Ben Webster. At one point, he even unrolled a straight melody, with Izenzohn bowing in unison, that recalled Schubert lieder. Coleman's second number—I heard three, each of them close to half an hour in length—was "fast." (Actually, there

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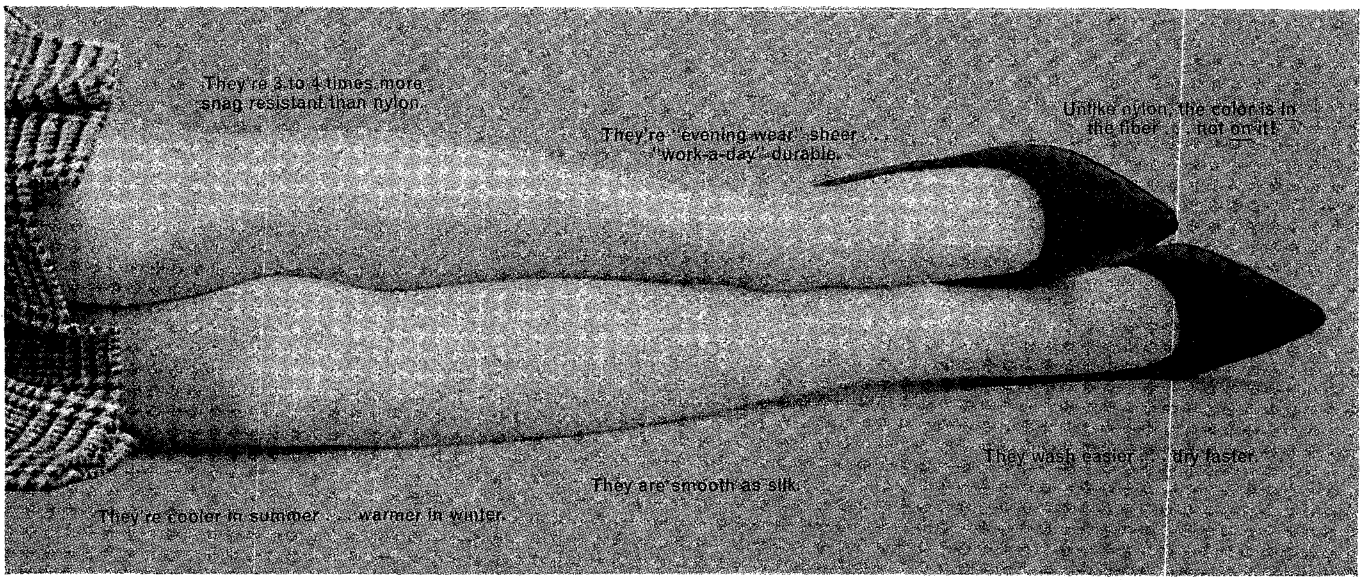
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are no fast or slow or medium tempos in Coleman's music; the beat, or suggested beat, changes from measure to measure and sometimes from note to note, becoming an endless cyclical rhythm.) He again played the saxophone and he again employed a quiet tone and short phrases, freshly and steadily spiked by freakish but always startlingly *right* notes. The violin suddenly appeared at the outset of the third number. Coleman plays it left-handed, and it was immediately clear that he is trying to force as much through it as he once jammed through the saxophone. He made some awful sounds. He flattened three and even four strings at once with his bow, achieving weird, steamboat-whistle chords; he sawed back and forth on off-notes with the speed of a hummingbird's wings; he got unique grinding effects. It was nightmarish; the inanimate violin seemed to rise up against the animate Coleman. Midway in the number, Coleman took up his trumpet, which he played in a choked, high-pitched, almost electronic manner. Occasionally, though, he sank into lazy, low, tail-switching figures; the instrument instantly stopped rebelling, and the effect was lovely. Coleman's accompanists were magnificent. Moffett went around and around on his circular rhythms, and Izenzohn released a dazzling variety of bowed and pizzicato figures. Indeed, both men worked so closely with Coleman that after a time the trio virtually became one uncanny instrument. (At one point, they were meshing in this fashion: Coleman had slipped into a casual riff, Izenzohn was playing rapid offbeat double stops, and Moffett was pushing out broken snare-drum rolls. Each was audible and sovereign, and yet the effect was harmonious.) May the inventor of this instrument play and prosper and again point the way.

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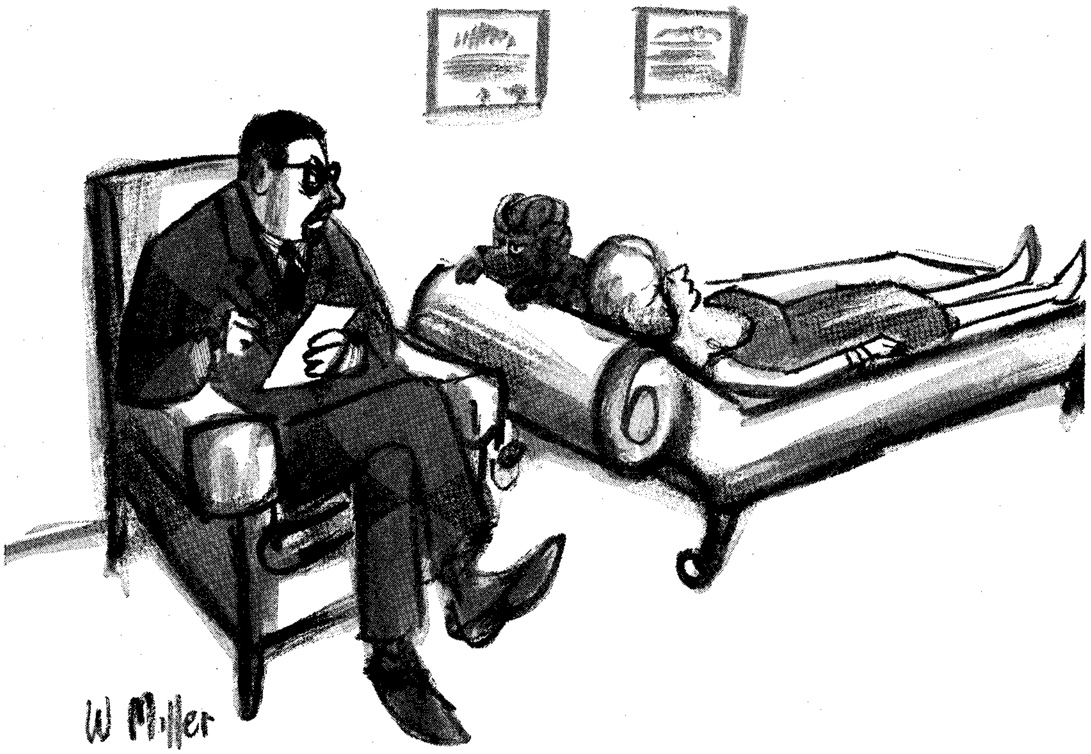
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 11

PRESIDENTIAL "messages" are being dispatched from the White House like planes from a busy airport, and one difficulty of the situation is that the longer and more resounding ones, like the State of the Union Message, tend to draw attention away from some that cover less ground but may do so in a more arresting fashion. Between last week's State of the Union Message and the special message to Congress on medical care, for example, the President sent an illuminating personal message to a handsome and enduring fixture of Washington life, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Released on January 6th by the Office of the White House Press Secretary, it was occasioned, according to the official statement that accompanied it, by "the forty-sixth anniversary of the death of President Theodore Roosevelt," and it conveyed to the daughter of the twenty-sixth President the intelligence that the thirty-sixth President had devoted part of the day to "thinking over the enormous significance of [your father's] contributions to our nation," and had been moved by his thoughts to "express to you something of the gratitude which our nation feels for the wise and vigorous leadership into the twentieth century which President Roosevelt gave us." If the particular anniversary that the President "observed"—as the White House statement put it—seemed rather an odd one, the Presidential purpose was altogether clear and very much in character. In 1964, Mrs. Longworth—in her eightieth year a Republican of uncommonly conservative views, which she has frequently expressed in mischievous and irreverent language—supported the national Democratic ticket. This in itself would have been occasion enough for an expression of Presidential gratitude—and, indeed, it may well be that a search of the archives would turn up an earlier message celebrating her adherence to the "consensus." But recruiting for the pantheon of the Great Society continues, among both the quick and the dead, and the President's message of January 6th brought in one more illustrious Republican. "President Roosevelt was the first modern President," he wrote Mrs. Longworth. "He converted the Republican Party into a vehicle that was at once venturesome and hardheaded." (One wonders how long the President thinks the vehicle remained in this admirable condition.) "He developed the doctrine of the Presidency—to use his phrase—as 'the steward' of the interests of all the American people, and he pioneered in making the economic and social welfare of the whole population a fundamental concern of government."

The President might have gone on to say that Theodore Roosevelt reminded him of Lyndon Johnson in even more specific ways. The first Roosevelt, John Morley once wrote, was "an interesting combination of St. Vitus and St. Paul." The work of assassins brought both Roosevelt and Johnson to power, and no other Presidents who have come to office through the death of their predecessors have been so bold or so imaginative in putting their own stamp on the institution. No other Presidents have been so concerned with conservation, and no others have insisted so firmly on welfare as the primary mission of the national government. "Let welfare be a private concern," the last Republican candidate, who now and then compared himself favorably to Roosevelt, wrote five years ago in "The Conscience of a Conservative." But half a century before that, Roosevelt, in "The New Nationalism," had laid it down flatly that "the object of government is the welfare of the people." The subdued rhetoric of Johnson's consensus politics might have made Roosevelt uneasy—a quick way to lose a government job in 1965 would be to go around speaking of "malefactors of great wealth"—but Roosevelt, who was not unjustly called a bull in a china shop by Mark Hanna, might well have admired Johnson's skillful practice. There is, however, one aspect of Johnson's Presidency that presents a direct and somewhat baffling contrast to Roosevelt's. Roosevelt generated vast amounts of political excitement and intellectual stimulation, but Johnson's Washington, on the eve of what promises to be an extended period of extensive innovation, is almost barren of excitement. No State of the Union Message has ever promised larger undertakings than those the President proposed here a week ago tonight. His program is broad, adventurous, and controversial. Yet today, in this great pre-Inaugural tangle of bunting and television cables, the sense of adventure is altogether absent, and controversy is seldom heard. For a short time after the speech, there were some differing opinions over its quality as a state paper and over the intensity of the President's commitment to a few specific proposals (will he really demand the nullification of state right-to-work laws, or was he just talking for the record?), but there have been almost no judgments on the



substance of a document that, unlike most state papers, positively bulged with substance.

Similarly, there has been almost no stir over the revolutionary changes that the Democratic majority is making in congressional procedures. The rules that have been changed or abandoned were for many years the despair of Presidents, congressmen, and observers of the entire governmental process. Scholars were given to speculating on the possibility that the whole system of checks and balances might someday break down, because it seemed to consist of checks and balances and nothing else. Now we will have, at least for a season, a government in which the lines of authority are clear and strong—a government whose power to govern no one could sensibly question. Yet these portentous events seem to have aroused hardly as much interest as the contest between Charles Halleck and Gerald Ford for the leadership of the almost powerless minority in the House of Representatives. The names of these two men are at the moment far better known than those of Richard Bolling, John Blatnik, and other congressmen who have played leading roles in the movement to reform congressional procedures. It would appear that few of these politicians have displayed much eagerness to receive credit for the changes they have wrought. And there is something almost eerie in the atmosphere when politicians aren't clamoring for recognition of their accomplishments, real or otherwise.

Up to a point, the lack of interest can be attributed to the way the President goes about being President. As a politician—wooing the electorate, building his consensus, enticing his opponents to step into one of his camouflaged meat grinders—he provides an engrossing spectacle. In this role, no man of his time has seemed more complex or more diverting. His skills as a persuader can be breathtaking, and his strategic instincts are almost without flaw. When he can be observed in action, as was possible last autumn, no one who is anywhere nearby can be bored. But as a President, dealing with problems inside the White House, his style engenders ennui. He makes and announces his own decisions and entertains little subsequent discussion of them. All the lines of communication are hidden. When his associates misinform the press and public—only a day before the State of the Union Message, one of the closest of them told some correspondents that half the message would deal with foreign affairs, which turned out to be

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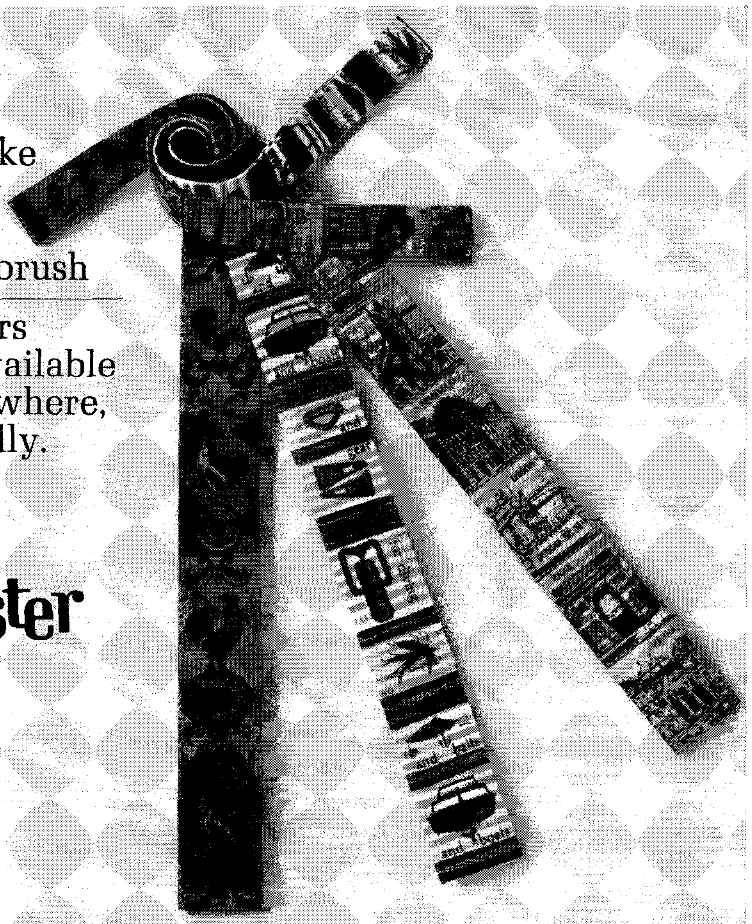

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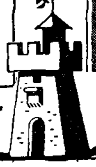

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wrong by about thirty per cent—it is probably because they are kept as much in the dark as anyone else. As an institution, the Presidential news conference seems to have died in 1964. There will undoubtedly be meetings between the President and selected journalists now and then throughout the years ahead, but it seems unlikely that periodic questioning of the President by the press will be tolerated before 1968 or 1972, and we will thus have an opportunity to test the notion—always, perhaps, a dubious one—that the news conference has become an essential function of the modern Presidency.

Still, not even the secrecy and secretiveness of the Johnson White House can entirely explain the unexpected but almost palpable tedium here. It seems at least conceivable that a further explanation can be found in the imbalance of power produced by the last election. Politics is drama of a sort, and drama requires conflict and tension. By its performance last November 3rd, the American electorate created a situation in which conflict and tension can scarcely be said to exist. The Democratic Party controls everything worth controlling, and the President controls the Democrats. There was no real conflict over the rules changes in Congress last week. The liberal Democrats had the votes, they cast them in the Party caucus, and the revolution was accomplished. Furthermore, by the time the changes were made they were no longer really necessary. The Kennedy administration could have made a spectacular legislative record if the obstructive power of the chairmen of the House Rules Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee had been broken in 1961, either by changes in the rules or by changes in the membership of the committees. But with the present Congress the Johnson administration could have lived with the old rules and done just as well as it now seems certain to do. With its majorities, it could have crushed all refractory chairmen and found a way around any troublesome rules. Thus, it would seem that if the Great Society is about to be born, it is about to be born without struggle, without sweat, without argument. If the President decides that it would be nice to have a coast-to-coast tunnel, he need only call in some engineers and lawyers to put the scheme in order, advise Congress of his wishes, and begin letting contracts. It has been suggested that because he now has a Congress overwhelmingly in favor of his aims, conflict may be generated by those who wish to move along at a

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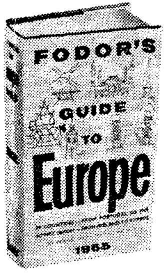

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brisker clip than he thinks desirable—who might, for instance, vote to extend the tunnel all the way to Hawaii. This seems unlikely. The President led the ticket almost everywhere, and for quite some time those of his supporters who enjoy survival will need him more than he needs them. The votes are there to override Presidential vetoes, but they are unlikely to be cast for any such purpose.

Politics without tension is not only uninteresting; it is in the long run impossible. Conflict is sooner or later bound to arise, because it is only by means of conflict that power can be sought and held, that personal ambitions can be realized, that disputes can be settled. And while it is possible for a victory like the Democrats' last year to put a temporary end to ideological dispute within a party, the victory merely clears the way for other forms of conflict. In American politics, region has generally played a more important role than ideology, and the one intraparty contest that the Democrats have had since the election was a clash of regional pride and interest that was almost a classic—though a distinctly minor classic, as it was also a contest so mild as to be hardly worthy of the name. The South, the West, and the North all offered candidates for the office of Assistant Majority Leader of the Senate, and the South (represented by Senator Long, of Louisiana) and the North (represented by Senator Pastore, of Rhode Island) first managed to eliminate the West (represented by Senator Monroney, of Oklahoma) and then went on to the runoff, which was won by the South. It was an unimportant and, by and large, good-natured affair, but it illustrated at least one of the possibilities of future conflict. And it revived memories of the birth of the modern conservative coalition whose power seems finally to have been destroyed last year. The coalition came into being in Franklin Roosevelt's second term, not long after he had been returned to office with congressional majorities even greater than Johnson's, and with almost exactly the same percentage of the popular vote. It has been argued that what brought it into being was Roosevelt's misreading of his mandate—especially his plan to enlarge the Supreme Court and his attempt to purge a handful of dissenting Democrats in Congress. But there are historians who think that the coalition would have formed itself regardless of Roosevelt, because its members represented powerful interests determined to block the President. It is never very hard for politicians with a

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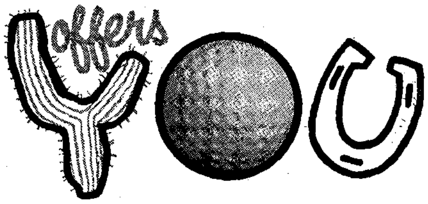

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common aim to find one another, and they can make their alliances whether or not their antagonists provide them with a suitable pretext. In any event, Roosevelt, after a victory very much like Johnson's, was soon in the midst of conflict; in his second term he accomplished little and met with some major defeats.

President Johnson himself has cited this example a number of times, and he is a confirmed adherent of the theory that tension is self-generating. No doubt the theory is sound, but no one here at present can foresee circumstances in which it could have much political relevance in the next two years, or even the next four. For one thing, regionalism, though it still exists and may still be more important than ideology, is on the decline. Its manifestations in the South are grim and often ugly, but the South itself has shrunk in size and political importance as the border states and many parts of the Old Confederacy have become industrialized. The Democratic organizations in the South contributed as much as the organizations in the great Northern cities to the coalition that supported Roosevelt. In the Johnson coalition, they are minor elements of strength. Johnson's power base is far more secure than Roosevelt's ever was. It has elements that cannot possibly be dislodged unless there is a realignment of a currently unimaginable sort in both parties. Organized labor—an immensely greater political force than it was thirty years ago—has to remain in the Democratic Party, if only because it could not bring enough strength to the Republican Party to produce Republican victories. The Goldwater campaign delivered almost the whole of the growing Negro vote to the Democrats; the mere support of Goldwater and his followers would be enough to deny substantial Negro backing to another Republican candidate, no matter how eloquently and ardently he spoke out on civil rights.

The one part of the Johnson coalition that might become unstuck is the section of the business community that supported him in 1964. The extent of his business support surprises many of his other backers, but the extent was also exaggerated. A majority of businessmen supported Goldwater, and if those who defected were ever to regret doing so, Johnson would hardly feel the loss. From the present look of things, though, there are unlikely to be many of them crossing back to the Republicans—and this for essentially the

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same reason that governs the labor leaders. The Democrats have power in abundance; the Republicans abound only in powerlessness. It may be that more than a few pro-Johnson businessmen are shocked by some of the cost estimates for the Great Society. But there is reason to doubt even this. One of the things that seem to have been coming to pass recently is the acceptance by a growing number of American businessmen of Keynesian and post-Keynesian economics. Those who supported the Democratic ticket did so in the year in which its leader instituted a planned deficit and for the first time called it by its proper name. Many of them, it is said, have reached the point where they look upon such enterprises as the War on Poverty and the Civil Rights Act somewhat as their European counterparts in the last century looked upon the conquest of colonies and the opening of great overseas markets. If some forty million people, about half of whom are Negroes, can be hauled up into our great middle and lower-middle classes, there will be as much new buying power as there is today in, say, all of Latin America. The Great Society should be very good business indeed.

And it may in time become interesting politics. At the moment, it is not. The President has told Congress what he wishes, and Congress will write his wishes into law. There will be debate—or, at any rate, discussion—and some of it may be meaty, for the Eighty-ninth Congress has a good many first-rate minds, and many of the older windbags have had their contracts cancelled. But debate and discussion can at best lead to refinements in thought and to changes of a minor nature in the program, provided the President agrees. As a politician, he will be attempting primarily to preserve and enlarge the consensus. This effort may be a sideshow with a few surprises. No one can be sure when and where he will strike next. He corralled Theodore Roosevelt on the forty-sixth anniversary of his death, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that he will find an occasion for roping in Barry Goldwater. There was a hint of it in the State of the Union Message, in which he pledged "new efforts to control and prevent crime and delinquency." He is every bit as ready as the first Roosevelt to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord. But there is no Armageddon. Satan was fixed long ago, and the victory will be by prearranged default.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $12.50 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

National Sponsors
Faith Baldwin
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Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $____
Name____
Address____
City____ Zone____ State____
Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 1-16-5

Fore-thought

"The first years of man must make provision for the last," declared Dr. Samuel Johnson. And he was right. Memories are not enough to live on.

Dr. Johnson lived before the days of private pension plans and Social Security, which mean the difference between virtual starvation and survival for many old people today. But even if he were alive now, being a prudent man, he would not leave his comfort in retirement solely to others to determine. He would undoubtedly make some plans and preparations himself. And so can you.

One thing you can do – on a small scale at first and on a larger scale as you rise in the world – is to invest in good common stocks in growth industries, stocks that seem likely to increase in value over the years. With well-chosen stocks, you have a chance of keeping pace with inflation, perhaps even outstripping it, and preparing for a comfortable retirement.

Would you like help in planning an investment program intended to minimize the risks of share-ownership by careful selection of stocks? Come to us or write to us. Our resources are yours to command. If you write, address Joseph C. Quinn,

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

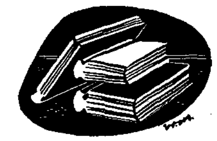
LATE CALL, by Angus Wilson (Viking). Sylvia Calvert is in her sixties when she retires from her career of managing small hotels and, with her noisy, ailing husband, moves to the brand-new village of Carshall, where her widowed son, a schoolteacher, lives with his three grown children. Sylvia is an attractive figure—a brave and good-tempered woman whose life has been made meagre by the futility of the people she loves, beginning with her parents and going on to her husband and her son. She finds life difficult in her son's household, despite being needed there, and although at the end of the story Mr. Wilson indicates that he has opened a way to a kind of freedom for her, the waste of her youth and middle years remains a depressing weight on the reader's mind. The scene is England, and the time is the present.

A COVENANT WITH DEATH, by Stephen Becker (Atheneum). Mr. Becker's thick, warm, chewy style is nicely suited to this ruminative account of a sexy murder that was committed in Soledad City, near the Mexican border, in the heat of the late afternoon of May 3, 1923. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

FAREWELL TO FOGGY BOTTOM: THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CAREER DIPLOMAT, by Ellis O. Briggs, with a foreword by Christian Herter (McKay). Mr. Briggs entered the United States Foreign Service in 1925 (his first assignment was vice-consul in Lima), and retired in 1962, rich in experience and suffering from ulcers, after serving as ambassador in seven countries. This book is not a year-by-year narrative of his working life but an agreeable selection of anecdotes, reminiscences, and opinions that reads as if it were being told to friends. Mr. Briggs states his views as provocatively as possible—perhaps after years of being a diplomat he enjoys being outspoken, not to say outrageous—and his way with an anecdote is fluent. A very funny book.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels (Belknap-Harvard). The third and final volume of the definitive biography of one of the many distinguished Adamses, this one an all-round intellectual—historian and philosopher—as well as a political meddler and perennial grouch. In the years from 1890 to his death, in 1918, Adams wrote his two most famous books, "The Education of Henry Adams" and "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres;" travelled extensively; enjoyed the attentions of a horde of nieces, the solicitous companionship of a number of elegant, educated ladies (Edith Wharton, for instance), and the society of men who were powerful (John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge) and brilliant (Bernard Berenson); and lived on the income of a million-dollar inheritance. He felt extremely sorry for himself, and was ever more certain that the world was going to pot. It is unlikely that Professor Samuels, who has put in twenty-two years on his subject, set out to explain Adams' arresting criticisms of society as a grand pantographic projection of the inadequacies of his personality, but that, alas, is what he has done. Ten dollars.



THE KING AND HIS COURT, by Pierre Viansson-Ponté, translated from the French by Elaine P. Halperin, with a foreword by Janet Flanner (Houghton Mifflin). An invaluable job, this—a very serious book that is very funny. The author, a French journalist, discusses the ceremonies and manners that surround General de Gaulle, and follows this sketch of court customs with a biographical dictionary of eighty-seven Gaullists of left, right, and center. Some are in the Cabinet and others are in jail, but none are in the General's confidence, because nobody is. The fun is all in M. Viansson-Ponté's detached exactness.

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

ALLERTON RIDGE CEMETERY
HIGHLAND AVENUE
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS

DEAR NEIGHBOR:

We have been receiving a number of phone calls from residents of Downers Grove regarding the price of space near the flag pole in the center of Allerton Ridge Cemetery.

Did you know that . . .

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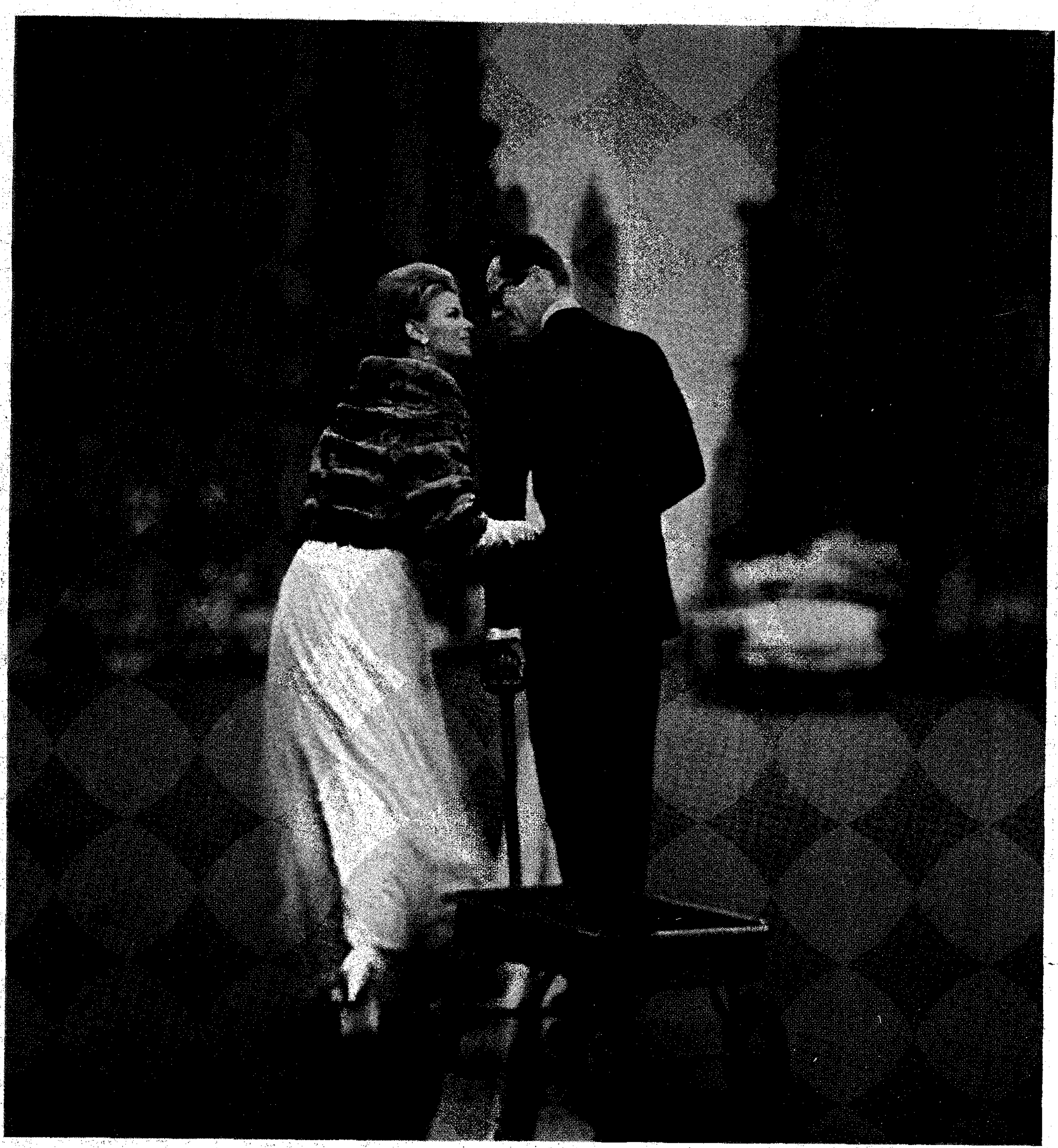

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12
O.F.C.

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